UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A A 0 0 0 3 8 2 0 1 0 7

Southern Branch
of the
University of California
Los Angeles

Form L 1

PR
5056
R91
v.1
cop.2

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

DEC 4 1931
JAN 5 1932
OCT 12 1939
OCT 26 1950
NOV 24 1947
SEP 25 1950

Form L-9-15m-10,'25

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirsjournalco01moor

T. MURPHY GROCER
OPEN

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor." — Hor.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

*** The Copyright of this work is protected in France by Registration at Paris, pursuant to the Convention for the establishment of International Copyright signed at Paris, 3rd November, 1851.

LONDON:
STRETTON COOPER and SHAW,
New street Square.

PREFACE.

In the will of the late Thomas Moore, written in 1828, there occurs the following passage:—

"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell, (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me,) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family."

Many years have elapsed since this paper was written, and since the promise referred to was made. But the obligation has not become less sacred, and the reader will not wonder that I have thought it right to comply with the request of my deceased friend.

The papers which have been thus left consist of, A Memoir of his Life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only reaching to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old. A Journal, begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846-7. Letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother.

I have arranged these materials in the following order: I have placed first the Memoir of his Life. I have then

given upwards of four hundred letters, extended over the period from 1800 to 1818, with respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. With these letters there is inserted a short account of his duel with Mr. Jeffrey, written by himself. I have next proceeded with the Journal, which has been very carefully kept till the period of his illness.

In preparing these papers for the press, I have felt the embarrassments which must weigh upon any one who has a similar task to perform.

In the first place, it is not easy to choose between the evil of over-loading the work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving, and the danger of losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details.

Upon the whole, I have chosen to encounter blame for the former, rather than for the latter, of these faults. Mr. Moore was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life, and the lesser traits of his character. I know at least, that while I have often been wearied by the dull letters of insignificant men, I have been far more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man, than I should have been by a more general and compendious biography. The lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis derive much of their interest from the reality which profuse details give to the story. Indeed it may be observed, that the greatest masters of fiction introduce small circumstances and homely remarks in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would

strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Thus Dante brings before us a tailor threading his needle, and the crowds which pass over a well known bridge in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. Thus Cervantes describes places and persons like one who has himself seen them. Thus likewise Defoe remarks every trifling circumstance which a real Robinson Crusoe might have retained in his memory; and Swift makes his Gulliver carefully minute in his measurements of Lilliput houses and Brobdignag corn. This attention to little circumstances gives a hue of reality even to these wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare. But if this is the mode in which these great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight, but characteristic, details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life.

Returning to biography, I will here insert a remark of Mr. Lockhart in the seventh volume of his Life of Sir Walter Scott: — "Let it be granted to me, that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time in full and honest detail?" Let us not forget likewise that our literature is spreading every year both in the old world and in the new. In our own country the diffusion of knowledge, and in foreign countries the greater acquaintance with our language, increases the number of readers. In the new world

millions are added every year to the number of those whose government and institutions are American, but whose literature is English. Among these increasing millions there will in all probability be communities holding aloft the literature of England through the ocean of time. They will neither be subject to conquest by a superior state like the Greeks, nor exposed to the invasion of barbarians like the Romans. To them the English will ever be a living language, and among them the names of Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Crabbe will ever be famous. Is it too much to expect that the life of each of these men will be the subject of inquiry, of curiosity, and of affectionate concern?

The second difficulty is of a more serious kind. If it is a bad thing to tire the world with details which are not entertaining, it is a much worse thing to amuse them with stories and remarks which are not harmless. The transactions and the conversations related in Moore's Journal are of such recent occurrence, that it is difficult to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The world can well bear a great deal of scandal of the times of Charles the Second, which the gossiping pen of Pepys has presented to us. But the times of George the Fourth cannot be displayed with equal unreserve, and in disturbing the dark recesses of society, we may at every instant touch a web which

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

In performing the task I have undertaken, I had two

considerations to guide me:—In the first place, it was plain that Mr. Moore intended to leave out of the materials of his Memoir, Letters, and Journal, "the means of making some provision for his wife and family." In the next place it was clear, that, by assigning to me the task of "looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals," he might leave behind him, "for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.

With respect to the first of these considerations, the melancholy loss of all his children, and the death of his sister Ellen towards the close of his life, left his beloved and devoted wife the sole person for whom provision was to be made. Mr. Longman, anxious to comply with the wishes of Mr. Moore, at once offered for Mr. Moore's papers, on condition of my undertaking to be the editor, such a sum, as with the small pension allowed by the Crown, would enable Mrs. Moore to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses.

With respect to the second consideration, I have endeavoured to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected. It is a comfort to reflect, that the kindness of Moore's nature, and the general benevolence which his bright talents and warm heart excited, tend to exhibit society, in his view of it, in its best aspect. It is thus with a good portrait-painter. Not

only would Sir Joshua Reynolds paint better that which was before him than an ordinary limner, but that which was before him would be better worth painting. For, by agreeable conversation, and by quickness in catching the best turn of the features, he would raise upon the countenance and fix upon the canvass, the wisest look of the judge, the liveliest expression of the wit, and the most brilliant glances of the beauty.

Moore's life, from infancy to decay, is represented in his own account, whether in the shape of memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you;

and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." *

Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

* Miss Godfrey, Oct. 2. 1806.

His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Another characteristic quality of Moore, was his love of independence. Unfortunately for him he entertained, as a young man, expectations of advancement and competency, if not wealth, from a patron. Lord Moira, who assumed that character, seems to have meant kindness, and perhaps to have done all in his power to help the rising poet, but his attempts were not altogether successful. He procured for Mr. Moore an office in the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, which produced the only great pecuniary embarrassment from which he ever suffered. When Lord Moira went to India, he lamented he could not take Mr. Moore with him, but made some indistinct offer of exchanging some portion of his patronage to help his friend at home. Mr. Moore's answer was prompt and conclusive. Whatever he might have done had employment immediately under Lord Moira been offered to him, he replied to this last proposal, "I would rather struggle on as I am, than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."*

Within a few days of giving this answer, he was obliged to write to Mr. Power, the publisher of his music, for an

* Letters to Lady Donegal and Mr. Power, 1812.

advance of three or four pounds as he had not sixpence in his house.

Lord Moira, who seems to have esteemed Moore's character, was not offended by his spirit; continued to open to him his library and his house at Donington, and was in fact of more use to him by that kindness than if he had carried him to the East Indies to waste his genius in the details of office. It must also be recorded that Lord Moira had given his father an office in Dublin, which for many years relieved Mr. Moore from a burthen he could hardly have supported. It may, however, with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent distress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the Crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence. Rightly did Mr. Moore understand the dignity of the laurel. He never would barter his freedom away for any favour from any quarter. Although the wolf of poverty often prowled round his door, he never abandoned his humble dwelling for the safety of the City, or the protection of the Palace. From the strokes of penury indeed, more than once, neither his unceasing exertion,

"—— nec Apollinis infula, texit."

But never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a

disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him.

It is true that Mr. Moore had a small office at Bermuda, and that in his latter days he received a pension of 300*l.* a-year from the Crown. But the office at Bermuda was of little avail to him, was the cause of the greatest embarrassment he ever suffered, and obliged him to pass in a foreign country more than a year of his life. The pension which was granted to him by Her Majesty, near the end of his life, was no more than sufficient to defray, in the most humble manner, the expenses of subsistence. But this pension had no reference to political conduct, and left him as free as it found him.

Another marked quality of Moore was his cheerfulness. Keenly sensitive to criticism he was yet far more pleased with praise than annoyed by blame, and was always more elevated by admiration than depressed by censure. In all contingencies he could say,

> "When equal chances arbitrate th' event,
> My mind inclines to hope rather than fear;"

and when the certainty of a misfortune left no room for doubt he could write in this tone to Miss Godfrey:—"Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly out of hand. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might perhaps (though I doubt whether it would) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness:

'Stone walls do not a prison make,' &c."

I crossed from Dover to Calais with him not long afterwards, when he was leaving his country, embarrassed by an unforeseen incumbrance, and with but an uncertain hope of an early return. Yet he was as cheerful as if he had been going for a few weeks' amusement to the Continent, and we amused ourselves with imaginary paragraphs, describing his exile as "the consequence of an unfortunate *attachment*." His sensibility to happy and affecting emotions was exquisite. A return to his wife and children after even a short separation affected him deeply; music enchanted him; views of great scenes of nature made him weep. I shall never forget the day when I hurried him on from a post-house in the Jura mountains to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc.

As he grew older this sensibility gave a deeper gloom to his sorrows, but during the greater part of his life his

love, and affections, and admiration being much keener than his dislikes, and antipathies, and aversions, he derived from this constitution of his nature a degree of happiness to which few men can attain. To the good qualities of Moore both Byron and Scott, his great cotemporaries, have borne witness.

"I have read Lalla Rookh (says Byron), but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and two or three other things, so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it. I say of the poem, for I don't like the prose at all; in the meantime, the 'Fire-worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst of the volume."

Lord Byron says elsewhere,

"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the bye, what humour, what—everything, in the 'Post Bag! There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."

Walter Scott, in his "Diary," gives the following just account of the differences and resemblances between himself and Moore:

"Nov. 22. 1825. Moore. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say, this season). We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago.

There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation; for Matt., though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description; moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'the great Twalmly, inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen.' He always enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors; but there was a reason—*Premat nox alta.* It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received Thomas Moore with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."*

---

* Life of Scott, vol. vi. p. 128.

I have placed in the notes some other testimonies to the merit of Moore, for which I am indebted to a cotemporary publication.*

The independence of his character, and the fastidiousness of his taste, affected his opinions both in politics and religion. His political sympathies in early youth were deeply and ardently engaged on the side of those who excited and partook in the Irish Rebellion, so wickedly provoked, so rashly begun, and so cruelly crushed, in 1798. But the sight of democracy triumphant in America soon disgusted him, and speaking of Hudson, one of his earliest and most enthusiastic college friends, who had settled at Baltimore, he writes to his mother, "I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, this country must have cured him of republicanism."

In another letter he says, — "I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married; they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh! if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine."

* The Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI. See Note A.

Although the view which he took of America and her institutions was afterwards referred to by him as a mere boyish impression, yet a similar alteration took place in his views regarding his native country. Although nothing could be warmer or more constant than his love for Ireland, he never could look with complacency on the attempts at revolution by force, or even on the organised agitation of opinion which from time to time disturbed the peace of his unhappy country. Of his own feelings he speaks thus in one of the dedications of the Irish Melodies: — "To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England; to those too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that of Demophoon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered); to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but. that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of

society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated — of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice."*

Of the political agitation, which, whether under the name of Catholic Association, or any other, has so often been employed as a means to obtain redress, or change, he never speaks but with repugnance and dislike. The language used to move an ignorant mass was abhorrent to his taste; the machinery of meetings and societies suited ill with his love of domestic quiet; the fierce denunciations uttered by impassioned orators jarred with his feelings of kindness and goodwill to mankind.

On the other hand, his spirit of independence revolted against a proposition by which a seat in Parliament was offered him in the days when Mr. O'Connell ruled supreme over the minds of the great majority of the Irish people. If I am not mistaken, he expressed to Mr. O'Connell himself his manly determination not to bend his political will to any one. Thus, in the midst of an agitation purely Irish, the most gifted of Irish patriots held aloof, foregoing the applause in which he would have delighted, and the political distinction for which he often

* Irish Melodies, No. VI. Dedication to Lady Donegal.

sighed, that he might not sully the white robe of his independence, or 'file his soul for any object of ambition or of vanity.

An equal devotion to truth marked his literary character. The liberal opinions of the Whigs, combined with the literary tastes of the chief members of that party naturally led him to espouse their cause, and live in their society. Yet in his Life of Sheridan he did not hesitate to question their policy, and to blame their great leader, Mr. Fox, when his own judgment led him to withhold his assent, or refuse his approbation. For he loved to examine history for himself, and to state fearlessly the opinions which he formed impartially. It is not my purpose here to defend those opinions, or to impugn them; it is enough to say that he did not frame them from any motives of interest, or suppress them from any personal regard.

On his religious opinions I shall touch very briefly. He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith. Yet he occasionally attended the Protestant Church; he had his children baptized into that Church; and when the Head of his own Church was restored to his throne, he dreaded the consequences of that triumph to the liberty which he prized.*

Yet he always adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, and when in London attended the Roman Catholic chapel

* See Letter to Lady Donegal, April 10th, 1815.

in Wardour Street. His answer to a person who tried to convert him to Protestantism was nearly in these terms: "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." In that intention he persevered to the end. Of two things all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbour, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good will to all men. In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God." That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of our literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions. Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the Irish Melodies, then recently published, "To me, some of Moore's last Erin sparks, 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters,' 'When He who adores Thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his Name,' are worth all the epics that ever were composed."

When we remember that to these early Irish Melodies were added so many numbers of Irish Melodies, National Melodies, and Sacred Songs, each full of the most exquisite poetry, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration at the

fancy and the feeling of which the spring was so abundant, and the waters so clear, the *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, which seemed to flow perennially from an inexhaustible fountain. In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination; a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

Lalla Rookh is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed there is no poet whom Moore resembles in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention by taking for his subject a well known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has indeed shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprize of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the

wild realms of fiction where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.*

Moore has, however, taken a different course, and relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought in the abundant spring of his own imagination, the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends, and recorded revolutions, and in one of his letters he says that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of the Veiled Prophet and the Fire-Worshippers is in fact his own creation.

It must be owned that Spenser and Moore have subjected themselves to some disadvantage by thus building out of "airy nothing," and giving to the creations of their own brain "a local habitation and a name." Where the foundations are already laid, and are strong in popular belief, the architect finds his task much lightened, and his superstructure more easily raised. It is difficult to feel for Azim and Hafed the interest which the name of Achilles inspired in the Greeks, and that of Goffredo in the Italians. But neither Spenser nor Moore were made to wear the heavy armour of the epic poet: light and easy movement, weapons that might be thrown to a distance, and dazzle the beholder as they glittered in the air, fitted them better than the broad shield and the ponderous sword. It is best that every poet should attempt that

* See Note B at the end of the Preface.

kind of poetry in which he is most likely to succeed. The Greeks used to say of Archilochus, "If Archilochus had written epic, Archilochus would have been equal to Homer." But it is not clear that Archilochus had a genius for the kind of poetry which he did not attempt. Besides, it is to be said that Moore wrote in an age, when, as Lord Jeffrey expressed it, men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic as to a whole ox.

Be this as it may, the execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism as are found in Lalla Rookh, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were meant to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of Eastern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure.

It is difficult to give a preference to one of the poems which compose the volume over the rest. Crabbe preferred the Veiled Prophet; Byron the Fire-Worshippers. Of these, the Veiled Prophet displays the greater power; the Fire-Worshippers the more natural and genuine passion. The story of the Veiled Prophet is somewhat revolting, and requires the most musical and refined poetry to make it even bearable. The Ghebers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country most dear to his heart.

It may be remarked that the catastrophe of the two poems is too nearly similar. Mokanna and Hafed are both insurgents; both are defeated; both seek death to avoid captivity after the destruction of their armies, and the ruin of their cause. One, indeed, is a monster, and the other a hero; but the similarity of situation is undeniable.

Paradise and the Peri is a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume.

The Loves of the Angels is another work rich with the same freight of tenderness and fancy which are the true property of Moore. There is a falling off in the third of the stories, which together compose the poem, and altogether the effect is not that which a single tale would have produced. Sweetness too much prolonged, tenderness not varied with the sterner and more deadly passions are a food too milky for our un-childlike nature.

I will not enter into the question of the propriety of Moore's earlier poems. Horace is very licentious, yet his odes are the delight of our clerical instructors and solemn critics. Prior is not very decent, but his tales are praised on a monument in Westminster Abbey, and defended by our great moralist, Dr. Johnson. Some of Little's poems should never have been written, far less published, but they must now be classed with those of other amatory poets, who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe.

Two of Moore's cotemporaries must be placed before him in any fair estimate of the authors of the first part of the nineteenth century. Byron rose as a poet above all his rivals. The strength of passion, the command of ner-

vous expression, the power of searching the heart, the philosophy of life which his poems display, are wonderful. In the last of these attributes only Wordsworth has equalled or surpassed him. In all the rest he has no equal. The personification of Greece, the Sunset at Athens, the lines on Solitude, those on the Gladiator, on the Ocean, on the Battle of Waterloo, are matchless in conception and in execution.

Scott is the other wonder of this age. Picturesque, interesting, and bard-like as are his narrative poems, the pathos, humour, description, character, and, above all, the marvellous fertility displayed in the novels, show far greater power: a whole region of the territory of Imagination is occupied by this extraordinary man alone and unapproachable. Lope de Vega and many others have shown wonderful rapidity in composition, but their works, with very few exceptions, have died almost as soon as they were born. The fertility of Voltaire is wonderful, but great part of what he has written is so objectionable on the score of religion or morality, that even his wit does not furnish salt enough to keep from corruption the intellectual food he has lavished in such abundance. But the novels of Scott will furnish entertainment to many generations; nor is there likely to be any race of men so fastidious as to require anything purer, so spoilt by excitement as to need anything more amusing, or so grave as to scorn all delight from this kind of composition. When these two great men have been enumerated, I know not any other writer of his time who can be put in competition with Moore. If his poetry is not so powerful or so passionate as that of Byron

it is far sweeter and more melodious; if his prose works cannot be weighed either in number or value against those of Scott, his command of poetical resources is far greater, his imagery more brilliant and more copious, his diction more easy and more finished. In his hands the English language is no longer that jargon (*quel gergo*) which Alfieri declares it to be, but becomes a soft and tuneable tongue, conveying sentiments the most tender and the most spirited, the gayest, and the most melancholy in expressions the most appropriate.

Dr. Johnson, in quoting some verses of Pope expressing by sound the sense to be conveyed, gives the line,

"Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Nothing can less well express rapid motion than this verse. The word "unbending" sounds, as it means, stiff, resisting, &c., and thus clashes violently with the idea of rapid and easy motion, which Pope seeks to convey. Much better has Scott said,

"E'en the light harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

But in fifty instances Moore has done better still. Thus,

"The young May moon is beaming, love!
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

Or,

"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

Again,

"But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name."

And in the address to the Harp of his Country,

"I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

It is the merit of these passages that they do not merely represent a sound, but they express by sound — scenery, action, and feeling. Lalla Rookh abounds with such passages. I know not how faithfully the translators have conveyed into various languages the beauty of the original, but that Eastern imagery was well transfused into his own tongue by the poet is playfully recorded by Luttrell, who expressed a fact when he wrote,

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

The political squibs are excellent, from their ease and playfulness: they are too well known to require further notice.

Of Moore's prose works I need say but little. The Life of Sheridan, and that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald must, from their intrinsic merit, always be read with interest. In the former of these works the history of

an extraordinary period is sketched with great candour and impartiality, however I may differ from some of the opinions of the author. The character and the fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock" abound in wit: the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" display a fund of learning on theological subjects on which Dr. Doyle pronounced his judgment in nearly the following form: — "If St. Augustine were more orthodox, and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." Ireland, which has the glory of having produced Burke and Grattan, both philosophers and orators, may justly boast of Moore as her first poet.

The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen, and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw such sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the poet and the wit, were gone. As we left his house Lord Lansdowne remarked, that he had not seen him so well for a long time; Mrs. Moore has since made to me the same observation. But that very evening he had a fit from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect

grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there never was a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he "warbled," as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life.

On the 26th of February, 1852, he expired calmly and without pain, at Sloperton Cottage. His body was interred within the neighbouring churchyard of Bromham, where the remains of four of his children had been deposited. The funeral was quite private, as no doubt he would have desired.

The reader of the following memoir, correspondence, and journal may find, with ample traces of a "loving, noble nature," the blots of human frailty, and the troubles and anxieties of a combatant in this world's strife. If so, let him recollect the author's own beautiful words:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but Heaven

"And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blessings gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light our troubléd way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

NOTE A.

I HAVE extracted from the Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI., some further notices of Mr. Moore's appearance, manners, and conversation. The evidence is all to the same effect, and from the most opposite quarters.

"Moore's country did not forget him; and fancying that the author of Captain Rock, and the Life of Sheridan, must possess that stuff, of which popular patriots and members of Parliament are made, the electors of Limerick determined to offer to him the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he (the Irish poet and novelist) should convey, to the poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel, thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend:

"'To Mrs. * * *

"'Monday morning, March 31st, 1833.

"'Pitman's, Senior, Taunton.

"'My dear L——. Procrastination — it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing case to give L—— an account of our day's work: then I put it off, I believe, till morning: then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure: then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L——, I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me "get out of his way," as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him; but it was to

shake hands with me, and to ask me "How I did, Mr. Griffin," and to speak of "my fame." *My* fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L——, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and, perhaps, he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, "I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can;" for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him. But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off — no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true — Tom Moore — and, besides, it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter, out came the important question, "How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?" "Sloperton, sir? that's Mr. Moore's place, sir, *he is a poet, sir.* We do all Mr. Moore's work." What ought I to have done, L——? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know! and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen — his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence,

and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of — Moore. Oh, L——! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee — "The Veiled Prophet," "Azim," "She is far from the Land," "Those Evening Bells." But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown upstairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of "Alps in the sunset;" not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes — beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs — and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company), and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a "good-bye," and left us to do as well as we could without him?'" *

"Of his appearance and life in 1834, Willis gives the following sketch:

"'June, 1834.

"'I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I

* Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin, vol. i. p. 382.

had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat, and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him.'

"This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when

"'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase; 'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had a frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards), and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"'Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but, perhaps, the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which, probably, suggested his soubriquet of "*Bacchus*," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of

a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip — a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"'We went up to coffee and Moore brightened again over his *Chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

'"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"'*

---

* Willis's Pencillings by the Way, p. 361. ed. 1839.

"'I remember,' writes Leigh Hunt, 'it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," said he to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," says he, "but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward." His anxiety appeared to me very amiable.'

"'Amiable' is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities:

"'I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one: and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (The Blue Stocking), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

"'Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say "yes." There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthoëpy, but not more so than became a poet; and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said that an illustrious personage, in

a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a wine-cooler; a proposition which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the Continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so: 'Now there's *Mooerr*, Thomas *Mooerr;* I look upon *Mooerr* as an active little *man*." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with "bumps" of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine, as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion; but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a Cupid for a picture; and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, "Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what,—I always consider him" (and this argument he thought conclusive), "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but, till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible development of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least, I used to think so) softens into a breath like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter *R*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity.'*

* Hunt's Byron and his Cotemporaries. Ed. 1828.

"Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his poetical works. It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own and Burns' services to the national music and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies with equal truth to himself as author of the Irish Melodies:—

"'That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, Father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns' most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie, tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled"—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright* and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song department of English poesy when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general,—"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'etre dit, on le chante."'

"Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore:—

"'Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches; and one of them

---

* Stephen Kemble's daughter, the composer of the music of Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

"beautiful exceedingly" with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailingly along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them — and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry — when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated — after a fashion — Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities — and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did — but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high — all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall — in "cauld clay bigging, as in marble palace." Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor — Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best — and both are inimitable. Both are national poets — and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is — and surely without offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be— though we love the Green Island well — that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman.'" *

---

* Recreations of Christopher North, vol. i. p. 272.

NOTE B.

If Tasso seldom has full justice done him, it is because, in comparison with the great Epic poets, he appears wanting in grandeur. Armida, Erminia, and even Clorinda, the most beautiful creations of his muse, belong to a less severe order of poetry than the Epic. But let us compare his Satan, or Pluto, as he calls him, with the magnificent "Arch-angel ruin'd" of Milton.

Canto IV.

6.

* * * * *
* * * * *

" Siede Pluton nel mezzo, e con la destra
Sostien lo scettro ruvido e pesante;
Nè tanto scoglio in mar, nè rupe alpestra,
Nè più Calpe s' innalza, e 'l magno Atlante,
Ch' anzi lui non paresse un picciol colle;
Sì la gran fronte e le gran corna estolle.

7.

" Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende:
Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto,
Come infausta Cometa, il guardo splende;
Gl' involve il mento, e su l' irsuto petto
Ispida e folta la gran barba scende;
E in guisa di voragine profonda
S' apre la bocca d' atro sangue immonda.

8.

" Qual i fumi sulfurei ed infiammati
Escon di Mongibello, e il puzzo, e 'l tuono ;
Tal della fera bocca i neri fiati,
Tale il fetore, e le faville sono," etc.

With the exception of the mountains and the comet, all the images here produced tend to produce disgust rather than terror. The look "infected with poison," "the great beard enveloping his chin, and spreading thick and bushy over his shaggy breast," the "mouth filthy with black blood," "the stench and the sparks of his dark breath," all these compose the features of as foul and noisome a fiend as can well be described — but not Satan. Now let us look at the contrast which Milton's picture presents to us. First, the outward and physical appearance of him who has contested with the Almighty the supremacy of Heaven is presented to us:

" The superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Here all is great, and nothing is disgusting. Presently our terror at this giant spirit is mingled with respect for some moral qualities still left; for,

> " *Nathless he so endur'd*, till on the beach
> Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
> His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd,
> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
> High overarch'd, embower; or scatter'd sedge
> Afloat," &c.

Then, again, when they were assembled to hear him, they beheld, not a foul fiend with dirty beard, and filthy sulphurous breath, fit only to frighten the nursery, but

> " Thus far these beyond
> Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
> Their dread commander: he, above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
> All her original brightness; nor appear'd
> Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
> Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new risen,
> Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
> Above them all, th' Arch-angel: but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of *dauntless courage*, and considerate pride,
> Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
> Signs of *remorse and passion*, to behold
> The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,

(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n," &c.

In these well-known and admirable lines, Milton has portrayed a Spirit, wicked indeed and without compunction for his crimes, but with a form still bright, and redeem'd from utter abhorrence by fortitude in bearing pain, by dauntless courage, and by pity for his followers, over whom he is immeasurably raised as the sole cause of their rebellion.

Struck by similar contrasts, Boileau has spoken of one who prefers "le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile." But this is a foolish and unjust phrase. The metal of Tasso may be silver as compared to Virgil's gold, but it is not tinsel. A true poet, surpassed by very few, one of the glories of the glorious literature of Italy, he only loses when, leaving the regions of chivalry, of valour, and of love, he attempts to rise to the heights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or where

"daring Milton sits sublime."

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF, begun many Years since, but never, I fear, to be completed - - - - - - 1

LETTERS, 1793—1806 - - - - - - 77

DUEL WITH JEFFREY - - - - - - 197

LETTERS, 1807—1813 - - - - - 215

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF, begun many Years since, but never, I fear, to be completed.—T. M. (1833.)

OF my ancestors on the paternal side I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father and mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. When I came indeed to be somewhat known, there turned up into light a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins (my dear father having been a native of Kerry), who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with me; and I was from time to time haunted by applications from first and second cousins, each asking in their respective lines for my patronage and influence. Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Corn-

market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow townsmen.

It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, "You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you." At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received I rather think some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12., at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on 16th Feb. 1831; and when she evidently felt we were

parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode* of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised.

At a very early age I was sent to a school kept by a man of the name of Malone, in the same street where we lived. This wild, odd fellow, of whose cocked hat I have still a very clear remembrance, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. I was myself, however, a special favourite with him, partly, perhaps, from being the youngest boy in the school, but chiefly, I think, from the plan which then, and ever after, my anxious mother adopted, of heaping with all sorts of kindnesses and attentions, those who were in any way, whether as masters, ushers, or schoolfellows, likely to assist me in my learning.

From my natural quickness, and the fond pride with which I was regarded at home, it was my lot, unluckily perhaps, — though from such a source I can consider nothing unlucky, — to be made at a very early age, a sort of *show* child; and a talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me. The zealous interest, too, which to the last moment of her life, she continued to take in the popular politics of the day was shown by her teaching me, when I was not quite four years old, to recite some verses which

* I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend Street Chapel, Dublin.

had just then appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon his conduct on the question of simple Repeal. This short eclipse of our great patriot's popularity followed closely upon the splendid grant bestowed on him by the House of Commons; and the following description of an apostate patriot, in allusion to this circumstance, I used to repeat, as my mother has often told me, with peculiar energy: —

> "Pay down his price, he'll wheel about,
> And laugh, like Grattan, at the nation."

I sometimes wonder that it never occurred to me, during the many happy hours I have since passed with this great and good man, to tell him that the first words of rhyme I ever lisped in my life, were taken from this factious piece of doggerel, aimed at himself during one of those fits of popular injustice, to which all fame derived from the populace is but too likely to be exposed.

One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small neat house in Camden Street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time, away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's ambition, though with no undue aspirings for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three

whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests: most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from — they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.

About the same time, or it might be a year or two later, I was taken by my mother on a visit to the country-house of some friend of ours, whose name was, I think, MacClellan, and who, though with all such signs of wealth about them, as a carriage, horses, country-house, &c., left on my memory the impression of being rather vulgar people.

Though I was, by all accounts, a very quick child, I was still perfectly a child; nor had the least consciousness of being different from any other child in this respect. One tribute, however, to my precociousness struck my fancy too much to be unheeded or forgotten by me. A Captain Mahony, who was at this time one of the guests at our friend's, used to say, laughingly, to my mother, that he was sure I passed all my nights with the "little people" (meaning the fairies) on the hills; and at breakfast he would often, to my great amusement, ask me, "Well, Tom, what news from your friends on the hills? It was a fine moonlight night, and I know you were among them."

I have said that Miss Dodd was the only person to whom my mother would trust me for any time away from herself; but there was also a family of the name of Dunn, long

intimate with ours, with whom I once or twice passed some part of my holidays, at a small country-house they had at Dundrum. In the middle of a field, near the house, stood the remains of an old ruined castle, and some of my playfellows — who they were I now forget — agreed among themselves, to make Tommy Moore the king of that castle. A day was accordingly fixed for the purpose; and I remember the pleasure with which I found myself borne on the shoulders of the other boys to this ruin, and there crowned on its summit by the hands of some little girl of the party. A great many years after, when I was in Dublin with my family, we went one morning along with my mother, to pay a visit a few miles out of town, to the daughter of her old friends the Dunn's. I had not been apprised that her house was in the neighbourhood of that formerly occupied by her father; but as I stood by myself at the bottom of the garden, and looked at the field adjoining, there seemed something familiar to me in the whole scene as if it had passed often before me in my dreams, and at last the field where I had been crowned came vividly into my memory. I looked in vain, however, for any signs of the castle that once stood in it. On my return into the house, I asked Mrs. Graham (the former Miss Dunn) whether there had not formerly been a ruin in the field next her garden? "There was, indeed," she answered, "and that was the castle where you were crowned when a child."

As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin, — the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the year 1758, a boy had

been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be "a most incorrigible dunce." This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children.

The circumstance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake: — "His talents," he is pleased to say of me, "dawned so early, and so *great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan*, that," &c. &c.

The turn for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honour of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors, — to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. "Oh, he's an old little crab," said one of the rival Cornelias, on an occasion of this kind, "he can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age." "Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, "if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born." This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after.

To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had

been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both male and female; and of one of the three beautiful Misses Montgomery, who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis personæ* himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the "Beggar's Opera," at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, on which occasion the Rev. Dean Marley, who was afterwards Bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was Lord Charlemont; the Lucy, Lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath.

At the representation of "Henry the Fourth," by most of the same party at Castletown, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honour of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on another occasion, when the masque of Comus was played at Carton, his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme, — the prologue to the piece being announced as "written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan."

It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt.

In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued, I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that "Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room." A summons to the master's house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her "Alexander's Feast."

The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much.

Whyte's connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.

Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife, — she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and in some private theatricals held at the house of a Lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place at the same little theatre in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed, the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well educated young person, while I myself — at that time about eleven years of age — recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed-time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my *début*. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now "myself the little hero of my tale," it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my Master's Poetical Works, printed in Dublin 1792: —

"Lady Borrowes' Private Theatre,
Kildare Street.
On Tuesday, March 16th, 1790,
Will be performed
the Tragedy of
JANE SHORE:
Gloucester, Rev. Peter Lefanu.
Lord Hastings, Counsellor Higginson,
etc. etc.,
And Jane Shore, by Miss Whyte.
An Occasional Prologue, Mr. Snagg.
Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master Moore.
To which will be added,
the Farce of
THE DEVIL TO PAY:
Jobson, Colonel French,
etc. etc."

The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recal of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggrel described it,—

"The ladies too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien."

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who,

at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aid-de-camps of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

To return to my small self. The next effort at rhyming of which I remember having been guilty, sprung out of that other and then paramount fancy of mine, acting. For the advantage of sea-bathing during the summer months, my father generally took a lodging for us, either at Irishtown or Sandymount, to which we young folks were usually sent, under the care of a female servant, with occasionally, visits from my mother during the week, to see that all was going on well. On the Sundays, however, she and my father came to pass the day with us, bringing down

with them cold dinners, and, generally, two or three friends, so that we had always a merry day of it.

Of one of those summers in particular I have a most vivid and agreeable recollection, for there were assembled there at the same time a number of young people of our own age, with whose families we were acquainted. Besides our childish sports, we had likewise dawning within us all those vague anticipations of a mature period, — those little love-makings, gallantries, ambitions, rivalries, — which in their first stirrings have a romance and sweetness about them that never come again. Among other things, we got up theatricals, and on one occasion performed O'Keefe's farce of The Poor Soldier, in which a very pretty person named Fanny Ryan played the part of Norah, and I was the happy Patrick, — dressed, I recollect, in a volunteer uniform belonging to a boy much older, or at least much larger than myself, and which, accordingly, hung about me in no very soldierly fashion.*

It was for this exhibition, which took place a few days before our return to school, that I made that second attempt at versifying to which I have alluded, — having written a farewell epilogue for the occasion, which I delivered myself, in a suit of mourning as little adapted to me as my regimentals. In describing the transition we were now about to undergo, from actors to mere school-boys, my epilogue had the following lines: —

* About this time (1790) a general election took place, and Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald were chosen triumphantly to represent the city of Dublin. On the day of their chairing, they passed our house, both seated in one car; and among the numerous heads outstretched from our window, I made my own, I recollect, so conspicuous, by the enthusiasm with which I waved a large branch of laurel, that I either caught, or fancied I caught, the particular notice of Grattan, and was of course prodigiously proud in consequence.

> "Our Pantaloon that did so agèd look,
> Must now resume his youth, his task, his book.
> Our Harlequin who skipp'd, leap'd, danced, and died,
> Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side."

In repeating the two last lines of kind farewell, —

> "Whate'er the course we're destined to pursue,
> Be sure our hearts will always be with you,"

it was with great difficulty I could refrain from blubbering outright.

The harlequin here described was myself; and of all theatrical beings harlequin was my idol and passion. To have been put in possession of a real and complete harlequin's dress, would have made me the happiest of mortals, and I used sometimes to dream that there appeared sometimes at my bedside a good spirit, presenting to me a full suit of the true parti-coloured raiment. But the utmost I ever attained of this desire was the possession of an old cast-off wand, which had belonged to the harlequin at Astley's, and which I viewed with as much reverence and delight as if it really possessed the wonderful powers attributed to it. Being a very active boy, I was quite as much charmed with Harlequin's jumping talents as with any of his other attributes, and by constant practice over the rail of a tent-bed which stood in one of our rooms, was, at last, able to perform the *head-foremost* leap of my hero most successfully.

Though the gay doings I have above mentioned were put an end to by my return to school, my brothers and sisters remained generally a month or two longer at the sea-side; and I used every Saturday evening to join them there, and stay over the Sunday. My father at that time kept a little pony for me, on which I always rode down on those evenings; and at the hour when I was expected,

there generally came with my sister a number of young girls to meet me, and full of smiles and welcomes, walked by the side of my pony into the town. Though such a reception was, even at that age, rather intoxicating, yet there mingled but little of personal pride in the pleasure which it gave me. There is, indeed, far more of what is called vanity in my now reporting the tribute, than I felt then in receiving it; and I attribute very much to the cheerful and kindly circumstances which thus surrounded my childhood, that spirit of enjoyment, and, I may venture to add, good temper, which has never, thank God, failed me to the present time (July, 1833).

My youth was in every respect a most happy one. Though kept closely to my school studies by my mother, who examined me daily in all of them herself, she was in every thing else so full of indulgence, so affectionately devoted to me, that to gain her approbation I would have thought no labour or difficulty too hard. As an instance both of her anxiety about my studies and the willing temper with which I met it, I need only mention that, on more than one occasion, when having been kept out too late at some evening party to be able to examine me in my task for next day, she has come to my bedside on her return home, and waked me (sometimes as late as one or two o'clock in the morning), and I have cheerfully sat up in my bed and repeated over all my lessons to her. Her anxiety indeed, that I should attain and keep a high rank in the school was ever watchful and active, and on one occasion exhibited itself in a way that was rather disconcerting to me. On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the

area of the room being occupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had attained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of "*l'honnête homme trompé*," namely, "*ne dire mot*,"—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to rouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I,—ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class.

But great as was my mother's ambition about me, it was still perfectly under the control of her strong, good sense, as may be shown by a slight incident which now occurred to me. About the beginning of the year 1792, a wild author and artist of our acquaintance, named Paulett Carey, set up a monthly publication, called the Sentimental and Masonic Magazine,—one of the first attempts

at graphic embellishment (and a most wretched one it was) that yet had appeared in Dublin. Among the engravings prefixed to the numbers were, occasionally, portraits of public characters; and as I had, in my tiny way, acquired some little celebrity by my recitations at school and elsewhere, a strong wish was expressed by the editor that there should be a drawing of me engraved for the work. My mother, however, though pleased, of course, at the proposal, saw the injudiciousness of bringing me so early before the public, and, much to my disappointment, refused her consent.

Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music,—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music. While I was yet quite a child, my father happened to have an old lumbering harpsichord thrown on his hands, as part payment of a debt from some bankrupt customer; and when I was a little older, my mother, anxious to try my faculties in all possible ways, employed a youth who was in the service of a tuner in our neighbourhood, to teach me to play. My instructor, however, being young himself, was a good deal more given to romping and jumping than to music, and our time together was chiefly passed in vaulting over the tables and chairs of the drawing-room. The progress I made, therefore, was not such as to induce my mother to continue me in this line of instruction; and I left off, after acquiring little more than the power of playing two or three tunes with the right hand only. It was soon, however, discovered that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always

fond of society), this talent of mine was frequently called into play to enliven our tea-parties and suppers. In the summer theatricals too, which I have already recorded, my singing of the songs of Patrick, in the Poor Soldier,—particularly of the duet with Norah, into which I threw a feeling far beyond my years,—was received with but too encouraging applause.

About this time (1792) the political affairs of Ireland began to assume a most animated or, as to some it appeared, stormy aspect. The cause of the Catholics was becoming every day more national; and in each new step and vicissitude of its course, our whole family, especially my dear mother, took the intensest interest. Besides her feelings, as a patriotic and warm-hearted Irishwoman, the ambitious hopes with which she looked forward to my future career all depended, for even the remotest chance of their fulfilment, on the success of the measures of Catholic enfranchisement then in progress. Some of the most violent of those who early took a part in the proceedings of the United Irishmen were among our most intimate friends; and I remember being taken by my father to a public dinner in honour of Napper Tandy, where one of the toasts, as well from its poetry as its politics, made an indelible impression upon my mind,—"May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure!" I recollect my pride too, at the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, taking me, for some minutes, on his knee.

Most of these patriot acquaintances of ours, of whom I have just spoken, were Protestants, the Catholics being still too timorous to come forward openly in their own cause,—and amongst the most intimate, was a clever, drunken attorney, named Matthew Dowling, who lived in Great Longford Street, opposite to us, and was a good

deal at our house. He belonged to the famous National Guard, against whose assemblage (Dec. 9. 1792) a proclamation was issued by the government; and was one of the few who on that day ventured to make their appearance. I recollect his paying us a visit that memorable Sunday, having engraved upon the buttons of his green uniform a cap of liberty surmounting the Irish harp, instead of a crown. This unfortunate man who, not long after the time I am speaking of, fought a duel at Holyhead with Major Burrow, the private secretary of the Rt. Hon. —— Hobart, was in the year 1798 taken up for treason. In looking lately over the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I found a note or two addressed to his family by poor Dowling, who was in the very prison to which the noble Edward was taken to breathe his last. What became of him afterwards I know not, but fear that he died in great misery.

Among my schoolfellows at Whyte's was a son of the eminent barrister Beresford Burston, who was about the same age as myself, and with whom I formed an intimacy which lasted a good many years. My acquaintance with this family was one of those steps in the scale of respectable society which it delighted my dear mother to see me attain and preserve. Mr. Burston was one of the most distinguished men, as a lawyer, at the bar; and possessing also some fortune by right of his wife, lived in a style not only easy but elegant; having, besides his town house in York Street, a very handsome country villa near Blackrock, at which I used to pass, with my young friend Beresford, the greater part of my vacations. This boy being an only son, was of course an object of great solicitude to his parents; and my mother used always to look upon it as a most flattering tribute to me, that a man so

sensible and particular, as was Mr. Burston in all respects, should have singled me out to be his son's most constant associate. In politics this gentleman was liberal, but retiring and moderate; and this moderation enhanced considerably the importance of the opinion which, in concert with the Hon. Simon Butler, he pronounced, in the year 1792, in favour of the legality of the General Catholic Committee; — an opinion which at that time procured for him very great popularity.

The large measure of Catholic enfranchisement which passed in the year 1793, sweeping away, among various other disqualifications, those which excluded persons of that faith from the University and Bar, left my mother free to indulge her long-cherished wish of bringing me up to the profession of the law. Accordingly, no time was to be lost in preparing me for college. Though professing to teach English himself, and indeed knowing little or nothing of any other language, Mr. Whyte kept always a Latin usher employed in the school for the use of such boys as, though not meant for the University, their parents thought right to have instructed in the classics sufficiently for the purposes of ordinary life; and under this usher I had been now for a year or two studying. It had been for some time a matter of deliberation whether I should not be sent to a regular Latin school; and Dr. Carr's of Copinger Lane was the one thought of for the purpose. But there were advantages in keeping me still at Whyte's, which my mother knew well how to appreciate. In the first place, the person who had been for some time our Latin usher, had—thanks to my mother's constant civilities towards him, and perhaps my own quickness and teachableness—taken a strong fancy to me; and not only during school-time, but at our own house in the evening, where

he was always made a welcome guest, took the most friendly pains to forward me in my studies. Another advantage I had was in not being tied to any class; for the few learners of Latin which the school contained, I very soon outstripped, and thus was left free to advance as fast as my natural talent and application would carry me. I was also enabled to attend at the same time to my English studies with Whyte (far more fortunate, in this, than the youths of public schools in England, whose knowledge of their own language is the last thing thought worthy of attention); and, accordingly, in reading and recitation, maintained my supremacy in the school to the last. An early and quick foresight of the advantages and of the account to which they might be turned, had led my mother to decide upon keeping me at Mr. Whyte's; and I accordingly remained there till the time of my entering the University in 1794.

The Latin usher of whom I have here spoken, and whose name was Donovan, was an uncouth, honest, hard-headed, and kind-hearted man, and, together with the Latin and Greek which he did his best to pour into me, infused also a thorough and ardent passion for poor Ireland's liberties, and a deep and cordial hatred to those who were then lording over and trampling her down. Such feelings were, it is true, common at that period among almost all with whom my family much associated, but in none had they taken such deep and determined root as in sturdy "Old Donovan;" and finding his pupil quite as eager and ready at politics as at the classics, he divided the time we passed together pretty equally between both. And though from the first I was naturally destined to be of the line of politics which I have ever since pursued,—being, if I may so say, born a rebel,—yet the strong

hold which the feeling took so early, both of my imagination and heart, I owe a good deal I think to those conversations, during school hours, with Donovan.

It was in this year (1793) that for the first time I enjoyed the honour and glory (and such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now indeed become a determined rhymer; and there was an old maid,— old in *my* eyes, at least, at that time,— Miss Hannah Byrne, who used to be a good deal at our house, and who, being herself very much in the poetical line, not only encouraged but wrote answers to my young effusions. The name of Romeo (the anagram of that of Moore) was the signature which I adopted in our correspondence, and Zelia was the title under which the lady wrote. Poor Hannah Byrne! — not even Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "Dalia" was a more uninspiring object than my "Zalia" was. To this lady, however, was my first printed composition addressed in my own proper name, with the following introductory epistle to the editor: —

To the Editor of the "Anthologia Hibernica."

"Aungier Street, Sept. 11. 1793.

"Sir, — If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader,

"TH—M—S M—RE."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

Then follow the verses, — and conclude thus: —

"When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel Love's stings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

The second copy of verses is entitled "A Pastoral Ballad," and though mere mock-birds' song, has some lines not unmusical: —

"My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

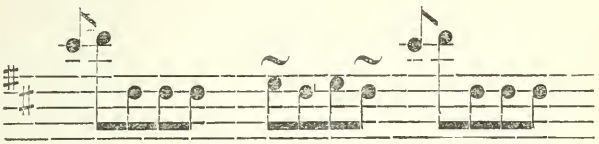
"The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to the song;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

"But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow."

This magazine, the "Anthologia Hibernica,"— one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured upon in Ireland, — was set on foot by Mercier, the college bookseller, and carried on for two years, when it died, as all such things die in that country, for want of money and — of talent; for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil. My pride on seeing my own name in the first list of subscribers to this publication,— "Master Thomas Moore," in full, — was only surpassed by that of finding myself one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine for the months of January and February, 1793, that I first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular type in which it is there printed, and the very colour of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory.

Though I began my college course at the commencement of the year 1795, I must have been entered, as I have already said, in the summer of the preceding year, as I recollect well my having had a long spell of holidays before the term commenced; and if I were to single out the part of my life the most happy and the most *poetical* (for all was yet in fancy and in promise with me), it would be that interval of holidays. In the first place, I was not a little proud of being a student of Trinity College, Dublin, which was in itself a sort of *status* in life; and instead of *Master* Thomas Moore, as I had been designated the year before among the "Anthologian" subscribers, I now read myself Mr. Thomas Moore, of Trinity College, Dublin. In the next place, I had passed my examinations, I believe, creditably; — at least, so said my old master, Whyte, who, in publishing soon after, in a new edition of his works, some verses which I had addressed to him a short time before leaving school, appended to them a note of his own manufacture, stating that the author of the verses had "entered college at a very early age, with distinguished honour to himself as well as to his able and worthy preceptor." This favourable start of mine gave, of course, great pleasure to my dear father and mother, and made *me* happy in seeing *them* so. During a great part of this happy vacation I remained on a visit with my young friend Burston*, at his father's country seat; and there, in reading Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and listening, while I read, to Haydn's music, — for my friend's sisters played tolerably on the harpsichord, — dreamt away my time in that sort of vague happiness which a young mind conjures up for itself so easily, — "pleased, it knows not

* Young Burston entered college (as a fellow-commoner) about the same time with myself.

why, and cares not wherefore." Among the pieces played by the Miss Burstons, there was one of Haydn's first simple overtures, and a sonata by him, old-fashioned enough, beginning

These pieces, as well as a certain lesson of Nicolai's of the same simple cast, I sometimes even to this day play over to myself, to remind me of my young reveries.

Before I enter upon the details of my college life, a few particulars, relating chiefly to the period immediately preceding it, may be here briefly mentioned. Among the guests at my mother's gay parties and suppers, were two persons, Wesley Doyle and the well-known Joe Kelly (brother of Michael), whose musical talents were in their several ways of the most agreeable kind. Doyle's father being a professor of music, he had received regular instructions in the art, and having a very sweet and touching voice, was able to accompany himself on the piano-forte. Kelly, on the other hand, who knew nothing of the science of music, and at that time, indeed, could hardly write his own name, had taken, when quite a youth, to the profession of the stage, and having a beautiful voice and a handsome face and person, met with considerable success. He and Doyle were inseparable companions, and their duets together were the delight of the gay supper-giving society in which they lived. The entertainments of this kind given by my joyous and social mother could, for gaiety at least, match with the best. Our small front and back drawing-

rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity; and the supper-table in the small closet where people had least room was accordingly always the most merry. In the round of singing that followed these repasts my mother usually took a part, having a clear, soft voice, and singing such songs as "How sweet in the woodlands," which was one of her greatest favourites, in a very pleasing manner. I was also myself one of the performers on such occasions, and gave some of Dibdin's songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small éclat.

My eldest sister, Catherine, being at this period (1793–4) about twelve or thirteen years of age, it was thought time that she should begin to learn music. The expense of an instrument, however, stood for some time in the way of my mother's strong desire on the subject. My poor father, from having more present to his mind both the difficulty of getting money and the risks of losing it, rather shrunk from any expenditure that was not absolutely necessary. My mother, however, was of a far more sanguine nature. She had set her heart on the education of her children; and it was only by economy that she was able to effect her object. By this means it was that she contrived to scrape together, in the course of some months, a small sum of money, which, together with what my father gave for the purpose, and whatever trifle was allowed in exchange for the old harpsichord, made up the price of the new pianoforte which we now bought.

The person employed to instruct my sister in music was a young man of the name of Warren (a nephew of Dr. Doyle), who became afterwards one of the most popular of our Dublin music-masters. There had been some attempts made by Wesley Doyle and others, to teach me to play,

but I had resisted them all most strongly, and, whether from shyness or hopelessness of success, *would not* be taught; nor was it till the piano-forte had been some time in our possession, that, taking a fancy voluntarily to the task, I began to learn of myself.

Not content with my own boyish stirrings of ambition, and the attempts at literature of all kinds to which they impelled me, I contrived to inoculate also Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany (my father's two clerks) with the same literary propensities. One of them, Tom Ennis, a man between twenty and thirty years of age, had a good deal of natural shrewdness and talent, as well as a dry vein of Irish humour, which used to amuse us all exceedingly. The other, John Delany, was some years younger, and of a far more ordinary cast of mind; but even him, too, I succeeded in galvanising into some sort of literary vitality.

As our house was far from spacious, the bed-room which I occupied was but a corner of that in which these two clerks slept, boarded off and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a bookcase over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us, however, to board and lodge elsewhere, I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough was I of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of Shenstone's at the Leasowes. Thinking it the grandest thing in the world to be at the head of some literary institution, I organised my two shop friends, Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany, into a debating and literary society, of which I constituted myself the president; and our meetings, as long as they lasted, were held once or twice a week,

in a small closet belonging to the bed-room off which mine was partitioned. When there was no company of an evening, the two clerks always supped at the same time with the family; taking their bread and cheese, and beer, while my father and mother had their regular meat supper, with the usual adjunct, never omitted by my dear father through the whole of his long and hale life, of a tumbler of whisky punch. It was after this meal that my two literary associates and myself, used (unknown, of course, to my father and mother) to retire, on the evenings of our meetings, to the little closet beyond the bed-room, and there hold our sittings. In addition to the other important proceedings that occupied us, each member was required to produce an original enigma, or rebus, in verse, which the others were bound, if possible, to explain; and I remember one night, Tom Ennis, who was in general very quick at these things, being exceedingly mortified at not being able to make out a riddle which the president (my august self) had proposed to the assembly. After various fruitless efforts on his part, we were obliged to break up for the night leaving my riddle still unsolved. After I had been some hours asleep, however, I was awakened by a voice from my neighbour's apartment, crying out lustily, "a drum, a drum, a drum;" while at the same time the action was suited to the word by a most vigorous thumping of a pair of fists against my wooden partition. It was Tom Ennis, who had been lying awake all those hours endeavouring to find out the riddle, and now thus vociferously announced to me his solution of it.

This honest fellow was (like almost all those among whom my early days were passed) thoroughly, and to the heart's core, Irish. One of his most favourite studies was an old play in rhyme, on the subject of the Battle of Augh-

rim, out of which he used to repeat the speeches of the gallant Sarsfield with a true national relish. Those well-known verses, too, translated from the Florentine bishop, Donatus, "Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame," were ever ready on his lips.

Though by the bill of 1793 Catholics were admitted to the University, they were still (and continue to be to this present day), excluded from scholarships, fellowships, and all honours connected with emolument; and, as with our humble and precarious means, such aids as these were naturally a most tempting consideration, it was for a short time deliberated in our family circle, whether I ought not to be entered as a Protestant. But such an idea could hold but a brief place in honest minds, and its transit, even for a moment, through the thoughts of my worthy parents, only shows how demoralising must be the tendency of laws which hold forth to their victims such temptations to duplicity. My mother was a sincere and warm Catholic, and even gave in to some of the old superstitions connected with that faith, in a manner remarkable for a person of her natural strength of mind. The less sanguine nature and quiet humour of my father led him to view such matters with rather less reverent eyes; and though my mother could seldom help laughing at his sly sallies against the priests, she made a point of always reproving him for them, saying (as I think I can hear her saying at this moment), "I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

We had in the next street to us (Great Stephen Street) a friary, where we used to attend mass on Sundays, and some of the priests of which were frequent visitors at our house. One in particular, Father Ennis, a kind and gentle-natured man, used to be a constant sharer of our

meals; and it would be difficult, I think, to find a priest less meddling or less troublesome. Having passed some time in Italy, he was able, in return for the hospitality which he received, to teach me a little Italian; and I had also, about the same time, a regular master, for the space of six months, in French, — an intelligent emigré named La Fosse, who could hardly speak a word of English, and who, on account of my quickness in learning, as well as my mother's hospitable attentions to him, took great delight in teaching me. To such a knowledge of the two languages as I thus contrived to pick up, I was indebted for that display of French and Italian reading (such as it was) which I put forth about five or six years after, in the notes to my translation of Anacreon.

I cannot exactly remember the age at which I first went to confession, but it must have been some three or four years before I entered the University; and my good mother (as anxious in her selection of a confessor for me as she was in every step that regarded my welfare, here or hereafter), instead of sending me to any of our friends, the friars of Stephen Street, committed me to the care of a clergyman of the name of O'Halloran, who belonged to Townshend Street Chapel, and bore a very high character. Of this venerable priest, and his looks and manner, as he sat listening to me in the confessional, I have given a description, by no means overcharged, in the first volume of my Travels of an Irish Gentleman. It was, if I recollect right, twice a year that I used to sally forth, before breakfast, to perform this solemn ceremony — for solemn I then certainly felt, — and a no less regular part of the morning's work was my breakfasting after the confession with an old relation of my mother, Mrs. Devereux, the wife of a West India captain, who lived in a street off Townshend

Street; and a most luxurious display of buttered toast, eggs, beefsteak, &c. I had to regale me on those occasions. To this part of the morning's ceremonies I look back, even now, with a sort of boyish pleasure; but not so to the trying scene which had gone before it. Notwithstanding the gentle and parental manner of the old confessor, his position, sitting there as my judge, rendered him awful in my eyes; and the necessity of raking up all my boyish peccadilloes, my erring thoughts, desires, and deeds, before a person so little known to me, was both painful and humiliating. We are told that such pain and humiliation are salutary to the mind, and I am not prepared to deny it, the practice of confession as a moral restraint having both sound arguments and high authority in its favour. So irksome, however, did it at last become to me, that, about a year or two after my entrance into college, I ventured to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession; and, after a slight remonstrance, she sensibly acceded to my wish.

The tutor under whom I was placed on entering College was the Rev. — Burrowes, a man of considerable reputation, as well for classical acquirements as for wit and humour. There are some literary papers of his in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; and he enjoyed the credit, I believe deservedly, of having been the author, in his youth, of a celebrated flash song, called "The night before Larry was *stretched*," i. e. *hanged*. Of this classical production I remember but two lines, where, on the "Dominie" (or parson) proposing to administer spiritual consolation to the hero, —

> "Larry tipped him an elegant look,
> And pitch'd his big wig to the devil."

The fame of this song (however Burrowes himself and his

brother dominies might regret it) did him no harm, of course, among the younger part of our college community.

Having brought with me so much reputation from school, it was expected, especially by my anxious mother, that I should distinguish myself equally at college; and in the examinations of the first year, I *did* gain a premium, and I believe a certificate. But here the brief career of my college honours terminated. After some unavailing efforts (solely to please my anxious mother), and some memento of mortification on finding myself vanquished by competitors whom I knew to be dull fellows, "*intus et in cute*," and who have, indeed, proved themselves such through life, I resolved in the second year of my course to give up the struggle entirely, and to confine myself thenceforth to such parts of the course as fell within my own tastes and pursuits, learning just enough to bring me through without disgrace. To my mother this was at first a disappointment; but some little successes which I met with out of the direct line of the course, and which threw a degree of éclat round my progress, served to satisfy in some degree her fond ambition. It was a rule at the public examinations that each boy should produce, as a matter of form, a short theme in Latin prose upon some given subject; and this theme might be written when, where, or by whom it pleased the Fates; as the examiners seldom, I believe, read them, and they went for nothing in the scale of the merits of the examined. On one of these occasions, I took it into my head to deliver in a copy of English verse, instead of the usual Latin prose, and it happened that a Fellow of the name of Walker, who had the credit of possessing more literary taste than most of his brotherhood, was the examiner of our division. With a beating heart I saw him, after having read the paper himself, take it to

the table where the other examiners stood in conference, and each of them I observed perused it in turn. He then came over to the place where I sat, and, leaning across the table, said to me in his peculiar methodistical tone, "Did you write those verses yourself?" "Yes, sir," I quietly answered; upon which, to my no small pride and delight, he said, "Upon my word the verses do you much credit, and I shall lay them before the Board*, with a recommendation that you shall have a premium for them." He did so; and the reward I received from the Board was a copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis," in very handsome binding, — the first gain I ever made by that pen which, such as it is, has been my sole support ever since. The distinction, I rather think, must have been one of rare occurrence; as I recollect that when I waited upon the Vice-Provost (Hall) to receive my certificate of the honour, he took a long time before he could satisfy his classical taste as to the terms in which he should express the peculiar sort of merit for which I was rewarded; and, after all, the result of his cogitations was not very felicitous, the phrase he used being "propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum."

About the third year of my course, if I remember right, an improvement was made in our quarterly examinations by the institution of a classical premium distinct from that which was given for science; and myself and a man named Ferral (who was said to have been a tutor before he entered college) were on one occasion competitors for this prize. At the close of the examination, so equal appeared our merits, that the examiner (Usher) was unable to decide between us, and accordingly desired that we should

* The provost and senior fellows.

accompany him to his chambers, where, for an hour or two, he pitted us against each other. The books for that period of the course were the Orations of Demosthenes and Virgil's Georgics; and he tried us by turns at all the most difficult passages, sending one out of the room while he was questioning the other. At length, his dinner-hour having arrived, he was obliged to dismiss us without giving any decision, desiring that we should be with him again at an early hour next morning. On considering the matter as I returned home, it struck me that, having sifted so thoroughly our power of construing, he was not likely to go again over that ground, and that it was most probably in the history connected with the Orations he would examine us in the morning. Acting forthwith upon this notion, I went to an old friend of mine in the book line, one Lynch, who kept a ragged old stall in Stephen Street, and, borrowing from him the two quarto volumes of Leland's Philip, contrived to skim their contents in the course of that evening, notwithstanding that a great part of it was devoted to a gay music-party at a neighbour's. When we reappeared before Usher in the morning, the line of examination which he took was exactly what I had foreseen. Returning no more to the text of either of our authors, his questions were solely directed to such events of the reign of Philip as were connected with the Orations of Demosthenes; and as the whole was floating freshly in my memory, I answered promptly and accurately to every point; while my poor competitor, to whom the same lucky thought had not occurred, was a complete blank on the subject, and had not a word to say for himself. The victory was, of course, mine *hollow;* but it was also in a more accurate sense of the word *hollow,* as after all I did not carry off the premium. It

was necessary, as part of the forms of the trial, that we should each give in a theme in Latin verse. As I had never in my life written a single hexameter, I was resolved not to begin bunglingly *now*. In vain did Usher represent to me that it was a mere matter of form, and that with my knowledge of the classics I was sure to make out something good enough for the purpose. I was not to be persuaded. It was enough for me to have done well what I had attempted; and I determined not to attempt anything more. The premium accordingly went to my opponent, on his producing the required quantum of versicles; and as my superiority over him in the examination had been little more than accidental, his claim to the reward was nearly as good as my own.

That the verses were meant as a mere form, — and a very bungling form too, — may be believed without any difficulty; our fellows, in general, knowing little more of Latin verse than their pupils. Indeed, neither in the English nor the Latin Parnassus did these learned worthies much distinguish themselves. Dr. Fitzgerald, one of the senior fellows in my time, was the author of a published poem called "The Academic Sportsmen," in which was the following remarkable couplet, —

> "The cackling hen, the interloping goose,
> The playful kid that frisks about the house;"

and Dr. Browne, — a man, notwithstanding, of elegant scholarship, and who is said to have ascertained accurately the site of Tempe, though never in Greece*, — was rash enough to publish some Latin poems, which, as containing numerous false quantities, were of course miserably

* He proved, if I recollect right, in this Essay, that Pococke had actually passed through Tempe without knowing it.

mauled by the "aucupes syllabarum" of the English Reviews.

Another slight circumstance, during my course, which gave me both pleasure and encouragement, took place one morning at one of those comfortless Greek lectures which are held at so early an hour as six o'clock, and which, from not being a resident member of the college, I was seldom able to attend. Our Greek task at that period was the Πως δει ιστοριαν συγγραφειν of Lucian, and, as usual, I had prepared my translation in the best English I could stock my memory with, — a labour which was left in general to its own reward; as the common run of our examiners, particularly at that early hour in the morning, were but little awake to the niceties or elegancies of style. Our Greek lecturer, however, on this occasion, was Magee, — the highflying archbishop of after-days, — a man much beyond his compeers both in learning and taste. The usual portion of translation which each boy had to scramble through during the lecture was about half a page or so, lengthened out by constant interruptions from the examiner; and in this manner the operation had proceeded on the morning I am speaking of, till the book came to my turn, when, from the moment I commenced, Magee stood silently listening, and allowed me to go on translating, page after page, to the amount of perhaps four or five; when, expressing in a marked manner his regret at being obliged to interrupt me, he passed the book on to my neighbour. From Magee's high reputation, I felt this compliment very sensibly; nor can I help saying that his being so alive to a sense of taste or duty — whichever it might have been — at so early an hour, on a raw candlelight morning, was in a high degree creditable to him.

It was, I think, towards the end of the second year of

my course, that a crack-brained wit, Theophilus Swift, — the same who called out, and was wounded by Col. Lennox, after the duel of the latter with the Duke of York, — commenced a furious pamphlet war against the fellows of our university, in consequence of some injustice inflicted, as he thought, by them on his son. The motto to his chief pasquinade was "Worth makes the man, and want of it the *fellow;*" and the most galling part of the attack was his exposure of the shameless manner in which the fellows, most of them, contrived to evade that statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying. This they effected by the not very seemly expedient of allowing their wives to retain their maiden surnames, and thus living with them as if they were mistresses. The wife of my tutor, Burrowes, for instance, went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson, — she being the daughter of Grierson, the King's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson; and so on. One of the points, indeed, enforced coarsely, but bitterly, by Swift was, that none of these ladies were, in the eyes of the law, really married; and that, in case of crim. con., their husbands would not be entitled to damages. In speaking of the lady of Burrowes, Swift commenced a sentence thus:—"If I or some more youthful adventurer were to be caught in an amour with Mrs. Letter-press," &c.

I forget whether any legal proceedings were taken by any of the fellows against Swift. But Burrowes, my tutor, being tempted to try his wit, in a retort upon his assailant, published a squib in verse, with notes, for which he was prosecuted by Swift, and sentenced to confinement, for about a fortnight, in Newgate [Dublin]. I remember paying him a visit during the time of his imprisonment; and it was undoubtedly a novel incident in academic history for a pupil

to visit his reverend preceptor in Newgate. Swift's son (who had been christened Dean for the honour of the name), joined also in a literary onset with his father, and wrote a poem called the "Monks of Trinity," which had some smart lines. In one, where Magee was styled a "learned antithesis," he seems to have prefigured the sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got involved, some years after, by the use of that same figure of rhetoric. In a famous charge of his, soon after he became archbishop, in speaking of the difficult position of the Irish establishment, between the Catholics on one side and the Dissenters on the other, he describes it as placed "between a Church without a religion and a religion without a Church."* Of this pithy sentence he was made to feel the rebound pretty sharply; and one of the ablest of Dr. Doyle's pamphlets was written in answer to Magee's charge.

I am now coming to a period of my youthful days when a more stirring and serious interest in public affairs began to engage my attention, both from the increasing electric state of the political atmosphere, and my own natural predisposition to catch the prevailing influence. But before I enter upon this new epoch, a few recollections of my course of life, *out* of the walls of college, during the period we have just been considering, will not perhaps be unwelcome. In pursuance of the usual system of my mother, the person who instructed my sister in music — Billy Warren, as we familiarly called him — became soon an intimate in the family, and was morning and night a constant visitor. The consequence was that, though I never received from him any regular lessons in playing, yet by standing often to listen

* "A church without what we can properly call a religion, and a religion without what we can properly call a church." This, if I recollect right, is the correct version of this belligerent antithesis. — J. R.

when he was instructing my sister, and endeavouring constantly to pick out tunes — or *make* them — when I was alone, I became a piano-forte player (at least sufficiently so to accompany my own singing) before almost any one was in the least aware of it.

It was at this period, — about the second year, I think, of my college course, — that I wrote a short masque with songs, which we performed before a small party of friends in our front drawing-room. The subject of the masque, as well as I can recollect — for not a trace of the thing remains — was a story of a lady (personated by my eldest sister Kate), who, by the contrivance of a spirit (Sally Masterson, an intimate friend of my sister), was continually haunted in her dreams by the form of a youth (myself) whom she had never beheld but in this visionary shape. After having been made sufficiently wretched by thus having a phantom which haunts her day and night, the lady is at last agreeably surprised by finding the real youth at her feet as full of love as herself, — having been brought thither by the kind spirit, who knowing that he had long loved her at a distance, took this method of preparing his mistress's heart to receive him. The song sung by the spirit I had adapted to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, in his Canzonets, and the lady had a ballad beginning "Delusive dream," which was very pleasingly set to music by Billy Warren, and continued long to be very popular as sung by myself at the piano-forte.*

* At the very moment when I am writing these lines, my poor sister Kate, who is here spoken of, lies suffering in a state of protracted, and I fear hopeless, illness; and though we have for many years seen little of each other, the thoughts of our early days together, and of what she may now be suffering, comes over my heart with a weight of sadness which it would be difficult to describe.

The notoriety I had already acquired by my little attempts in literature, as well as my own ambition to become known to such a person, brought me acquainted, at this time, with Mrs. Battier, an odd, acute, warm-hearted, and intrepid little woman, the widow of a Captain Battier, who, with two daughters and very small means, lived, at the time of my acquaintance with her, in lodgings up two pair of stairs, in Fade Street; and acquired a good deal of reputation, besides adding a little to her small resources, by several satirical pieces of verse, which she from time to time published. Her satires were chiefly in the bitter Churchill style, and struck me, — *then*, at least, — as possessing no small vigour. What I should think of them now, I know not. Of all some admired so much in her writings, only two couplets remain at present in my memory. One was, where, in speaking of the oratory of Sir Lawrence Parsons (the late Lord Rosse), she said, —

> "When Parsons drawls in one continuous hum,
> Who would not wish all baronets were dumb?"

This summary wish to silence *all* baronets, because *one* was a bore, strikes me even now as rather comical. The other couplet relates to Curran, and commemorates in a small compass two of his most striking peculiarities, namely, his very unprepossessing personal appearance, and his great success, notwithstanding, in pursuits of gallantry. The following is the couplet —

> "For though his monkey face might fail to woo her,
> Yet, ah! his monkey tricks would quite undo her."

There were also six or eight lines which she wrote about myself, and which I certainly ought not to have forgotten, considering the pleasure which they gave me at the time. They were written by her after one of my college exami-

nations, in which it was supposed (perhaps unjustly) that the examiner,—a dull monk of Trinity, named Prior, still alive,—had dealt unfairly by me, in order to favour a son of the vice-provost, who was my opponent. Of course, we all thought the verses both just and witty.

As this lady (Mrs. Battier) was much older than my own mother, and, though with a lively expression of countenance, by no means good-looking, it is some proof of my value for female intellect, at that time (though I have been accused of underrating it since), that I took great delight in her society and always very gladly accepted her invitations to tea. One of these tea-parties I have a most lively remembrance of, from its extreme ridiculousness. There had lately come over from some part of England one of those speculators upon Irish hospitality and ignorance which at that period of Dublin civilisation were not unfrequent,—a Mrs. Jane Moore, who had come upon the double speculation of publishing her poems, and promulgating a new plan for the dyeing of nankeens. Whether she had brought letters of introduction to Mrs. Battier, or had availed herself of their common pursuit (in *one* at least of their avocations) to introduce herself, I cannot now say; but having expressed a wish to read her poems to some competent judges, she was invited by my friend to tea for the purpose, and I was, much to my gratification, honoured with an invitation to meet her. I rather think that poor Mrs. Battier was reduced to a single room by the state of her circumstances, for I remember well that it was in the bed-room we drank tea, and that my seat was on the bed, where, enthroned as proudly as possible, with these old poetesses (the new arrival being of the largest and most vulgar Wapping mould), I sate listening while Mrs. Jane Moore read aloud her poems, making havoc with the *v*'s

and *w*'s still as she went, while all the politeness of our hostess could with difficulty keep her keen satirical eyes from betraying what she really thought of the nankeen muse.

I remember another English impostor of the same kind, who came out at a somewhat later period, for the purpose of giving lectures on literature. He had brought letters to some fellows of the college, and there was on the first day of his proposed course a small but very select audience brought together to hear him. While waiting for the company to collect, some of the most literary of those present were employed in conversing with the lecturer; and I myself ventured to sidle up to the group, and put in a little word now and then, though with a heart beating from nervousness at the thought of conversing with a distinguished English lecturer. The fellow was not a whit better than the poetical Mrs. Jane Moore. One of the questions I ventured to put to him was, "You know, of course, Sir, Shenstone's School-mistress?" "Yes," he answered, "but ha'n't seen her of some time." The lecture itself was quite of a piece with this specimen. Quoting a passage (from Lucan, I believe) which he said was counted, by some critics, very "helegant and hingenious," —the passage being, according to his reading of it, "The evens hintomb im oom the hearth does not hinter," — he declared his own opinion that it was neither "helegant nor hingenious." It is almost incredible that such a cockney should have contrived, thus even for once, to collect around him an assembly among whom were some of the most accomplished of the fellows of our university.

My recollections of poor Mrs. Battier have brought back some other events and circumstances of this period, with which she was connected. There was a curious society

or club established in Dublin, which had existed I believe for some time, but to which the growing political excitement of the day lent a new and humorous interest. A mere sketch of the plan and objects of the club (to which most of the gay fellows of the middle and *liberal* class of society belonged) will show what a fertile source it afforded not only of fun and festivity, but of political allusion and satire. The island of Dalkey, about seven or eight miles from Dublin, was the scene of their summer *réunions*, and here they had founded a *kingdom*, of which the monarchy was elective; and at the time I am speaking of, Stephen Armitage, a very respectable pawnbroker of Dublin, and a most charming singer, was the reigning king of the island. Every summer the anniversary of his coronation was celebrated, and a gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it) could not be well imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of his majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There was even cannon planted at one or two stations along the shore, to fire salutes in honour of his majesty as he passed. The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles all full of gay laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air (the day being, on the occasion I speak of, unclouded

throughout) presented a picture of the most lively and exhilarating description.

The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignitaries of the kingdom, were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church, by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy, certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation; as thus, —

> "And then he up the chimney went,
> The chimney went — the chimney went;
> And then he up the chimney went,
> And stole away the bacon."

There were occasionally peerages and knighthoods bestowed by his majesty on such "good fellows" as were deserving of them; on this very day which I am describing, Incledon the singer, who was with a party on the island, was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. My poetical friend, Mrs. Battier, who held the high office of poetess laureate to the monarch of Dalkey, had, on her appointment to that station, been created Countess of Laurel. I had myself been tempted, by the good fun of the whole travestie, to try my hand (for the first time I believe) at a humorous composition in the style of Peter Pindar, and meant as a birthday ode to King Stephen. Of this early *jeu d'esprit* of mine, which I remember amused people a good deal, I can recal only a few fragments here and there. Thus, in allusion to the precautions which George the Third was said to be in the habit

of taking, at that time, against assassination, I thus addressed his brother monarch, Stephen, —

> " *Thou* rid'st not, prison'd in a metal coach,
> To shield from thy anointed head
> Bullets, of a kindred lead,
> Marbles, and stones, and such hard-hearted things."

In another passage, a rather trite joke is thus with tolerable neatness expressed, —

> " George has of wealth the dev'l and all,
> *Him* we may King of Diamonds call;
> But *thou* hast such persuasive arts.
> We hail *thee*, Stephen, King of Hearts."

On the very morning after the celebration at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as his majesty's state gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred crobanes, or Irish halfpence, to whatsoever person or persons might have found and would duly restore his majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and " measuring *both* sides of the road," according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head.

But " hæ nugæ seria ducent in mala." Most serious and awful indeed were the times which followed these gay doings. The political ferment that was abroad through Ireland soon found its way within the walls of our university; and a youth destined to act a melancholy but forever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were fast approaching, had now begun to attract, in no ordinary degree, the attention both of his fellow-students and the college authorities in general. This youth was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant success in his college studies, and

more particularly in the scientific portion of them, had crowned his career, as far as he had gone, with all the honours of the course; while his powers of oratory displayed at a debating society, of which, about this time (1796-7), I became a member, were beginning to excite universal attention, as well from the eloquence as the political boldness of his displays. He was, I rather think by two classes, my senior, though it might have been only by one. But there was, at all events, such an interval between our standings as, at that time of life, makes a material difference; and when I became a member of the debating society, I found him in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners.

Besides this minor society, there was also another in college, for the higher classes of students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the same name, which had some years before been (on account of its politics, I believe) put down by the fellows, but continued in defiance of them to hold its sittings *out*side the walls. Of this latter association, Charles Bushe, the present witty Chief Justice, was, if I am not mistaken, one of the most turbulent, as well as most eloquent, members.

Of the political tone of *our* small debating society, which was held at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion; one of which was, I recollect, "Whether an aristocracy or democracy was most favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" while another, still more critically bearing upon the awful position of parties at this crisis, was thus significantly put, — "Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of

these questions, the power of Emmet's eloquence was wonderful; and I feel at this moment as if his language was still sounding in my ears. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was found afterwards necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took, of course, ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the great republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of literature and the arts, hastened, lastly, to the grand and perilous example of the young republic of France; and, referring to the story of Cæsar carrying with him across the river only his sword and his Commentaries, he said, "Thus France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles." On the other question, as to the obligation of a soldier to obey, on all occasions, the orders of his commanding officer, Emmet, after refuting this notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the case of a soldier who, having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor, had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing, after death, into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming, in an agony of remorse, while he holds forth his sword, reeking still with the blood of the oppressed and innocent, "Oh God, I know not *why* I have done this." In another of his speeches, I remember his saying, "When a people, advancing rapidly in civilisation and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of their government has lagged behind them; what then I ask is to be done by them in such

a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people."

I forget whether I myself ventured upon any oratorical effort while in this society, but rather think I did not; and the practice of giving in compositions for prizes was not, if I recollect right, one of our usages. It must have been about the beginning of the year 1797 that our little society came to a natural dissolution, most of the members having dropped off or become absorbed in the larger institutions; so that at last there not being left a sufficient number to support the society by their subscriptions, those who remained resolved to divide among them the small library which had been collected (chiefly through gifts from different members) and to declare their meetings at an end. I have to this moment a copy of Bruce's Travels which fell to my lot in the partition, and there is written in it, "The gift of Sir E. Denny, Bart., to the Deb. Soc. Trin. Coll."

To form any adequate idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind at this period (1797) one must not only have lived through it, as I did, but have been also mixed up, as I was, with the views, hopes, and feelings of every passing hour. Among the oldest acquaintances and friends of my father and mother were some of those, as I have before stated, who were the most deeply involved in the grand conspiracy against the government; and among the new acquaintances of the same description added this year to our list were Edward Hudson, one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's in 1798,— and the ill-fated Robert Emmet. Hudson, a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been, at that time, more than two or three and twenty years of age, was the nephew of Hudson, a celebrated Dublin dentist. Though educated

merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life *tête-à-tête* with Edward Hudson, — now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feeling of her sufferings and wrongs.

Previously to this period my chief companions of my own standing had been Beresford Burston and Bond Hall,— neither of them at all studious or clever, but Hall full of life and good-nature, and with a natural turn for humour which made me take great delight in him. Had I been at all inclined to pedantic display in conversation, the society of this pair would have most effectually cured me of it, as the slightest allusion to literature or science in their presence was at once put down as something not fit to be listened to; and by Hall, with such good fun and *badinage* as I myself very much preferred to mere learning. Indeed, such influence have early impressions and habits upon all our after lives that I have little doubt the common and ordinary level of my own habitual conversation (which, while it disappoints, no doubt, Blues and *savans,* enables me to get on so well with most hearty and simple-minded persons) arises a good deal from having lived chiefly, in my young days, with such gay, idle fellows as Bond Hall, instead of consorting with your young men of high college reputation, almost all of whom that I have ever known were inclined to be pedants and *bores.*

Whether at the desire of my mother, or from my own wish to distinguish myself — probably from a mixture of both these motives — I went in, in this year, as a candidate for one of the vacant scholarships, though well knowing, of course, that my labour would be in vain; as though I were to come furnished with all the learning of an Erasmus, I should still, — being, like Erasmus, a Catholic, — have been shut out from all chance of the prize. Among the examiners on this occasion was Dr. Kearney, who became soon after Provost, and was, as will be seen, a most kind friend and patron of mine. It was in Horace, if I recollect right, he examined me, and though seemingly well pleased with my manner of construing and answering, evidently winced, more than once, under my slips of prosody, — being one of the few fellows of our college who had made this branch of classical learning their study; and when I have since read of Vincent, the head-master of Westminster, who was said to have been killed by "false Latin," I could not help remembering the half comic, half lugubrious face which Kearney used to put on when any confusion of "longs and shorts" occurred in his presence. On the list of those who were adjudged worthy of scholarships I obtained a pretty high place, but had only the barren honour of that place for my reward. How welcome and useful would have been the sixty or seventy pounds a-year, which I believe the scholarship was worth, to the son of a poor struggling tradesman — struggling hard to educate his children — I need hardly point out; nor can any one wonder that the recollection of such laws, and of their bigoted, though, in some cases, conscientious, supporters, should live bitterly in the minds and hearts of all who have, at any time, been made their victims.

In the course of this year, though I cannot exactly say

at what period of it, I was admitted a member of the Historical Society of the University, and here, as everywhere else, the political spirit so rife abroad continued to mix with all our debates and proceedings, notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, and of a strong party within the society itself which adhered devotedly to the politics of the government, and took part invariably with the Provost and fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent among these supporters of power were a young man, named Sargeant, of whose fate in after days I know nothing; and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be throughout life, highly respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from among the subjects of debate all questions likely to trench upon the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers was, if I remember right, Geraghty; and it was in reply-

ing to a speech of his, one night, that Emmet, to the no small mortification and surprize of us who gloried in him as our leader, became embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and (to use the parliamentary phrase) broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior (for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave) he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

A struggle in which I myself was, about this time, engaged with the dominant party in the society may be worth dwelling on for a few moments,—the circumstances attending it being, in no small degree, perhaps characteristic as well of the good as the bad qualities of my own character at that time of life. Besides the medals given by the society to the best answerers in history, there was also another for the best compositions sent in at stated periods, either in prose or verse. These productions were all to be delivered in anonymously, and on the night when they were to be read aloud for the judgment of the society, a reader for each was appointed by rotation from among the members. Taking it into my head to become a candidate for this medal, I wrote a burlesque sort of poem, called an "Ode upon Nothing, with Notes by Trismegistus Rustifustius, etc. etc." My attempts at humorous writing had not been many, and the fun scattered throughout this poem was in some parts not of the most chastened description. On the night when it was to be read, whether by mere accident or from a suspicion that the poem was by me, I was voted by the society to be the reader of it; and as I performed my task *con amore*,—though tremblingly nervous during the whole

operation, — and in some degree *acted* as well as *read* the composition, its success was altogether complete; applause and laughter greeted me throughout, and the medal was voted to the author of the composition triumphantly. I then acknowledged myself in due form, and the poem was transcribed into the book of the society appointed to receive all such prize productions.

Being now open to the cool inspection of the members, the objectionable nature of some parts of this extravaganza began to be more seriously viewed, — at least by the party opposed to me in politics — my own side, of course, seeing nothing wrong whatever in the matter, — and at length notice was regularly given of a motion to be brought forward in the following week "for the expunging of certain passages in a composition entered on the books of the society, entitled 'An Ode upon Nothing, etc. etc.'" On the night appointed the charge was brought forward with all due solemnity by a scholar, I think, of the name of Whitty, — one whom, in enumerating the ablest of the party opposed to us, I omitted before to mention. At the conclusion of his elaborate charge I rose to answer him, and having prepared myself for the occasion, delivered myself of a speech which amused exceedingly my auditors on both sides. Speaking as the friend of Doctor Trismegistus Rustifustius, I stated that immediately on receiving notice of this motion, I had waited on the Doctor himself to learn his feelings on the subject, and to take instructions as to the line he wished me to adopt in his defence. The description of my interview with this ideal personage, and the ludicrous message which I represented him to have sent by me to his critics and censors, excited roars of laughter throughout, — though not a trace of them now remains in my memory, — and I sat down amidst

triumphant cheers. In proportion, however, as my own party was pleased with the result, they were in like degree doomed to be disappointed by the turn which the affair afterwards took. In order to do away with the effect of my speech, two or three of the gravest and most eloquent of the antagonist party rose in succession to answer me; and the first of them (who was, I rather think, Sargeant) began by saying in a complimentary strain, "I well knew what we were to expect from that quarter; I was fully prepared for that ready display of wit and playfulness which has so much amused and diverted the attention of the society from the serious, etc. etc." This tone of candour disposed me to listen to the speeches of my accusers with respect; and the solemn earnestness with which they pointed out the ill consequences of affording encouragement to such productions, by not only conferring upon them rewards, but even suffering them to remain as models on the society's books, all fell with due weight upon my mind. Accordingly, in the few sentences which I spoke in reply, I freely acknowledged the serious impression which my accuser's words had made upon me, as well as the sincere pain I should feel at being thought capable of *deliberately* offending against those laws prescribed alike by good morals and good taste. I do not pretend to remember accurately the words which I used, but such was in substance their import; and though I disappointed not a little, by this concession, the more ardent spirits of my own faction, who had looked forward to a tough party struggle on the occasion, I was certainly not made to feel by the other side that they took any very overweening credit to themselves for the result, or at all abused their triumph; for immediately on hearing my speech, they voluntarily, if I recollect right, withdrew

their motion, without pressing it to a division, and the whole terminated without any further discussion. This, at least, is the strong impression produced on my memory; and I remember also that as soon as the excitement of the affair had passed away, I myself, in order to prevent any recurrence to the subject, took an opportunity of quietly removing the composition from the books.

In the autumn of this year (1797) the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis that was fast approaching. This memorable paper, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent; the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder) under the signature of "Montanus," being almost the only compositions I can now call to mind as claiming notice for literary as well as for political merit. But it required but a small sprinkling of the former ingredient to make treason at that time palatable; and I can answer from the experience of my own home for the avidity with which every line was devoured. It used to come out, I think, three times a week; and on the evenings of publication, I always read it aloud to my father and mother during supper. It may easily be conceived that, between my ardour for the cause, and my growing consciousness of a certain talent for writing, I was not a little eager to see something of my own in these patriotic and popular columns. But my poor mother's constant anxiety about me, — a feeling far more active than even her zeal for the public cause, — made me fearful of hazarding any-

thing that might at all agitate or disturb her; the aspect of the times being, in itself, sufficiently trying to her, without the additional apprehension of my being involved in their dangers. I had ventured indeed, one night, to pop a small fragment of mine into the letter-box of the paper, — a short imitation of Ossian. But this passed off quietly, and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I soon ventured, however, on a much bolder flight; and without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, addressed a letter "to the students of Trinity College," written in a turgid, Johnsonian sort of style, but seasoned with plenty of the then favourite condiment, treason; and committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected that it would make its appearance; but, lo and behold, on the next evening of publication, when seated, as usual, in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my father and mother, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, occupying a conspicuous station in the paper, and of course one of the first and principal things that my auditors wished to hear. I possessed then, I take for granted, the power which I have often experienced on far more trying occasions, of appearing outwardly at my ease while every nerve within me was trembling with emotion. It was thus that I managed to get through this letter without awakening the least suspicion in my auditors that it was my own composition. I had the gratification, too, of hearing it much praised by them; and might have been tempted, I think, into avowing myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of it were considered by both to be "very bold." I was not destined, however, to remain long concealed. On the following day, Edward Hudson,

— the only person, as I have said, intrusted with the secret, — called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw ——." Here he stopped; but my mother's eye had followed his with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That letter was yours, then, Tom?" she instantly said to me, with a look of eagerness and apprehension, and I of course acknowledged the fact without further hesitation; when she most earnestly entreated of me never again to venture on so dangerous a step, and as any wish of hers was to me a law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required of me.

A few days after, in the course of one of those strolls into the country which Emmet and I used often to take together, our conversation turned upon this letter, and I gave him to understand it was mine; when with that almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is so often found in such determined spirits, he owned to me that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that the public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of the University, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to *talk* or *write* about their intentions, but to *act*. He had never before, I think, in conversation with me, alluded to the existence of the United Irish societies, in college, nor did he now, or at any subsequent time,

make any proposition to me to join in them, a forbearance which I attribute a good deal to his knowledge of the watchful anxiety about me which prevailed at home, and his foreseeing the difficulty I should experience — from being, as the phrase is, constantly "tied to my mother's apron-strings," — in attending the meetings of the society without being discovered.

He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the piano-forte, while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air "Let Erin remember the Day," and exclaiming passionately, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty-thousand men marching to that air."

The only occasion on which, at this fearful period, I received any direct intimation of the existence of United Irish societies in college was once in returning from evening lecture, when * * * *, a man now holding a very high legal station, and of course reformed from all such bad courses, happening to accompany me a part of the way home, not only mentioned the fact of such associations being then organised in college, but proposed to me to join the lodge to which he himself belonged. Nothing more passed between us on the subject; but it will be seen, at a subsequent period, how fatal might have proved the consequences of this short conversation, both to myself and to all connected with me.

While thus, in political matters, such abundant fuel for excitement surrounded me, I was also in another direction of feeling thrown in the way of impressions and temptations, to any of which my time of life, vivacity of fancy,

and excitable temperament, rendered me peculiarly susceptible.

I had long before this begun by translating the odes attributed to Anacreon, — I say "attributed," because there are but slight grounds, I fear, for considering them to be his, — and had even, so far back as the beginning of 1794, published a paraphrase of the fifth ode in the Anthologia Hibernica. But it was now that the notion of undertaking a translation of the whole of the odes occurred to me, and I had at this time made considerable progress in the work. I had been also in the habit of frequently availing myself of a permission, of which I was not a little proud, to read in Marsh's library during the months when it was closed to the public, a privilege I obtained through my acquaintance with the son of the librarian, Dean Cradock; and to the many solitary hours which I passed, both about this time and subsequently, in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I was indebted for much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading that may be found scattered through some of my earlier works.

The line of study that at this time chiefly attracted me was that which accorded most, not only with the task on which I was engaged, but unluckily also with one of the feelings then most dominant over my mind. I say "one of the feelings," for it would be difficult to conceive a much greater variety of excitement than that with which, at this most combustible period of life, I was beset. The great Irish conspiracy, in which almost all the persons most intimately known and valued by us were embarked,— though of more than the mere outline of its objects and organisation we were ourselves ignorant,— was then awfully hastening to its *dénouement;* and, vague and unsearchable as was the future which it promised, this very uncertainty

but rendered it the more exciting, as well as more capable of being heightened by a young and prospective fancy. Then the constant rumours and alarms that every succeeding day gave rise to, — some of them involving the safety of friends in whom we were deeply interested, — all this was fully sufficient to furnish no ordinary amount of stimulus, without taking into account any of the other sources of excitement to which I was exposed. The new stirrings of literary ambition, accompanied by the sense of pride and pleasure which the first exercise of power of any kind is sure to afford; the delight with which my early attempts at composition were welcomed by her whom it was *my* delight to please, — my dear and excellent mother; the bursting out of my latent passion for music, which was in reality the source of my poetic talent, since it was merely the effort to translate into words the different feelings and passions which melody seemed to me to express; — all this formed such a combination of mental stimulants as few, I think, of the same period of life have ever been surrounded by; nor can I conceive a youth much more delightful and interesting to have ever fallen to any one's lot.

My first tutor, Burrowes, having a little before this time retired on a good living — the *euthanasia* of most of the monks of old Trinity, — I was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a civil and zealous man, though far more collegiate in mind and manners than the destined Dean * whom I had left. Being also, however, a much more warm-hearted person, he took a very kind and active interest in all my concerns; and showed this interest, by a step which though at the time not a little painful to

* Burrowes was, some time after, made a Dean.

me, I afterwards learned to appreciate as it deserved. Requesting a few minutes with my father and mother, he advised confidentially and strenuously that I should avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet; hinting at the same time that our intimacy had been much noticed, and that there were circumstances which rendered it highly imprudent. Though not aware at that time of the extent to which Emmet was implicated in the Irish conspiracy, we knew quite enough to enable us to understand this friendly warning, though if I recollect right, we but in a very slight degree acted upon it.

There was now left, however, but little time either for caution or deliberation, as the fearful drama of "The Plot Discovered," in all its horrors, soon after commenced; and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon, was that formidable Inquisition held within the walls of our college by the bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon. I must say in fairness, however, that strong and harsh as then appeared the measure of setting up this sort of tribunal, with the power of examining witnesses on oath, in a place dedicated to the instruction of youth, yet the facts that came out afterwards in the course of evidence but too much justified even this inquisitorial proceeding; and to many who like myself were acquainted only with the general views of those engaged in the conspiracy, without knowing, except in a few instances, who those persons were, or what were their plans and resources, it was really most startling and awful to hear the disclosures which every new succeeding witness brought forth.

There were a few, — and among that number were poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets, — whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the

dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions now about to be inquired into. But there was one young friend of mine whose appearance among the suspected and examined, quite as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. This was Dacre Hamilton, the son of a Protestant lady, a widow, with very small means, but of highly respectable connections; and he himself, in addition to his scholarship and talents, being one of the most primitively innocent persons with whom I was acquainted; and accordingly producing often among those who were intimate with him that sort of amusement mixed with affection, which the Parson Adams class of character is always certain to inspire. He and Emmet — both of them my seniors in the University — had long been intimate and attached friends; their congenial fondness for mathematical studies being, I think, a far stronger bond of sympathy between them than their politics. For whatever interest poor Dacre Hamilton may have taken *speculatively* in the success of the popular cause, he knew quite as little, I believe, of the definite objects of the United Irishmen, and was as innocent of the plans then at work for their accomplishment as I can truly allege I was myself. From his being called up, however, on this first day of the inquiry, when, as it appeared, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there can be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the College authorities must have had some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination some questions were put to him which he refused to answer (most probably from their tendency to involve or criminate others), and he was dismissed, poor fellow, with the melancholy

certainty that his future prospects were all utterly blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was to be not merely banishment from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of the whole day had been such as to send me home to my anxious parents with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given compromising even the lives of some of those friends whom I had been most accustomed to regard both with affection and admiration; and what I felt even still more than their danger, — a danger ennobled at that time in my eyes, by the great cause in which it had been incurred, — was the degrading spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them; persons who had themselves, of course, been implicated in the plot, and now came forward, either as volunteer informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences to secure their own safety at the expence of their associates and friends.

I remember well the gloom that hung over our family circle on that evening, as we talked over the events of the day and discussed the probability of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest father and mother came was, that overwhelming as the consequences were to all their prospects and hopes for me, yet if the questions leading to the crimination of others which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor Dacre Hamilton alone refused to answer, should be put also to me, I must in the same manner and at all risks return a similar refusal.

I forget whether I received any intimation on the following morrow that I should be one of those examined in the course of the day, but I rather think that some such

notice was conveyed to me; — and at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty; and by his side the memorable "Paddy" Duigenan, — memorable, at least, to all who lived in those dark times for his eternal pamphlets sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my lord," said I in a clear firm voice, "I have an objection to taking this oath." — "What's your objection, sir?" he asked sternly. "I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. "How old are you, sir?" I told him my age, — between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again looking towards me, "We cannot allow any person to remain in our University, who would refuse to take this oath."—"I shall, then, my lord," I replied, "take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described."—"We do not sit here to argue with you, sir," he rejoined, sharply, upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair.

The following were the questions and answers that then ensued; and I can pretty well pledge myself for their almost verbal accuracy, as well as for that of the conversa-

tion which preceded them. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?" — "No, my lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him, resumed: "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation." I was told afterwards that a fellow of the college, named Stokes (a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men) turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some one who sat next him, and said, "That's the best answer that has been given yet."

I was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, though tolerably conscious in my own mind, that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject, till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall, and seen what sort of verdict their looks and manner would pass on my conduct. And here I had certainly every reason to feel satisfied; as all crowded around me with hearty congratulations, not so much, I could see, on my acquittal by my judges, as on the manner

in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception at home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

* * * * * *

It was while I was confined with this illness, that the long and awfully expected explosion of the United Irish conspiracy took place; and I remember well, on the night when the rebels were to have attacked Dublin (May, 1798), the feelings of awe produced through the city, by the going out of the lamps one after another, towards midnight. The authorities had, in the course of the day, received information of this part of the plan, to which the lamp-lighters must, of course, have been parties; and I saw from my window, a small body of the yeomanry accompanying a lamp-lighter through the streets to see that he performed his duty properly. Notwithstanding this, however, through a great part of the city where there had not been time to take this precaution, the lights towards midnight all went out.

Among the many fearful and painful events that had, before then, succeeded each other so rapidly, there was none that had more surprised and shocked us than the apprehension of our manly and accomplished young friend, Hudson, among the delegates assembled at Oliver Bond's. That meeting was, if I recollect right, to be the last before the delegates should disperse each to his allotted quarters, for the great general outbreak; and the watchword of admission (which Reynolds betrayed to the Government) was, "Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?" Major Sirr was, I believe, the officer who knocked at the door and gave this watchword; and I have heard from authority on which I could depend, that when he entered

the room, my poor friend Hudson fainted; showing how little a stout heart and Herculean frame (both of which Hudson possessed) may be proof against sudden alarm, or exempt their owner from such outward signs of feminine weakness.

Of the events that occurred between this period and my first departure to London as a Templar, I shall not attempt any regular detail; but merely state, as they rise in my mind, whatever scattered recollections of that interval may occur to me. I have not mentioned, I believe, that among the efforts made by my dear mother to provide me with means of instruction, she had employed a French master, named La Fosse, to attend me; a most civil and intelligent poor emigrant, who, like all my other teachers, became a sort of friend in the family, and was always welcome to a share of our tea and *barne-breac* of an evening. When I had been about five months taking lessons of him, he proposed to me to write a short essay in French upon a subject which he suggested; and not long after I began to try my hand at French verse; and, among other daring attempts in that line, ventured a *Conte* in the manner of La Fontaine, in which I proceeded to the extent of about thirty or forty verses. There were at this time some emigrant officers of the Irish Brigade in Dublin, and two of them, named Blake and Ruth, were constant visitors at our house. From Blake, who played remarkably well on the Spanish guitar, I took some lessons on that instrument, but never made any progress with it.

Among the young men with whom I formed an intimacy in college, some were of the same standing with myself, others more advanced. One of the latter, Hugh George Macklin, — or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, — had attained a

good deal of reputation both in his collegiate course, and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymer to a considerable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money, — which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case, — his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared in his conic sections,—"Prepared," he exclaimed, "I could whistle them." In a mock account, written some time after, of a night's proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—"Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling, for whistling conic sections."

My life from earliest childhood had passed, as has been seen, in a round of gay society; and the notice which my songs and my manner of singing them had attracted led me still more into the same agreeable, but bewildering, course. I was saved, however, from all that coarser dissipation into which the frequenting of men's society (particularly as *then* constituted) would have led me; and this I owed partly to my natural disposition, which always induced me (especially in my younger days) to prefer women's society infinitely to men's; and partly to the lucky habit, which I early got into, of never singing but to my own accompaniment at the pianoforte. I thus became altogether dependent on the instrument, even in my convivial songs; and, except in a few rare cases, never sung a song at a

dinner-table in my life. At suppers, indeed, and where there were ladies to listen and a pianoforte to run to, many and many have been the songs I have sung, both gay and tender; and, at this very moment, I could sing "Oh the merry days that are gone," while thinking of those times.

It was in the year 1798 or 1799 (I am not certain which) that I took my degree of bachelor of arts, and left the University. Owing to rumours which had for some time prevailed, apprehensions had been felt in our home circle that the lord chancellor would object to admitting to degrees some of those who had been summoned to the Visitation; and it was not without a feeling of nervousness that I now presented myself before him. As soon as he saw me he turned round to the provost, who was seated by his side, and said, "Is not that ——." I could hear no more of his question, but the provost answered him in the affirmative; and I could perceive that there was at least nothing unfriendly in the inquiry he had made about me. This, at the time, was an exceeding relief; and I had afterwards, indeed, good grounds for believing that the impression I had made upon him at the Visitation was far from being unfavourable.

That the provost himself, Dr. Kearney, was kindly disposed towards me, I had, through many years, very gratifying proofs; as an acquaintance from this time commenced between us, which was to me not only honourable (considering all the circumstances), but also useful, and in a high degree agreeable. His house was the resort of the best society in Dublin; and his wife and daughters were lively, literary, and fond of music; while he himself, in addition to his love of letters, had a fund of dry drollery

about him, which rendered him a most amusing and agreeable companion.

I had at this time made considerable progress in my translation of the Odes of Anacreon; and having selected, if I recollect right, about twenty, submitted them to the perusal of Dr. Kearney, with the view that, should they appear to him worthy of a classical premium, he should lay them before the Board of the University. The opinion he gave of their merits was highly flattering; but he, at the same time, expressed his doubts whether the Board could properly confer any public reward upon the translation of a work so amatory and convivial as the Odes of Anacreon. He strongly advised me, however, to complete the translation of the whole of the odes, and publish it, saying that he had little doubt of its success. "The young people," he added, "will like it."

With my early friend and companion, Beresford Burston, I still continued on intimate terms; but we had both of us now begun to form acquaintances in the world, and in widely different lines, which detached us a good deal from each other. There was, indeed, no sympathy in our tastes, as regards either literature or society; and there remained, therefore, little more than the habits of early intimacy to keep up much intercourse between us. So early as the year 1795 or 1796, his father had entered both our names at the Middle Temple; and, as I left college before him, I was the sooner ready to proceed to London to keep my terms.

Among the kind and agreeable acquaintances which I formed in Dublin, either now or after my first short visit to London, were the families of Mr. Grierson, the King's printer, and of Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board. The Griersons, with a fine

house in Harcourt Street, and a handsome country-seat at Rathfarnham, lived at the full stretch of their income, or rather, I should say, a good deal beyond it, in a constant course of hospitality and gaiety. The Atkinsons, at a somewhat more regulated pace, but still with no less taste for social enjoyments, lived very much the same sort of singing, dancing, and dinnering life. It was also at this time, or perhaps a few months after, on my return from London, that I became acquainted with Sir George Shee* and his lady,—very amiable people, and she an accomplished musician,—and was by them asked (to me a most eventful circumstance) to meet Lord Clare, the arch-foe of my friends the rebels, at dinner. There was no other company, if I recollect right, at dinner, except some persons belonging to Sir George's own family, and, as Lord Clare, therefore, must have been apprised that I had been asked to meet him, the circumstance was the more remarkable. I took but little share, at that time of my life, or, indeed, for many years after, in general conversation, owing to a natural shyness which, hackneyed as I have been since in all sorts of society, and, little as it may appear in my manner, has, strange to say, never left me. Of course the presence of such a man as Lord Clare was not very likely to untie my tongue; but in the course of dinner he, with very marked kindness, asked me to drink a glass of wine with him. I met him once afterwards in the streets, when he took off his hat to me; and these two circumstances, slight as they were in themselves, yet following so closely upon my trying scene before him in the Visitation Hall, were somewhat creditable, I think, to both parties.

* Then holding some official station in Dublin.

All this time my poor father's business continued to be carried on; nor, to do my fine acquaintances justice, did any one of them ever seem to remember that I had emerged upon them from so humble a fireside. A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.

My journey was in so far marked by adventure, that I met with a travelling companion in the stage-coach, who, I have little doubt, belonged to the swindling fraternity, and conceived that in me he had found (in a small way) a fitting subject for his vocation. I have all my life looked younger than my years justified, and must then have appeared a mere schoolboy. When we stopped on our way at Coventry to sleep, he enquired of the waiter whether his portmanteau had arrived; and when informed that it had not, expressed great disappointment. Then, looking at my portmanteau, which was nearly as large as myself, he seemed to speculate on a friendly share of its contents. But I thought it wiser to bear the inconvenience

of wanting toilet myself than to run the risk of sharing with him my whole stock of worldly treasures. I had been consigned to an old friend of ours named Masterson, then living in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and to reach them was my first and immediate object, notwithstanding all the persuasions of my companion, who had set his heart, he said, at our dining together at our inn (Charing Cross), and then going to one of the theatres in the evening. "You ought to see a little of London," he said, "and I'll show it you." Allowing him to remain under the impression that all this was likely to happen, I yet ventured to say that I must *first* visit those friends whom I have mentioned; and to this he considerately acceded, saying that he would himself, after we had breakfasted, walk with me part of the way. To this, not knowing how to get rid of him, I very unwillingly assented; and accordingly, arm in arm with that swindler (as I have no doubt the fellow was), I made my first appearance in the streets of London.

The lodging taken for me by my friends, the Mastersons, was a front room up two pair of stairs, at No. 44. George Street, Portman Square, for which I paid six shillings a-week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants who were then swarming into London; and in the back room of my floor was an old curé, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine; so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. I found great convenience, however, in the French eating-houses, which then abounded in that vicinity, and of which their cheapness was the sole attraction. A poor emigrant bishop occupied the floor below me; and, as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square

board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written in large characters, "The Bishop 's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop 's gone out;" so that callers had but to look up at this placard to know their fate.

I had already, through the introductions I brought with me from Ireland, made several acquaintances, all of whom (being chiefly Irish) were very kind to me, and some occasionally asked me to dinner. Of this latter serviceable class was Martin Archer Shee; while his brother-in-law Nugent, an engraver, and not very prosperous, poor fellow! was always a sure card of an evening for a chat about literature and a cup of tea. There was also a Dublin apothecary, named M'Mahon, who had transported himself and gallipots to London, and whose wife, at least, I ought not to forget, as, on some trifling difficulty arising respecting my fees at the Middle Temple (the money I brought with me, though painfully scraped together, being insufficient for the purpose), she took me aside one evening, and telling me in confidence of a small sum which she had laid by for a particular use, said it should be at my service until I was able to repay her. I got through my difficulty, however, without encroaching upon her small means; but such generous offers come too rarely in this world to allow themselves to be forgotten.

I have no very clear recollection of the details of this, my first, visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I *do* recollect, — and that most vividly, — is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again. One of the forms of my initiation into the Middle Temple was a dinner, which, according to custom, I had to give to a small party of my brother Templars. But not being acquainted with a single creature around me, I was much puzzled how to proceed. I was soon relieved, however, from this diffi-

culty by a young fellow who had, from the first, I saw, observed my proceedings (most probably with a view to this ceremony), and who, addressing me very politely, offered to collect for me the number of diners generally used on such occasions. I was much pleased, of course, to be relieved from my difficulty, and between this new friend of mine to provide the guests, and my poor self to pay the reckoning, we got through the ceremony very lawfully; and I never again saw a single one of my company. All this, as I find from the dates of some old letters in the year 1799, took place during the same period I made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, at the house of a Mrs. Cologan. Though I had long enjoyed his works, and was delighted, of course, to find myself face to face with such a *lion*, I thought him coarse both in manners and conversation, and took no pains to know anything more of him.

Having gone through all the forms of my initiation at the Temple, and likewise arranged through the medium of one of my earliest friends, Dr. Hume, that Stockdale, of Piccadilly, was to be the publisher of my translation of Anacreon as soon as the work was ready, I returned with delight to my dear Dublin home.

It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me, himself, to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his

hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.

HERE THE MEMOIRS END.

LETTERS.

1793—1806.

LETTERS.

1793—1806.

A Case for the
Opinion of Counseller Burston.
1793 [T. M.].

"I am of opinion that the within copy of verses is a very good attempt, and does great honour to the young poet.

"B. Burston."

27th January, 1793.

[No. 1.] *To his Mother.*

August 12th, 1793.

We all expected your arrival, at least to night, when your letter of to-day quashed our hopes of a sudden, and informed us you were still in Wexford. For God's sake, will you ever be home? There's nothing here heard but wishes for your return.

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as

"Thomas Moore."

N. B. Excuse my scrap of rhyme; for you know poets will out with it. — Poets! very proud, indeed; but don't mention it.

[No. 2.] *To his Mother.*

I have at length (Heaven be praised!) got something like a home; and any commands for me will be most *thankfully attended to* at No. 44. George Street. I assure you that I felt extremely delighted after my long journey to find myself at length a *fixed star*. The lodging which Mr. Masterson provided for me is a very comfortable little room on the second floor, at six shillings per week; which they tell me is rather cheap, considering the present time of the year, when the world is flocking to London. The woman who keeps the house washes for Mrs. Masterson, and some others: this, you know, is also a convenience to me. My journey up was exceedingly expensive, though Mr. M. tells me it does not exceed the usual calculation. One circumstance, which certainly added to the expense, was my being obliged to take the mail from Chester instead of the coach, which I told you in my letter I expected would set off next morning; but I was mistaken: I should have waited till the morning after that, and two days and three nights passed *alone* in Chester, in the state of mind in which I then was, would have been too much for me to support; so I took to the mail; that was three guineas and a half, which, with 1*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* from Holyhead, the guinea for my passage, and the other contingent expenses (in which I was obliged to conform to the other passengers) has made the whole about eight guineas. Mr. M. tells me that the Parkgate way is not by the half so much. So *that* shall be the way by which I shall return, for I will certainly, with God's will, see you in summer.

"The summer will come when the winter's awa,
And I'll be to see thee, in spite of them a'."

Let me have a letter immediately. Write to me that you are all well; that you expect to see me in summer; and I shall be as happy as absence from all that I hold dear will allow me to be. Yours ever.

P. S. Mr. and Mrs. M. are uncommonly attentive. I have not given any of my letters yet. Love to my dear father, my dear Catherine, and my dear little Ellen. Never was mortal in such a hurry as I am.

[No. 3.] *To his Mother.*

Sunday.

I have only this half sheet of paper to write upon, dearest mother, and it will easily hold all the news I have to tell you. I am at this moment in very ill humour with myself for having been seduced into three days' idleness, which has done my health and spirits no harm I confess, but has robbed me of so much profitable addition to my work, and added a little link to the long chain that is between us. However, I shall make up for it without difficulty. I was presented this morning to Mr. Foster, who recollected having known me before, and was civil. I go to his house this evening. Never was anything half so kind or good-natured as dear Lady Donegal. I must tell you a trait of my landlady in Bury Street. A few days before I came here, I happened to ask her about some tailor she knew, saying, at the same time, that I meant to change mine, on account of his not treating me well, in urging me for the *small balance* of a *very large* bill I had paid him. The good woman took that opportunity of telling me that all her money was at her banker's, and

would be much better to be employed by me than to lie idle, and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little at such kindness from a stranger, told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way. It is now terribly long since I heard from home. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 4.] *To his Mother.*

5th April, 1799.
Friday, 44. George Street, Portman Square.

I hope Warren was time enough to correct the omission which I made with regard to my residence. You cannot conceive how impatient I am to hear from you, and you ought not to let me remain long ungratified. Tell me whether you think my lodging is very dear; I assure you I find it extremely comfortable; they have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the traiteur's like a prince, for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouilli, rice pudding, and porter, for ninepence halfpenny; if that be not cheap, the deuce is in it. I am sure you will be delighted, too, when I tell you that Mr. Masterson has lent me a piano; that which he had in Ireland; a very good one; for Sally has one of Longman's by hire, and, indeed, she has made a wonderful proficiency. She has a very nice harp also, and is beginning to learn on it. Would you believe it? Mr. M'Mahon is here, and as deep in the gallipots as ever; apothecary and man-midwife! no less. I have dined with him, and find him exceedingly friendly. Nugent, to whom Mr. Dowling

introduced me, has been particularly attentive. I scarcely saw any one of the persons to whom my letters were directed, but left the letters with my address. I have had three or four notes from them, regretting their not having been at home, and expressing a wish that I should call on them, but all in *the morning*.

I have been but at one play since I came, for I do not like going alone, and I have not found any one that would accompany me. As I have not, therefore, yet much interesting description to give you, I will tell you one or two anecdotes of my journey, by which you may conjecture how a novice like me was annoyed, and which will account for the gloomy letter which I wrote to you from Chester. We came into Holyhead at night, after a most tedious and sickening passage. The first thing to be done was to get a place in the Chester mail of next morning. The mail was full, but a gentleman told me that he would wish to resign his place, and that if I chose I might personate him, and answer to his name. I accordingly paid him, and when the names of the passengers were called over, answered to his. Before I went to bed, Mr. Patrickson represented to me strongly the danger of such counterfeiting in times like the present, which you may be sure prevented me from much sleep that night, but in the morning I contrived to have my proper name inserted. Well, when I was at Chester, I felt myself particularly unpleasant. Alone, and as sooty as a sweep, I wandered like a culprit through the streets, though conscious that no body knew me. While I was at breakfast in the inn (for you know I stayed there a day) a frantic fellow came in, who had just ridden post from Warrington, and after chasing the maids all about the house, and beating them, came into the room where I was, sat down with me, told me that he had just escaped from a

strait-waistcoat, boasted of having killed a woman and child the night before in the theatre of Warrington, and finally, as he had never been in Chester before, he would wait for me, and we should walk through the streets together! Well, well! with some difficulty I got rid of this dangerous gentleman, and met very soon with one still more so, for a sharper is surely more dangerous than a madman. The mail set off from Chester with only two passengers; we took up two more at Northampton, one of whom, though a young man, soon appeared to be, what my father calls, an *old stager*. He had been on the Continent lately, talked of his hunters (though rather shabby in his appearance), and was going to London then only to get rid of a little money. When he knew that I was going to the Temple, and had never been in London before, he thought he had found a *nice subject*, and paid the most servile attentions to me. "He would shew me the pleasures of the metropolis, we should go to the play together, dine together," &c. By the bye, it came out in conversation that he had been up all the night previously playing cards. In fact, he forced me to put up at the same inn (when we arrived) at which he did; was so *glaringly civil* as to offer to carry my portmanteau for me; ordered a room for himself and me; and bid the waiter take my coat, and brush it well, while we were at breakfast. When I mentioned my wish to go to a friend's in Manchester Street, who, I expected, had a lodging provided for me, he advised me to devote two or three days *to seeing* London. Observe, he said that he had sent his portmanteau before him, but, strange to tell, *it had not arrived!* He cursed the fellow that he gave it to — and what could he do? He could not go out without a clean cravat and shirt. Hints upon hints demanded the loan of them from me. I, however, did not

open my portmanteau. When I was resolved to go to Manchester Street he accompanied me, and extorted a promise that I should meet him in a couple of hours. Well, well, well! now came another embarrassment. The first question almost Mr. M. asked was, "What have you done with your luggage?" "Left them at the inn." "Did you give them in charge to the master of the house?" "No." "Did you get them booked?" "No." "Have you the key of the room?" "No." Off he sent me in a hackney coach; and, to be sure, I was not a little trembling for my portmanteau. Well, well, well, well! I got my luggage, left word for the kind gentleman that it was not in my power to meet him, and I have never seen him since. This one circumstance will make me believe all that I shall ever be told of the schemers of London. There were a thousand other little traits about him, which I have not time to detail, but they confirmed me in his character. Give my love to my father; *mille choses à Catherine et Ellen.* Yours to eternity.

[No. 5.] *To his Father.*

April 29. 1799.

I received your letter just when I was hurrying out to dinner, but I must stop to acknowledge its reception, and to assure you that nothing could come more seasonably than its contents; for the expenses of my board had left me penniless, and as there are some fees necessary on the first day of dining, I must have lost my term if the remittance had been two days later, as, after Friday, it would be impossible to serve it. Everything, however, is now as it should be. I sat near an hour with Lord Moira this morning, and am to dine with him on Saturday. He

is extremely polite; so indeed are all the people to whom I had letters, and I was mistaken when I told you they took little notice of them. I was on Sunday at a little party at Lady Peshall's, and was introduced very particularly to Col. De Bathe and Capt. Plunket (Lord Dunsany's son). I have returned to my old habits of reading and scribbling again. I stay the forenoon always at home, and generally have a little cold dinner in my room, which never costs me more than a shilling. But I am staying too long; I will write to you immediately again, and will certainly answer my little Catherine's letters. I am uneasy that my mother's cough is not better. Remember me affectionately to her, and believe me ever yours.

How are aunt and uncle (J. and J.)? If you ever see Croker, ask him did he receive my letter.

[No. 6.] *To his Father.*

May 11. 1799.

I am distressed to the very heart at having given you all such uneasiness; but indeed the situation was so new to me, that I am sure you are neither surprised nor angry with me for having expressed myself with such querulous irritation. You have, ere this, received another letter, which I doubt not will amuse you; but I hope that this one will arrive time enough to efface any uneasy ideas that *either* might have excited in your minds. I must confess that I feel I have acted very ungenerously in not having rather suffered a little inconvenience, than distress for a moment, by any melancholy complainings, the hearts of those so affectionately dear to me. I could cry for what I have done; but *do* forgive me. I feel that you live to make *me* happy, and surely I should not embitter *your*

peace, my dear, dear father and mother! Oh, when shall I be able to repay your goodness!

I did not receive your letter with Mozart's introduction till last night; or you might have been saved the pain which my last letter may perhaps have given you; but I am convinced your good sense made you rejoice that I had found such an independent method of resource in my difficulties, as only for it I should have forfeited my term. I will now go with my draft to the post office. Everything is as it should be, but I cannot be in spirits till I hear that your uneasiness is dissipated. *Do* write and tell me so. Farewell my dearest, best of fathers. God give you all the happiness which you merit. Yours ever, ever.

[No. 7.] *To his Mother.*

May 15. 1799.

My dearest Mother,

My father's letter of the 8th, which I have just received, has affected me extremely: it shows me how ungenerous, how cowardly were my complaints; and convinces me more and more of the affections of my beloved father and mother. However, forget what I have done, and believe that I want nothing to make me perfectly happy but the assurance that those fears which I so thoughtlessly excited are now completely dissipated. But indeed, my dearest mother, I do not remember that, in the midst of all my foolish despondence, I ever harboured the least suspicion of your neglect; and if I expressed anything like it, be assured it was owing to the agitation of my mind, which was disturbed by the *novelty*, still more than by the *perplexity*, of my situation. But reproach me no more with it. I have repented that letter (Heaven knows!) almost enough to atone for all its imprudence.

I thank my father from my heart for his letter to Mrs. M'M., and will fly with it to her immediately. I have found a very pleasant acquaintance in Mr. Hume: he seems already to feel a particular interest in me, and is a man of considerable talent. I dined last week with Miss Dodd's friend, Mr. Phibbs; and to-day I dine with our friend Harden. I need never be out of company if I chose it; but I rather avoid it, and am reproached on all sides with my neglect of visiting. Lady Peshall's family have been very attentive to me, and so has Mrs. Latouche; indeed, if I had indulged in going out often (though here I cannot call it an indulgence), there is scarce a night that I should not be at some female gossip party, to drink tea, play a little crambo, and eat a sandwich. I have been dancing after Mr. Atkinson this long time, and cannot meet him. I will write to my father immediately, and give him an account of my expenses, and likewise submit to him a few ideas which have occurred to me with regard to my future pursuits. My darling mother, shall we meet in summer? Oh! how I long for it! Tell me that you wish it,—that you approve of it,—and I will fly to you. Make Catherine write whenever my father writes: give my love to little Ellen and all, not forgetting my uncle Joice, and (when you write to her) to my aunt. Heaven preserve my father to us, my dear mother, and may we all deserve such a protector. God bless you, and make you happy Farewell.

[No. 8.] *To his Father.*

May 22. 1799.

Now that I know your uneasiness is done away, I want nothing to make me happy except that re-union

with those I love, which I hope is not far distant. Mr. Gibson called on me yesterday, and gave me a letter of Catherine's, and Mrs. Grierson's delightful little present, for which I shall write her a letter to-morrow. I have called two or three times on Mr. Goulding, but have not yet met him: before I seal this letter, I will go to him again. I dined on Sunday with Capt. Otway; he has been extremely attentive to me, and purely from courtesy; for he is one of those men whom I certainly can have no hold upon. Neither music, nor literature, nor any of those things does he seem to have a relish for *himself*, or to know that *I* am any way acquainted with them. My Lord This and my Lady That form the whole subject-matter of his conversation. I am to be at Mrs. Cologan's to-morrow night, where I believe I shall meet Peter Pindar. She is one of the first private performers on the harp. I dined with Mr. —— the Sunday before last. I find him just like other men who are indebted entirely for their education to themselves. Having never had that idea of subordination which the controul of a superior inculcates, and which is so very necessary to chasten self-opinion, they gradually imagine themselves into an all-sufficiency of knowledge, and are generally the most egotising pedants in the world. But a truce with characters; and now for cold calculations of another kind, — my expenses I must confess I have not yet made such an estimate as to enable you to judge with any kind of accuracy. My lodging you know is six shillings a-week, and I pay the man two shillings a-month for cleaning my shoes and brushing my coat. Before I did this I was obliged to pay twopence for my boots every day, and a penny for my shoes. By the bye, I let my boots go to the extreme (though I had got them mended), and I have bespoke a new pair, which will

cost me twenty-five shillings, which is a low price here. Indeed, I want a total refitment; my best black coat, the only one I have been able to wear, is quite shabby. The usual expense of my dinner I mentioned to you already. Half-a-crown's worth of tea and sugar serves me more than a week. My washing I cannot accurately estimate, but soon will, and shall inform you more precisely in everything.

I have just been with Mr. Goulding and have got two guineas, so that matter is settled. Give my love to my mother and all. Tell my mother that my next letter shall be to her. Farewell, my dearest father. Believe me, yours most affectionately.

[No. 9.] *To his Mother.*

June 11. 1799.

* * * I received a letter from Croker which pleased me very much. Does he ever call? He is a friend whom I am resolved to cultivate. London is growing insupportably warm, and will be a dreadful place to remain in all the summer. If I return to you, you must none of you be very inquisitive, for I am such an incurious creature that I have not seen half the *lions* of this place. I have not yet been to this wonderful Pizarro of Sheridan's, which is putting all London into fevers.

My father complained of my neglect of writing. The interval between my letters was perhaps too long, but you will perceive that I have not omitted one week. Give my love to my dearest father, and bid him write his decision immediately. Remember me to Catherine, to Ellen, to my uncle, aunt, &c.

I have paid 18*s.* 6*d.* for my last term, and will have

the same to pay for this. Farewell, my sweet mother. Yours, &c.

[No. 10.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday.

My dearest Mother,

I got Kate's letter, and it was very good of you to think I should be anxious at not hearing so long from home, but lazy Kate might have stretched her commission a little and given me a longer epistle. I think the wearisomeness of this place is beginning almost to make me bilious; after all, there are few samenesses more disagreeable than that of seeing faces you dont care two-pence about, returning periodically and domestically, and mixing themselves as if they belonged to you, with every function of life. Oh solitude! solitude! you hold the very next rank to the society of the few we love. I wish prudence did not keep me away from you, dearest mother, and I should exchange all my fineries for Irish stew and salt fish immediately. Your own,

Tom.

[No. 11.] *To his Father.*

Thursday, June 20. 1799.

I forgot to mention, with regard to my coat and pantaloons, that Mr. Nugent, if you please, will settle for them with Mr. Herbert's money, and you may pay *him*. I am wishing very much to hear from you. In reading Warren's letter over again, I perceive what I did not observe at first; he tells me that my mother is reconciled to my staying during the vacation. Now, as *that* was, I confess, my chief motive for soliciting my return, because I

had in a manner promised it to her; if she be *really* reconciled to my absence, and you not very much inclined to my going over, I will endeavour to have the same self-denial, and all my other objections to my remaining will be easily surmounted. I believe I will wait for your answer to this, if something else does not determine me, for I should be sorry to have no arguments for my return, but my own inclinations. If I go, I shall leave a few of my trifling poems with Hume, to get them published: it is more through a wish to get rid of them, than with any hopes of emolument: if the latter *does* result from them, I can rely on Hume for taking advantage of it. Pray let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this. I perhaps may determine, however, before you write. Love to all. Yours, &c.

[No. 12.] *To his Father.*

June 27. 1799.

I was not mistaken in thinking that no immediate emolument would result from those poems. The booksellers shrink from risking anything on a person who has not a *name;* so that one must, at first, sacrifice a little expense, or be content with eternal obscurity; and indeed I am so vexed that I could almost determine to acquiesce in the latter. I think I will set off to-morrow, but if I do not, I will write. Oh father! I hope I may one day or other repay you; but Heaven knows how! I am now in such a disposition that one word from you would decide me in staying here. Perhaps I may receive your answer to my letter, the last but one, before I go away. I will go now to the coach office, and if there be a place to be got, I *will* set off to-morrow. I shall feel happy, *very* happy in see-

ing you, but indeed I shall feel disappointed at the idea of not having in some manner lightened the burthen which is on you. If I can add, however, one moment of happiness to my poor mother's life by returning, I shall hope that we cannot regret it. Give my love to my sisters, my dear good sisters; and believe me, dearest father, to be your most grateful and affectionate son.

[No. 13.] *To his Father.*

Parkgate, July 2. 1799.

Dear Father,

The packet will not sail to-day, and here I am imprisoned for one night more: the place is insipid, my companion is insipid, and all these circumstances combining with my impatience to see my beloved home, make this delay most dreadfully irksome to me. However, to-morrow morning, Captain Brown has pledged himself to sail, and you may expect me, with Heaven's permission, the day after to-morrow or the next, for the winds are very uncertain, and we will hardly be over in less than eight-and-forty hours. I hope I shall find you all well and happy. Tell Billy Warren that I am afraid to see him, as I bring him no new music, except that of Pizarro, which is rather uninteresting and common. Yours, &c.

Love to my mother: I am longing to meet her.

[No. 14.] *To his Mother.*

Chester, Oct. 28. 1799.

I have been detained here to-day, by not being able to secure a place last night. However, I have taken my seat

for to-night in the mail, and hope to be in London early, Wednesday morning. Poor Hobart was almost shaken to death, during ninety-seven miles, on the outside of the coach. I have been with him to visit some of his Irish friends here; and we expect to be accompanied to the theatre to-night by Miss Beaver, a very pretty little girl. This will diversify the scene to us, and amuse our time till the departure of the mail. I have long wished for an opportunity of seeing the Chester theatre: there are some good actors here. I hope you will contrive to send my books to me very soon: tell Catherine to take Macbean's Ancient Geography out of the bookcase in your room and send it to me. I forgot too to put the *Pastor Fido* among the books: let her look for it in my room. I do not think I have forgot anything else of importance. The volumes of Anacharsis, Hall, I suppose, has sent home. Our journey was extremely pleasant; very little chequered by adventures, and very little disturbed by accident. I am in very good spirits, and feel very differently from what I felt when I first travelled; except in that affection for you, and that longing to return to you, which, in the farthest part of the world, never could desert me. Send me what I have mentioned, and remember me; for indeed I am,

Your fond and affectionate,

T. M.

[No. 15.] *To his Mother.*

Manchester, Thursday night, half-past Ten.

My dearest Mother,

I have been obliged to come round by Manchester, from being disappointed last night of a seat on to Lichfield.

To-day I came twenty-six miles of my journey in a canal boat, at the cheap rate of *three* shillings; and, in about *four* hours hence, I shall be off in the mail for Derby, so as to reach Donington to dinner to-morrow. This is the state of my affairs at present, and but for the uncomfortable hours of darkness I have before me in this night's journey, I am as well and contented as either you or I could wish me to be.

My canal journey to-day was not unpleasant. Contrasted with the rattling of the mail, its movement was as agreeable as it was new, and our way lay through a very pretty country. Love to father and dear girls. Yours, my dearest mother.

[No. 16.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 9. 1799.

Dear Mother,

By some strange error I did not receive Catherine's letter till to-day, when it was given to me with the subsequent one from my father. I was, I confess, extremely anxious, and they relieved me not a little. I should have told you that I took up four guineas from Mr. Goulding, out of which I have bought, in the extra way, a pair of boots (six and twenty shillings) and a little writing portfolio, which I have promised myself this long time. I hope you have got my letter with the inclosure for Cuming; Nugent will write to him immediately. Tell Dr. Stevenson he may expect a letter from me very soon, and that I dine with Incledon to-morrow, when he promises to introduce me to Irish Johnson.*

* Moore always writes the name Johnson. In the playbills it was Johnstone.

Hobart has taken the first floor under me, but does not intend to continue. I wish he would; for I stay at home very much, and our breakfasting together takes off the *ennui* of *total solitude*. I suppose I shall soon have my books over, and shall pay attention to my father's wishes with regard to Mr. Brownrigg. I am very domestic, and have full leisure to think of all my dear friends at home. Do not forget me, any of you. My love to Billy Warren. Warmest remembrances to father and sisters. Yours, yours."

[No. 17.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 14. 1799.

Dear Mama,

I have left now so many days of this week without writing, that my letters will come "not single *spies*, but in *battalions*."

"Beresford Burston and I will dine together to-morrow or the next day, I believe. He appears to me to be drinking deep the intoxications of this place. I was out very late last night at a party at the Honourable Mrs. Gardiner's. She is an *English* woman, but has an *Irish heart*. On Sunday last you know I was to dine at Incledon's. Johnson and I got very great: he is to introduce me to Colman, the manager and author. I met there too Dr. Mosely, the king's physician. He took my address, and seemed to wish the cultivation of an acquaintance: he is in the first circles. Poor Incledon is deplorably hoarse: we might say to him, what he himself said to Peter Duffey (coal factor) the first time he heard him sing, "By the holy St. Peter, you hav'nt a *note* in your *sack*." Miss Biggs, the present heroine of Drury Lane,

dined there, and gave me her orders for the ensuing evening. Lord Moira is in town. I left my card with him yesterday. I am very much afraid that you did not get my letter with the inclosure for Cuming; let me know immediately. I have not got my breakfast yet, and as Shakespere says, "with veins unfill'd we're apt to *pout* upon the morning." Has the music-book been procured from Mrs. Grierson's for Dr. S.? I hope it has. Farewell, my good mother. Believe me, with the tenderest remembrances to my father and my dear little girls, yours ever.

[No. 18.] *To his Mother.*

Dec. 14. 1799.

I had intended to write earlier in the week, but was waiting for the printing of the proposals, the first proof of which I enclose to you. I had yesterday a long visit from a Mr. Biggin—a very famous and very respectable man here. By the bye, it is from *him* the coffee biggins take their name, and from *them* he has taken his money. He has a box at the Opera House, and promises me frequent admission. Johnson, of Covent Garden, I hear, sings some of my songs in company. I wish Cuming would be more active in his drawing. Nugent has begun the head of Anacreon. I am to be at a large party on Wednesday at Mrs. Campbell's, and on Friday at Lady Rich's, and am perfectly stout again. I will write very early next week, and tell you more news. I have got ten guineas from Mr. Goulding, and must immediately get a couple more; but I shall not now require such expense, for dining at home, the hiring of a sofa, which I was obliged to do, rather expensively, and coach-hire, were inevitable expenses. I

hope, however, I shall clear at least a hundred guineas, by Anacreon. Love to all. Yours ever.

I shall soon get the rest of the printed papers, and will send them to you.

[No. 19.] *To his Mother.*

Dec. 19. 1799.

I hope the printed papers, which I enclosed, went safe and undamaged: they are very nicely executed, and that I owe entirely to Hume, who has taken the whole negociation with the bookseller for me on himself: he has procured that I shall be announced in the next Reviews: every thing goes on swimmingly; but why is not Cuming's drawing sent out before this? I will inclose him, perhaps to-morrow, a few of the odes for his designs; and pray entreat of him to lose no time, and spare no trouble, in the execution of them. I am getting a good number of names here, and have received *two hard guineas* already from Mr. Campbell and Mr. Tinker, which I hope will be lucky. They are the only guineas I ever kissed; and I have locked them up religiously. Mr. Gardiner sent a paper of my proposals, with a very flattering letter, indeed, to the Duchess of Devonshire, and another to Mrs. Fitzherbert. I must immediately send some of them to Captain Atkinson, Grierson, the Provost, &c. &c. I shall be greatly surprised if my friends in Dublin do not make it an ample subscription. Do not be diffident in your applications. I have learned other things here, but shall be long before I conquer my Irish *mauvaise honte.* Hume has given me the name of Lord Clonecurry (of the Tower), whose physician he is. I dined with Mr. Biggin on Sunday. I was mistaken when I told you that his money was

made in the coffee pot business; they were only inventions of his. He is a man of very easy fortune, and quite a virtuoso: he is a great chemist, mechanic, musician, and he has undertaken to eradicate my bilious complaint. A charming woman made the third at a very elegant dinner. She is the most exquisite performer I ever heard on the piano; and he has a beautiful organ, which she plays in the grandest cathedral style. They have lately been at Brussels, and collected all the newest music on the Continent. I never had such a banquet. Dearest mother, are you quite well, and in spirits? Give my love to my best of good fathers, to Catherine, Ellen, my uncle, &c. &c., and believe me, yours.

I got the bill on the merchants: in the next letter I hope to send you a new glee of mine, which Longman is printing!

[No. 20.] *Dr. Lawrence to Dr. Hume.*

Dr. Lawrence's remarks on some of my Anacreon before it was published, 1799.

Dec. 20. 1799.

Dear Sir,

I return you the four odes, which you were so kind as to communicate for my poor opinion. They are in many parts very elegant and poetical; and in some passages Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are in not a few places rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation. In the 53rd there is, in my judgment, no less a sound than beautiful emendation suggested,—

would you suppose it? — by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning too in the former part of that passage, which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure. "It is sweet even to prove it among the briary paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the flower of love." This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenbach. If this be right, instead of

'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence, &c.

I would propose something to this effect:

'Tis sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid beauty thence;
To wipe with tender hand away
The tears that on its blushes lay *,
Then to the bosom of the fair
The flower of love in triumph bear.'

I would drop altogether the image of "the stems, dropping with gems." I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

There is another emendation of the same critic in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem by accident to have sufficiently expressed in his phrase of "roses *shed their light.*" The * * * should be omitted. They

* *Query*, if it ought not to be "lie." The lines might run:

With tender hands the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush.

T. M.

ought to be all unnecessary to the learned reader; and there is one which, though it is witty enough, is a little too *open* to be missed by the unlearned reader of either sex, especially as it is marked with italics. The first line of the note will be alone sufficient. It is upon the 29th ode

I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent.

Believe me to be, dear Sir, very sincerely,

Your obedient, humble servant,

F. Lawrence.

[No. 21.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 6. 1800.

I have just received a very *interesting* letter from my father, in which, though he has not been very eloquent, he has enclosed eight pounds or so. I wrote to you on Saturday a letter which I am sure you did not understand; however, it is now no matter, as the business is settled. I wrote to the Marquis of Lansdowne, to Bath, enclosing my *state* letter of introduction, with some plausible apologies and compliments, and a paper of my proposals. I received a very polite answer from him, requesting that his name should be put down, and that I should call on him any morning about eleven o'clock, when he comes to town, which will be very shortly. Dr. Lawrence has read my Anacreon; paid wonderful attention to it; and has written a Greek ode himself, which he allows me to publish. I have got Mrs. Fitzherbert's name, and Mr. Biggin promises me the Duke of Bedford's. Everything goes on delightfully. Tell Cuming not to let a creature see the

odes which I enclosed to him for the designs, but to send them back to me with the drawings; and all as soon as possible. The opening of the opera is deferred every night, on account of some misunderstanding with regard to the license. This annoys me, for I expect I shall be there every night with Mr. Biggin and Mrs. Birom. I am become this lady's pupil in thorough bass.

My next shall positively be to my dear Catherine: she must not, however, be affronted: she ought to consider how much I have on my hands — Anacreon, *thorough bass*, &c. &c.

[No. 22.] *To his Mother.*

Feb. 4. 1800.

I received my father's letter yesterday, and I am sorry to find that your enrolment is diminishing so soon; but he said that he enclosed me the list of subscribers, and I found no such thing in the letter. I have got the Duke of Bedford's name, and I believe shall have his interest, for Mr. Biggin is to show him some of the work: in short, my list is about fifty, without including Mr. Solly, who is very attentive to me, or Major Archdall, with whom I have dined two or three times, and who has introduced me to a Mr. Cope, of Manchester Square, with whom I am to dine to-morrow. I have not heard anything from Lord Moira; so I shall write to him very soon. Let Cuming send me the drawings immediately. Nugent is very much advanced in the engraving from the Provost's picture. Whatever damp I might have felt at the idea of the subscription slackening was, I assure you, my dear mother, infinitely compensated by being told that your health was better than it had been: Heaven preserve it long to make us happy! As the time approaches for my return, I begin to

be still more impatient for it. I find the retouching and finishing my Anacreon to be an increasing and almost endless labour. I am at it night and day; it will soon be in the press, and shall fly over before me, to harbinger my return. I hope it will succeed. Success makes every one more welcome, but it cannot make me more so to you, can it, my dear mother? Give the warmest remembrances of my soul to my good, good father.

[No. 23.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, March 20. 1800.

My dearest Mother,

All is well again, and I am again quite stout. Once more laid on my back, under the physicians, I have once more shaken them off, and am drinking bottled porter and old port wine every day. Dearest mother, how anxious I have been at not being able to write to you! and I know now that you are all tremble and anxiety at the long interval there has been between my letters; indeed, the last I wrote was just caught in a lucid interval of ease, when I was allowed to sit up for an hour; and happy enough did it make me to avail myself of it in writing to my own darlings. I have not wanted for care and nursing of the best kind. Dr. Baillie, the first physician here, has attended me every second day, and Woolriche, the surgeon, twice a-day. I shall in my next letter tell you fully what was the matter with me. It began like my old pain, in the side, and they first tried calomel, but that failed, and they were obliged to let it form an abscess, which has now completely discharged itself, and I feel as healthy, as full of appetite and spirits as ever; a little weak, that's all.

God bless you. Don't be the least uneasy. I am as one in full health. *

[No. 24.] *To his Mother.*

May 14. 1800.

* * * I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening — Mrs. Harwood's and Dr. Grant's. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!* "Away with melancholy."

[No. 25.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday [no date].

My dear Mother,

I have got the Prince's name, and his permission that I should *dedicate* Anacreon to him. Hurra! hurra! Yours ever.

[No. 26.] *To his Mother.*

June 9. 1800.

* * * How I long to return to you: as soon as the books are published and distributed, you shall see me. I have written a Greek ode, which is now before the tribunal of Dr. Lawrence, and, if he approve of it, I shall have it prefixed to the Anacreon. *This*, I hope, will astonish the scoundrelly monks of Trinity, not one of whom, I perceive, except the Provost and my tutor, have subscribed to the work. Heaven knows they ought to rejoice at any-

* Moore had in fact been in great danger from a large abscess in his side. He evidently diminishes the illness not to alarm his mother.

thing like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body! I can do without them; but tell Phipps that I will not put F. T. C. D. after his name, as I should be ashamed of the world's observing that but one of the fellows of the university where I graduated, gave his tribute to a classical undertaking of this kind. They are a cursed corporation of boobies! and if it were not for my friend, their Provost, the public should know my opinion of them. * * * I was last night in company with Godwin.

[No. 27.] *To his Mother.*

June 21. 1800.

I am surprised at not having heard from home near this week past. I hope you are all well; and, Heaven knows! I wish I were with you. I have already begun this piece, and only wait for the expression of your wishes to go on with it. It *may* succeed and it *may not;* but still, my dearest mother, you will feel that I have made the effort, and then I shall fly to your arms "like a young bridegroom, dancing to his love." I have been obliged to adopt a particular plot prescribed to me, so that I must be considered as connected in the writing as well as the music. This is one reason that I do not wish it to be known that I am engaged in such a thing; but if a hundred or two hundred pounds be the result of it, why, we shall have no reason to regret it. At all events, we shall meet, I hope, in the course of a month, and we shall *indeed* be very happy, for *you* deserve to be happy, and I feel that I am, perhaps, not unworthy of it. Farewell, my sweet mother God bless you.

[No. 28.] *To his Mother*

July 5. 1800.

My dearest Mother,

* * * I hope you got my Anacreon, which I enclosed to Cocke. How did you look at it? What did you feel? Oh! I know what you felt, and I know how you looked! My heart is with you, though I am so delayed from meeting you. Good God! when we *do* meet, may it be in happiness! Write to me, my dear father and mother; tell me you are in health and content, and I shall then be as happy as absence from you will allow me. Farewell. "Forget me not."

[No. 29.] *To his Mother.*

July 12. 1800.

I am trying every day to be off to you, but distributing this book is taking up my time; and waiting to be introduced to the Prince. I met his brother, Prince William, the other night, at a very elegant party at Lady Dering's, and was introduced to him. A young girl told me, that he had been asking her questions about me and my birth, parentage, &c., with all the curiosity of the royal family. I was obliged that night to sing every one of my songs twice. The day before yesterday I was at a splendid déjeuner of Sir John Coghill's: we had charming music. I sang several things with Lord Dudley and Miss Cramer (sister to Sir J. Coghill). These people I was introduced to by Lord Lansdowne. I got your welcome letter; any account from my dear ones at home is heaven to me. I hope the Anacreon will soon be with you, and the *young boy* soon after them. Oh heavens! how happy we shall meet! God send it,—and immediately

"a *speedy* meeting and *soon*," as an *Irishman* would say. You see how conceited I'm grown. Love to all. My heart is with you.

[No. 30.] *To his Mother.*

July 28. 1800.

I hope in a very few days to be able to leave London and see all those I have been so long, so tediously separated from. I am delighted to find by my father's letter, that Hume has made your mind so happy in regard to me. He is certainly an inestimable young man. I never met with any one more capable of friendship, or more adapted to cherish it. He has a peculiar delicacy (which must always make him an amiable companion), never to touch upon any thing grating to one's feelings. I could write a volume about him, and even if he had not *one* estimable quality, still gratitude for his interest in my welfare should tie me to him. I hope he will dine with you some day; and on that day there will not in Europe be three more honest souls together.

[No. 31.] *To his Mother.*

August 4. 1800.

I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a *man of my abilities;* and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely* his, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many

opportunities of *enjoying each other's society;* that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat;* for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat,* whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds. By the bye, I am still in my other tailor's debt. To change the topic, I have heard Lord Moira's opinion of my Anacreon (not from himself, for, when I saw him, he very elegantly thanked me for a vast deal of gratification which it had given him); but he had spoken a vast deal of it to a gentleman who told *me:* said there were scarce any of the *best* poets who had been so strictly grammatical in language as I had been, — that the notes discovered a great extent of reading,—and that, in short, it was a very superior work.

Do not let any one read this letter but yourselves; none but a father and a mother can bear such egotising vanity; but I know who I am writing to — that they are interested in what is said of me, and that they are too partial not to tolerate my speaking of myself. * * *

[No. 32.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 3. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

Still at Donington; but I am sure I shall leave it to-morrow. Lord Moira wishes me to stay, but I shall promise in a little time to return here, which is the best way to escape pleasantly. There cannot be anything

more delightful than this house, — an inimitable library, where I have the honour of being *bound up* myself, a charming piano, and very pleasant society. What can be more delightful however? I am so anxious to get to London that I *must* fly away. * * *

[No. 33.] *To his Mother.*

London, Jan. 5. 1801.

* * * I was not allowed to leave Donington Park till I had promised that, as soon as leisure allowed me, I should return. They were, indeed, uncommonly polite. The morning I left it, breakfast was ordered an hour earlier than usual to accommodate me, and Lord Moira requested I should return as soon as I could. * * *

[No. 34.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 27. 1801.

Dearest Mama,

Forgive me for only writing a *billet doux*, but I have written by this post to Capt. Atkinson and Lady Moira, and have not time to say more than that I am very well, and in high spirits. What do you think? Lord Moira, who came to town but yesterday, called on me in person to-day, and left his card: is not this excellent? I got dear Catherine's letter, and shall answer it immediately. Yours totally and eternally.

[No. 35.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Feb. 2. 1801.

* * * I dined on Saturday in company with Suett and Bannister. Read the piece to them. Suett is quite enchanted with his part, particularly the mock bravura.

[No. 36.] *To his Mother.*

March 1. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

You may imagine I do not want society here, when I tell you that last night I had *six* invitations. Everything goes on swimmingly with me. I dined with the Bishop of Meath on Friday last, and went to a party at Mrs. Crewe's in the evening. My songs have taken such a rage! even surpassing what they did in Dublin. Let me know if the Steeles are in Dublin, and write to me oftener. Sweetest, dearest mama! keep up your spirits and health till we meet, which shall, please Heaven! be in summer. Yours dearly.

[No. 37.] *To his Mother.*

March 6. 1801

My dearest Mother,

* * * * There is not a night that I have not three parties on my string, but I take Hammersley's advice, and send showers of apologies. The night before last, Lady Harrington sent her servant after me to two or three places with a ticket for the "Ancient Music," which is the king's concert, and which is so select, that those who go to it ought to have been at Court before. Lady Harrington got the ticket from one of the Princesses, and the servant at last found me where I dined. You may be assured I hurried home and dressed for it immediately. These attentions from such great people are no harm, and they are flattering. * * *

[No. 38.] *To his Mother.*

March 18. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

Never was there any wight so idly *busy* as I am — nothing but racketting: it is indeed too much, and I intend stealing at least a fortnight's seclusion, by leaving word at my door that I am gone to the country. I must "tie up the knocker, say I'm sick — I'm dead!" I last night went to a little supper after the opera, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were: I was introduced to her. * * *

I dine with Lord Moira to-morrow, and go in the evening with Lady Charlotte to an assembly at the Countess of Cork's. I assure you I am serious in the idea of being at least for a fortnight incog. * * *

[No. 39.] *To his Mother.*

March 24. 1801.

I find Grierson leaves this but to-day: he has been so occupied with business that I have seen very little of him. I never told you that, at the time I came here, I found I was near 70*l.* in Hume's debt: he is now paid by the sale of the copyright, and has left another debt of strong *obligation* behind, for he is a very honest fellow. You see how I push through these matters. Ah! my dear mother, with the favour of Heaven, there is no fear of me; if you are but happy, I have everything I can wish for. I have not been able to get down so far as Keinvan's yet: it is (as Major Swayne says) eight miles into that cursed city! I shall soon, however, take the walk and get my five guineas. What do you think, young Lord Forbes

and another young nobleman dine *with me* to-morrow! This was a thing *put on me,* and I shall do it with a good grace.

I assure you I am six feet high to-day after discharging my debt of 70*l.* yesterday, and I have still some copies on my hand to dispose of for myself. The new edition will soon be out: it will be got up very handsomely: perhaps if I send you over twenty copies of the last which I have, you may pick up so many guineas there for them; but the manner of sending them is the thing. Love to all.

[No. 40.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March 28. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

* * * I was last night at a ball, which (as *we* say) *swept the town* — everybody was there — two or three of the Princes, the Stadtholder, &c. &c. You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, "How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you." * * * I kept my piece back too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it; and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which perhaps I shall do. But, please God! I must, I think, see my dear ones in summer again. Don't let me be forgot in your lodgings: keep a corner for Tom. Love to you all — to the whole rookery.

[No. 41.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, April 1. 1801.

How d'ye do, my dearest mother? Did you see my name in the paper among the lists of company at most of

the late routs? This is a foolish custom adopted here, of printing the names of the most *distinguished personages* that are at the great parties, and Mr. *Moore*, I assure you, is not forgotten. I have an idea of going down to Donington Park, to seclude myself for about a month in the library there: they are all in town, but Lord Moira tells me I may have an apartment there, whenever I wish. 'Tis a long time since I heard from you. Are you all well and happy? Grierson has not left this yet. I dined yesterday with George Ogle, and he was there. I met the Prince at supper at Lady Harrington's, on Monday night; he is always very polite to me. You cannot think how much my songs are liked here. Monk Lewis was "in the greatest agonies" the other night at Lady Donegal's, at having come in after my songs: "'Pon his honour, he had come for the express purpose of hearing me." Write to me soon, dearest little mama, and tell me you are well.

[No. 42.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, April 18. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

I go on as usual; I am happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish; not very rich, nor yet quite poor. All I desire is that my dear ones at home may be as contented and easy in mind as I am. Tell me are you all happy and comfortable? I do not hear from you half often enough. The other day I dined with the Dowager Lady Donegal: we had music in the evening. Lady Charlotte Rawdon and I were obliged to sing my little glees three times. I go to Donington in about a week, I think: about that time my poems will be all

printed. I suppose Captain A. told you they are coming out as "The poetical works of the late Thos. Little, Esq." You shall have a copy over immediately. I wrote a long letter to *Miss Catherine Little* this week. Make her answer me soon.

[No. 43.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, April 25. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

I am expecting every day to leave town, and on Tuesday I hope to effect it. I look to a new vein of imagination entirely in the solitude of Donington. I have seldom, never indeed, been two days alone, and I expect that in such a situation, with the advantage of so fine a library, I may produce something far beyond any of my past attempts. I dined *en famille* with Lord Moira on Thursday last, and he told me every thing was prepared at Donington for my reception. * * * I hope the post will be convenient enough to allow my regular correspondence; indeed, I have no doubt of it, and my darling dears shall hear from the Hermit of the Castle all the progress of his fanciful lucubrations. What delays my little Catherine's letter? I am anxious for it. I shall let you know the day before I leave town, in what manner you are to direct your letters to me. I am well, happy in spirits; thinking hourly of the dear ones at home, and anticipating the pleasure I shall have in rejoining them in summer.

[No. 44.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Tuesday, May 5. 1801.

My time here by no means hangs heavily on me, notwithstanding that I am so little accustomed to solitude. I rise rather early, breakfast heartily, employ the day in walking or *hunting* —— among old books, dine off two courses, no less; in the evening sing down the sun like a true Pythagorean, and then seasonably take to my pillow, where I sleep sweetly, nor dream of ambition though beneath the roof of an earl. Such is my diary. * * * My love comes more pure to you now from the clear air of Donington; take it, my dear mother, and believe me yours ever.

[No. 45.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, May 13. 1801.

* * * It is now a fortnight since I came to Donington: it has not by any means seemed tedious to me; and I think another week will be the conclusion of my visit. I shall let you know particularly when I leave it.

[No. 46.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, May 21. 1801.

I am now more than three weeks at Donington, and in that time have received but one short letter from home, — this is not fair. I am sure *my* regularity ought to be a little better rewarded. My father I excuse. I trust and hope from my soul he has business to keep him from writing; but the little idle gipsy, Catherine, who can

have no other employment than to improve herself, ought surely to make correspondence with me one medium of that improvement. I am almost growing anxious from this silence, to *me* so very gloomy; and I sometimes dread that all is not right at home, or the common occupations of the day could never so interrupt your writing to me. Tell me truth, my darling mother, are you all happy and in health? Make Catherine write to me oftener: there are a thousand little nothings of the day's news which I should like to hear, and which it is her province more immediately to communicate. Let her not mind postage either; I throw away many a shilling foolishly, which I should much rather bestow on a little intelligence from dear home.

I never committed a *murder* till I came to Donington, but I've been shooting young rooks every morning for this week past. You cannot imagine how rosy I am grown: these good hours would make an Adonis of me, so that, in pity to the Chloes, I must dissipate when I go to town again. I shall, I believe, make out the month here: next Wednesday I look to leaving Donington, and I think not sooner. Good by, dear mother. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 47.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, June 6. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

* * * My little poems are very much admired here, and have increased my fame. I hope I shall soon get my shirts and cravats. Atkinson is as cordial and friendly as I could expect almost from my father. We dined together yesterday at Mrs. Fancourt's: we have

contrived indeed not to separate in our enjoyments since he came. You cannot imagine how much my name is gone about here: even of those poems my bookseller sells at the rate of twenty copies a-day; and the shabby demand of Ireland for fifty copies (which Grierson has written over) will surely appear very contemptible to this. It is not his fault, however; and, indeed, I am very indifferent about it, for they are not very liberal to the style of my youthful productions. Lord Moira had one of the first copies.

[No. 48.] *To his Mother.*

June 16. 1801.
46. Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

My dearest Mother,

I know you will forgive my irregularities in writing at present, when you know that I am as well as possible, and as happy as good spirits and a vast deal of pleasant company can make me. The night before last I was at the most splendid ball that has been given this season, at the Duchess of Devonshire's; and I returned at four this morning from another, given by Sir Watkin W. Wynne. This work will soon be over, so you need not dread my having too much of it. Carpenter has thought it most prudent to defer publishing my book till Christmas: the only inconvenience attending this is, that I must be drawing on him in the meantime, without anything going on to liquidate it; but this he has no objection to. I am only afraid it will delay my visit to dear home beyond what I expected, as my only plan now is to go to Donington, to Lord Moira's, where I shall be at less expense than in town. Lord Moira, last night, went a great round

out of his way to set me down at Sir Watkin's, from Mrs. Duff's, where we met at a large rout. He is uncommonly kind and attentive. I think the reports about him have again died away. Love to father, dear Kate, and Nell. Yours ever, dearest mother.

[No. 49.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 26. 1801.

My dearest Mother,

* * * I find the papers here have all been quoting passages from my Anacreon for public notice. This your readers of the "*Packet*" in Dublin never could spy out, though they could be lynx-eyed to anything they thought unfavourable. Accordingly, we never heard of this from them. * * *

[No. 50.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Jan. 4. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

This letter I know has been *waited* for, but in leaving Donington I was hurried into the omission of it. I arrived in town yesterday with Curran, who kept me in an uninterrupted fit of laughter all the way. We had a dance at the Park the night before I left it, and I footed it away merrily till four o'clock in the morning. Tell Kate that I, immediately on receiving her letter, copied out the song for Lady Elizabeth, and gave her some lessons in singing it. I shall tell in my next letter what I think about her excursion to Castle Forbes. I was obliged to come to town to try and get this music into hands.

The second edition of Anacreon is published, and it is certainly very beautifully got up. The print is universally thought to be like, and he is selling off hundreds of them singly. There is a copy at the binder's for my dears at home. * * *

[No. 51.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Jan. 30. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

I am flying off to the Temple this instant to eat my dinner; it's about two miles and a half, so I have little time to write. I don't know which, Kate or I, is generally in the greatest hurry. I go in the evening to a *Blue Stocking* supper at Lady Mount-Edgecumbe's; it is the first this season, and I shall be initiated. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, the Misses Berry, &c. &c., form the *coterie*. I met all my old fashionable friends at a rout last night, the opening of the season,—300 people. I wait my answer from Dalby, Lord Forbes' tutor, to arrange my plans for leaving London; it is necessary to me for some time.

Love to all dears at home. Tell me how Hobart's play comes on. Tell him I have attempted something, but don't like what I have done. I had rather write merely the words, and Stevenson compose the music. * * *

[No. 52.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Feb. 1. 1802.

The idea of Lord Moira's coming into administration begins to be entertained very strongly here. Heaven send it! I have heard from Dalby, and shall about the end of this week go to Donington. The Granards seem

to approve very much of my resolution in leaving the seductions of London for a month or two of study. You may have some idea of the increasing popularity that follows my Anacreon, when I assure you that on Saturday last Carpenter sold *ten* copies of the new edition in the course of the day; and so, more or less, every day.

I am going to a rout at Lady Talbot's to-night. There is a volume of designs from the Anacreon, I hear, preparing for publication by some eminent artist. I breakfast with Monk Lewis to-morrow morning in order to go to see them. Tell Stevenson he could not at present choose anything more likely to catch the public than his publication of the glees from Anacreon: it is universally read, and hardly can be said to have been known till now. I do not hear from you half so often as I should wish. Bid Kate never to wait for a frank, and to write very often. Dear, darling mother, your own boy,

TOM.

[No. 53.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, March 4. 1802.

My darling Mother,

I don't know how I let Saturday pass without a letter, but I believe I was in a little fuss about a civil kind of scrape that the good nature of some of my fashionable friends brought me into. While I was away, they did me the troublesome honour of electing me into a new club they have formed, and it was on Saturday that I thought I had to pay my subscription. However, I have more time for it than I imagined, and, when the debt is discharged, I must get quietly out of the business, highly sensible of the honour they have done to my pocket. I am deferring too

long my letter to my dear uncle, but to-morrow I think it shall be done. The people will not let me stay at home as much as I wish, and I sometimes wish all the duchesses and marchionesses *chez le diable.* * * *

[No. 54.] *To his Mother.*

March 6. 1802.

Dearest Mother,

I find, by to-day's paper, that we are all at *loggerheads* again. I believe what my countryman says is true, "that the French can never be at peace but when they are in some war or other." Why is Kate so long silent? She has not acknowledged either of the letters which I wrote to her. I am getting quite rosy with the air of this fine weather. Nothing could take me to town now but *Banti's* benefit. She plays the chief man herself, and Mrs. Billington *la prima donna;* there's a treat! I have some shows myself here; I went last night to look at the satellites of Jupiter, through a telescope, with Dalby; and this morning I was introduced to Dalby's sweetheart! How do you like the way "Lady Fair" is got up? My best love to dear, good father. I pray for you all every night.

[No. 55.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, May 1. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

It is very, very long since I heard from home: what is my little Kate about? The Granards are still lingering here. * * * Lady Granard is uncommonly kind. I think I should rather wish Kate to go with them to Castle Forbes, if I *can* (as I expect) help her to rig her-

self out for it. London is most killingly gay, and my spirits keep up to its gaiety. Have you got the heads by Maurice Fitzgerald? I dine to-day with Lady Donegal and her sister; *none* but the trio of us. The day of the great illuminations I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount-Edgecumbe's, and Lady Call's, which was a ball, where I danced till five in the morning.

[No. 56.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, June 3. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

I this morning received Kate's account of your dance, but she did not tell me who were of the party. The Union Masquerade on Monday was rather a Bartholomew Fair business, though tickets sold for *fifteen* guineas each. Mrs. Fancourt, as *Wowski*, was the best dressed and supported character I ever saw. I accompanied her as Trudge. The Morning Post of to-day, I see, speaks of her, though they do not know her name, and says she was attended by "*Anacreon Moore.*" I had a long conversation with Lord Moira yesterday about going to Brunswick with Lord Forbes: it is his wish decidedly, and he begged me to consider, what beyond my expenses would make it unnecessary for me to draw on this country. Do not breathe a word of this. I am still looking out for some one to take charge of the dresses for Kate. I am going to publish Memory. It depends now upon Lord Moira how soon I shall visit my dear, dear home; it may be immediately, it may not be for two months or so. See you all, I

must of course, before I arrange any plan whatsoever about Brunswick. Love to my good father, dear Kate, and Ellen. Yours, dearest mother.

[No. 57.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, July 18. 1802.

* * * I am happy to learn that the Catch Club have done themselves so much justice by their tribute to Stevenson. I wish he were here; he would soon, I think, put down Kelly. Poor *Mick* is rather an *im*poser than a composer. He cannot mark the time in writing three bars of music: his understrappers, however, do all that for him, and he has the knack of pleasing the many. He has compiled the Gipsy Prince extremely well, and I have strong hopes of its success.

[No. 58.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Sept. 20. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

I have been kept very busily employed in viewing all the beauties of this country, which are, indeed, extremely interesting; and I hope in a very short time to describe them to you by word of mouth. I had the courage the other day to descend into a coal-pit, 360 feet depth: never was anything so true a picture of the infernal regions; very few, except those condemned to work in them, venture to visit them. I was let down in a bucket, and, indeed, expected to *kick* it before I got up again. The deuce take Mr. Holmes, wherever he is; though I hope by this time, at least, the box has arrived. I received Kate's last letter, enclosed to me, from Egham. As soon as I can get off from

this place I shall, please Heaven! lose no time in flying to you. Who could Kate have been with at Seapoint? Love to dearest father, and my little girls. The Atkinsons have quite flattered me by the account they gave of Ellen. Good by, dearest mother.

[No. 59.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 17. 1802.

My dearest Mother,

I have come to town just time enough to see Lord Moira, with whom I dined yesterday at the Cocoa Tree. Lord Hutchinson was of the party. Lord Moira expresses very warm regret at the disappointment I have met with; and I feel not a doubt that, as he has now more *power* than before, he certainly has not less *will* to do me service. Every one has met me with smiles; not a frown, even from my tailor! My chief anxiety now is about the money I owe my dear uncle. *Do* bid him write, and set my mind at ease. Let him not consult his delicacy, but say fairly whether he is pressed for it, as I *can* make an effort to pay him immediately. Dearest mother, is it not a pity, when I am brought so near you, that I must deny myself the gratification of instantly being amongst you; but I *must* work off these scores, and, thank Heaven! I have it abundantly in my power. I think I shall go to Donington: there I shall be still nearer home; and when seeing you all is to be the crown of my task, it cannot fail to sweeten and accelerate my labours. I find they have had frequent reports here that I was *dead*. I hope they did not reach *you*. I never was more *alive* in my life.

I am so anxious to get a lesson from dear Kate upon the pianoforte, and to hear little Ellen warble. Well, well! it must be enough for me to know you are all well, for some time at least. God bless you, and my father, and sweet girls.

[No. 60.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday night, March 24. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

* * * I have had a letter from Lord Forbes since he went. From what he says, his uncle's opinion seems to be that war is inevitable! Sad days we are thrown upon: the world will never be in amity, I fear. * * *

[No. 61.] *To his Mother.*

Sunday morning, April 17. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I have been busier than you imagine all this last week, transcribing part of my work for the press. I *do* really think *transcribing* must be the punishment for bad poets in hell; there is nothing so tiresome. It is now a good while since I heard from home, but I know my prattling correspondent is absent, and my father perhaps too much occupied to write: however, I hope to day's post may tell me you are all well, and as I could wish. I would very gladly give up my solitude now, but I have still a vast deal to do, and must stay a little longer. Lord Strangford is publishing his translation of Camoens with Carpenter. I got some proof sheets of it, which Lord S. sent me here, and I think it

will do him very great credit. I hope, my dearest mother, you walk out these glorious days: there never was such fine weather in the memory of any one about me, at the time of the year. Nobody has told me whether the notes to my uncle and Mrs. Mills arrived: pray, bid my father mention. I believe I told you I had a letter from Lewis. There are no less than three families about this country who are teazing me to spend the spring at their houses: so, you see, I am not without my usual resources. Good by, darling mother.

[No. 62.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, May 13. 1803.

Lady Granard left town on Monday. I sent by her a little inclosure of five pounds for Ellen's music. I hope I shall be able to follow it up more *nobly*. There is nothing but masquerades going on here. I was at Mrs. Orby Hunter's, in the character of a little Irish boy just come to London, and had a vast deal of fun. I go to-morrow night to Martindale's; there are twenty guineas offered on every side for a ticket for this, which is a fête given by one of the Clubs. I am going as Lingo.

[No. 63.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, May 20. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

Yesterday I received my good father's letter: it was quite a cordial to me, and *decided* my conduct instantly. Never could I have had the faintest idea of accepting so paltry and degrading a stipend, if I had not the *urging* apprehension that my dears at home

wanted it; but Heaven be praised that you are not in *instant* necessity for an assistance which necessity alone could reconcile. I will do *better* for you, at least *as well*, by means more grateful to my feelings. The manner in which Mr. Wickham communicated the circumstance to me would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him. I accordingly, yesterday, after the receipt of my father's letter, enclosed the Ode for the Birthday, at the same time resigning the situation, and I slept sounder last night in consequence, than, I assure you, I have done for some time. It would place me on "*a ladder*" indeed, but a ladder which has but the *one rank*, where I should stand stationary for ever. Feeble as my hopes are of advancement under government, I should be silly to resign them, without absolute necessity, for a gift which would authorise them to consider me provided for, and leave me without a chance of any other or further advantage: it would "write me down an *ass*" and a *poet* for ever! Having considered the matter much since I came to town, and found every instant fresh reason to be disgusted with it, I consulted every one I met with upon the subject, and every one, *except* Croker, advised me peremptorily to reject it. Carpenter's conduct is uncommonly liberal. When I told him that my only motive for retaining it was a very particular use to which I had applied the stipend, he insisted I should not hesitate upon that point, as he was ready, abstracted from our business-account, to pay a hundred a-year for me till I could discharge him and pay it myself. So you see my resources. The only thing I was anxious about was Lord Moira and my dear inestimable friend Atkinson, whose interest had been so actively employed to procure it for me; but Lord Moira has totally relieved my mind upon the subject, by

assuring me, that whatever resolution I adopted should meet with *his* concurrence; and I trust that Atkinson's good sense and liberality will in the same way induce him to forgive the necessity which obliges me to decline the favour as totally incompatible with my feelings. I shall write to him to-morrow.

There is a very promising *periodical work* to commence in about a month or two, in which I bear the principal part. We have all advanced fifty *pounds* each, and I expect it will very soon *double* the *income* of the laureateship to me: so why should I burthen my mind with a situation whose emolument is so contemptible, compared to the ridicule which is annexed to it. Love to the dear girls when you write. God bless you, good father and mother, and your own,

TOM MOORE.

I send this by post, lest any accident happen. I should be glad, if you have no objection, that you would *send* this letter to Captain Atkinson, as I have not time to write to him till to-morrow; and I wish him to be as soon as possible apprised of my resignation.

[No. 64.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, July 16. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I was gratified with a letter from my father, which, I must confess, is rather a *singular* pleasure; but I always console myself with the idea that he is more profitably employed.

I have agreed for the piano for dear Kate: it will be sent off in a few days to Liverpool, and from thence to Ireland. I hope it will arrive safe. It is not by any

means as good as I could wish for her, but it is sweet toned, and of course much better than the wretched machine she has at present. I think, as soon as you have received the new one, you had better sell the old trumpery, if any one will give a guinea for it. On Tuesday next I shall be off to Donington. Good by, sweet mother.

[No. 65.] *To his Mother.*

Twelve o'clock, Sunday night, Aug. 7. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I am going to town to-morrow morning on a business which *may* prove as fallacious as all the rest have been, but which I think myself bound to follow up, as it will possibly in the end be productive of something, even if it be not itself a desirable object. Lord Moira told me to-day that he had had a letter from Tierney, offering him the gift of a place which government had left at his (Tierney's) disposal. It must be something far from contemptible, as Lord M. told me, in confidence, Tierney was under obligations to him, and that this was the first opportunity he had of, in any manner, repaying them. I fear, however, it is a situation not in either of these countries; and I fear it *solely* from the violence which a *wider* separation would cause to your feelings, my dearest mother: as for my *own* part, I should not consider any sacrifice of either comforts or society at all to be avoided, if it promised me a permanent subsistence and the means of providing for those I love. I have hopes that even if it *be* necessary to leave this country, the place may be considerable enough to allow you all to accompany me. This would be delightful; but I know nothing certain of

it yet. I take a letter to Tierney from Lord Moira, and the circumstances will of course be explained to me. Be assured, however, that I will do nothing without the total concurrence of your *feelings* as well as your *judgment.*

Poor Lord Moira met with a very disagreeable accident the other evening. As he was leaving the judges' dinner at Leicester, he fell in going down stairs and hurt his back, I think, very seriously; for he has been in very great pain ever since, and cannot rise from a sofa without assistance. It is a pity that hearts like his should be perplexed by such common casualties of life, which should be only reserved for the every-day pedlars of this world. He is indeed most amiable. I hope, however, it will not long be troublesome.

This journey is a new expense and perplexity to me, which I, of course, could by no means foresee. However I am very well able for it both in purse and spirits; and God knows but it may be a "tide in my affairs" which will "lead to fortune." Fortune or not, I am still the same, your own devoted TOM.

[No. 66.] *From his Father.*

Dublin, Aug. 16. 1803.

My dearest Tom,

I regretted very much not having written to you on the receipt of your letter of the 7th, but I wished to have a fuller account of the situation of this appointment, which we had reason to expect from yourself, and which we have had this day by your letter. Your uncle came here yesterday for the purpose of disclosing the whole secret to your mother, so that we only anticipated what you had done of yourself to-day. There could be no such deception carried on with her, where you, or indeed any

one of her family, were concerned, for she seems to know everything respecting them by instinct. It would not be doing her the justice she well deserves to exclude her from such confidence. Her fears are greatly removed and relieved by the various accounts we have of this island, possessing good air and almost every other advantage that can possibly be wished for: there is nothing unpleasant in it but the distance, and Heaven knows that ought to be reckoned a blessing to be almost any distance from these two countries at present. Poor Kate came to town today in consequence of my having written to her on this business, for there is no one ought to be more interested in your affairs than her, and my poor child knows it. However, after all that was natural for her to feel on such a separation, she was quite delighted, and said she wished to accompany you. She returned back to Atkinson's; he, A., does not know of this business, nor do I think it right he should until it's all determined; for though he is, I believe, one of the best of men, he blabs a little too much. However you know when and how to let him know of it. Your uncle Joice wrote you yesterday: he is one of the best of creatures; he mentioned his wish to know something certain of the emoluments of this place, which was very natural, but your letter of this day clears up that point. For my particular part I think with you, that there is a singular chance, as well as a special interference of Providence, in your getting so honourable a situation at this very critical time. I am sure no one living can possibly feel more sensibly than your poor mother and me do at losing that comfort we so long enjoyed, of at least hearing from you once every week of your life that you were absent from us; for surely no parents had ever such happiness in a child; and much as we regret the wide

separation which this situation of yours will for some time cause between us, we give you our full concurrence, and may the Almighty God spare and prosper you as you deserve. Your own good sense, I hope, will always direct you. It will be most material, and I hope what you will be able to accomplish, that of being called to the bar either here or in London; for it would give you not only sanction and consequence at present, but give you an honourable profession after. I need not suggest those things to you, for I am sure you will not leave any thing undone. I should be glad you would now write to us more frequently, as you may suppose our anxiety about you will be every day increasing, and I hope you will be able to come to see us before your departure. You will hear from me again in a post or two. Your mother joins me in love to you, and I am, my dearest child, your ever affectionate,

JOHN MOORE.

[No. 67.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Sept. 10. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I have just got my father's letter, which has made me *very happy.* I am quite consoled by the idea of your keeping up your spirits so well, and I entreat of you to let nothing depress them in my absence, for I shall come home, please that Heaven which watches over me, better stocked in constitution as well as pocket than I ever should become by loitering here. I find Bermuda is a place where physicians order their patients when no other air will keep them alive. I am still uncertain about the time of my going, but I pray that Merry may not leave me

behind. I could not possibly have such another opportunity. * * * I mentioned to another friend of mine, Woolriche, the surgeon, what I had asked of Atkinson, and he said if it failed, or was not time enough, *he* would contrive to manage it for me. These are Englishmen! without any profession or ostentatious promises, but with a soberly liberal readiness to help the man who is worthy of being helped. Oh! the *gold mines* of sweet Ireland! God Almighty bless you and keep you in health and happiness till I return. I will write again on Monday. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 68.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Sept. 12. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I enclose you a note I received from Merry yesterday, by which you will perceive that everything is in train for my departure. Nothing could be more lucky. I shall have *just* time to prepare myself; and all difficulties are vanishing very fast before me. Heaven smiles upon my project, and I see nothing in it now but hope and happiness. Tom Hume is arrived, to my very great delight, as his kindness will materially assist in smoothing the path for me. He is a perfect enthusiast in the business, and says that nothing could be presented so totally free from every alloying consideration,—so perfectly adapted to my disposition, constitution, and prospects; and he is right. If I did not make a shilling by it, the new character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country, all these are

objects invaluable of themselves, abstracted from the pecuniary. [The rest of the letter is torn away.]

[No. 69.] *To his Mother.*

Sept. 1803.

My dearest Mother,

To-morrow morning Merry has fixed on for going to Portsmouth, and to-morrow night I shall follow him. We may be detained there a long time before the ship sails. Tell my dear uncle that I cannot sufficiently thank him for his readiness in supplying my wants: I don't know what I should have done without him, as there is a number of little contingent necessities for which I should otherwise have been obliged to trench on my hundred pounds. * * * I think I shall find Mr. and Mrs. Merry very agreeable companions. They are but lately married, and she has been a fine woman. Our passage they seem to fear will be tedious; but I shall write to you from on board, and take the chance of meeting some ships which may bring letters for us to England. Among the *lighter* sacrifices I make, the poor pianoforte is included. I shall be strangely at a loss without that favourite resource of mine. However, I must carry music in my heart with me; and if that beats livelily in tune, 'twill supply the want of other harmonies. In case of my finding that I shall stay long in the island, an instrument shall be sent after me. I hope to find Kate advanced in all that is elegant and polished on my return; and the little Nell I expect to see — anything but tall and termagant. God bless and preserve our whole circle. * * *

[No. 70.] *To his Mother.*

Portsmouth, Thursday, Sept. 22. 1803.

Just arrived at Portsmouth, and the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to English ground with pockets *more heavy*, and spirits *not less light* than I now leave it with. Everything has been arranged to my satisfaction. I am prepared with every comfort for the voyage, and a fair breeze and a loud yo-yo-ee! are all that's now wanting to set me afloat. My dear father should write to Carpenter, and thank him for the very friendly assistance he has given me: without that assistance the breeze would be fair in vain for me, and Bermuda might be sunk in the deep, for any share that *I* could pretend to in it; but now all is smooth for my progress, and Hope sings in the shrouds of the ship that is to carry me. Good by. God bless you all, dears of my heart! I will write again if our departure is delayed by any circumstance. God bless you again, and preserve you happy till the return of your

TOM.

Urge Stevenson to send Carpenter the songs: I shall write to him. Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good by!

[No. 71.] *To his Mother.*

Oct. 10. 1803.

My own dear Mother,

There is a ship in sight which we suppose to be homeward bound, and with that expectation I prepare a few lines, which I trust in Heaven will reach you safe, and find you all well and happy. Our voyage hitherto has been remarkably favourable. In the first week we reached the

Azores, or the Western Islands, and though our second week has not advanced us much, from the almost continual calms we have had, yet the weather has been so delicious that there is but little to complain of, and in another fortnight we hope to be landed in America. We are at present in latitude 33° or thereabouts, and in longitude 38°. Though this you cannot well understand yourself, yet you will find many who can explain it, and I know all minutiæ about my situation must be interesting to you now. I have had but one day's sickness, which I feel has been of service to me; and though we are now in as warm a climate as I shall have to encounter, I find not the least inconvenience from the heat, but am convinced it will agree most perfectly with me. Nothing could possibly be more pleasant than the accommodations of this ship; and though I shall never feel much passion for voyaging, yet it scarcely could be made less disagreeable than it is to us. The table we sit down to every day is splendid, and we drink Madeira and claret in common: but I am beginning to gossip with you, when I have hardly time to say what is necessary. Make Stevenson give all the songs he can possibly make out to Carpenter. I hope the packet I sent through Erche, from Portsmouth, has arrived safe. Keep up your spirits, my sweet mother; there is every hope, every prospect of happiness for all of us. Love to darling father, to my own Kate and Nell. I am now near two thousand miles from you, but my *heart* is at *home*. God bless you. The ship is brought to, and our lieutenant is just going aboard, so I must stop. Your own,

TOM.

I wrote a line to Carpenter by a ship we met off the Western Islands: I hope he has got it. Here is a *kiss* for you, my darlings, all the way from the Atlantic.

[No. 72.] *To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 7. 1803.

Safe across the Atlantic, my darling mother, after a six weeks passage, during which my best consolation was the thought and remembrance of home, and the dear hope that I should soon be assured of what I anxiously persuaded myself, that you were all well and happy. We met a ship off the Western Islands, which was bound for Lisbon, and I took the opportunity of sending a letter by it, with, I fear, but very little chance or expectation of your ever receiving it: if, however, it has been so lucky as to reach you, you have some part of that solicitude removed, which you must, dear mother, most cruelly feel at such a new and painful trial of your fortitude. Heaven send that you have not suffered by it! Keep up your spirits, my own dear mother: I am *safe*, and in health, and have met friendship and attention from every one. Everything promises well for your dear absent boy; and, please God! there will be a thousand things to sweeten our reunion, and atone to us for the sacrifice we are making at present; so let me entreat of you not to yield to those anxieties, which I now guess by myself how strongly you must suffer under. Our passage was rather boisterous upon the whole, and by no means kept the flattering promise the first week of it gave us; but the comfort of our accommodations and the kindness of the captain, which was exhibited towards me particularly, served very much to render it not only supportable, but pleasant. * * * With Cockburn, who is a man of good fashion and rank, I became extremely intimate; and, the day we landed, he took a seal from his watch, which he begged I would wear in remembrance of him. Never was

there a better hearted set of fellows than the other officers of the ship: I really felt a strong regret at leaving them, —the more so, as it then, for the first time, appeared to me, that I was going among strangers, who had no common medium of communion with me, and who could not feel any of those prepossessing motives for partiality, which those to whom my name is best known have always found strong enough to make them kind and attentive, almost at first sight, to me. This, I assure you, weighed heavy on me the night I quitted the ship, and though I knew I was to be presented to the British consul here, under the auspices of Mr. Merry, and so might be tolerably sure of every attention, yet I dreaded meeting some consequential savage, who would make me regret the necessity of being under an obligation to him. I was, however, most agreeably disappointed. I found the Consul, Colonel Hamilton, a plain and hospitable man, and his wife full of homely, but comfortable and genuine civility. The introduction I brought him from Lord Henry Stuart was of no little weight, as it told him the light I was considered in in England; and on my mentioning Lord Moira by accident, I understood from him that they were old friends in America, and that he should be happy to show his remembrance and love of Lord Moira by attention to any one whom he honoured with his friendship. I shall, of course, mention all this when I write to Lord M. I am now lodged at the Consul's with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, where we have been entertained these two days, in a manner not very elegant, but hospitable and cordial. * * * They will set off in a day or two for Washington, and on Wednesday next (this is Sunday) I think I shall have an opportunity of getting to Bermudas: it is not a week's passage, and I am so great a sailor now, I shall think

nothing of that. Colonel Hamilton will give me letters to every one of consequence in the islands. I am much more hardy, dear mother, than I ever imagined; and I begin to think it was your extreme tenderness that made either of us imagine that I was delicate. In the course of our passage towards the southward, it was so hot, that the thermometer was at 90° in the shade; and about five or six days afterwards, when we came along the American coast, a pair of blankets was scarcely enough at night, the weather became so suddenly cold. Yet this violent change has not the least affected me, and I never was better in health, or had a more keen appetite. I often thought of my dear father's "sea-room" when we were rolling about in the vast Atlantic, with nothing of animated life to be seen around us, except now and then the beautiful little flying fish, fluttering out of the water, or a fine large turtle floating asleep upon the surface. This Norfolk, the capital of Virginia, is a most strange place; nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes, and the few ladies that *pass for white* are to be sure the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon. The first object I saw on entering Colonel Hamilton's drawing-room was a harpsichord, which looked like civilisation, and delighted me extremely; and in the evening we had a Miss Mathews, who played and sung very tolerably indeed; but music here is like whistling to a wilderness. She played some of dear Kate's lessons, which brought the tears into my eyes with recollection. I saw some of my own songs among the music-books, and this morning I met with a periodical publication full of extracts from my Anacreon and Little's poems, and speaking of me in the most flattering terms of eulogium. All this is very gratifying; it would be so naturally at any time, and is now particularly so, from

the very few hopes I had of being cheered or welcomed by any of those little pleasures or gratifications I have been accustomed to so long. They tell me that the people of Bermuda are very musical, and I find Admiral Mitchell and his squadron winter there, so that I shall not be very much at a loss for society; and as I intend to devote all my leisure hours to the completion of my work, my time may be filled up not unpleasantly. From what I have heard, however, since I came closer to the channels of correct information, I strongly suspect that we shall not, dearest mother, be long separated. I am delighted that we all had the resolution to enable me to make the effort, but as that is the chief point, and almost the only one I ever expected to attain by the step, I believe I shall not find enough, otherwise advantageous, to induce me to absent myself long from my home-opportunities of advancement. My foot is on the ladder pretty firmly, and that is the great point gained.

When I was leaving Portsmouth, just on the instant of my coming away, I folded up a packet in a hurry, which I enclosed to Jasper Erche, but (I believe) forgot to direct it inside. There were some songs in it for Stevenson to arrange. I anxiously hope it arrived safe. At the same time I had a letter written to Captain Atkinson, but not having time to fold it ashore, I was obliged to send it back by the boat which left us to return to Portsmouth. This too I have hopes arrived safe; but my confusion was so great, that I cannot now remember what I wrote or what I did. Explain all this to my dear good friend Atkinson, and tell him he shall hear from me by the next opportunity. It astonishes me to find that Colonel Hamilton does not recollect him, for he knows Doyle and Marsh, and all Lord Moira's old cronies. If Atkinson

could get Lord Moira to write a few words about me to Hamilton, I think it would be of singular service to me while I remain at Bermuda. Show him this letter, and give him with it the warmest remembrances of my heart. I trust Stevenson has not forgotten me, and that he has by this time furnished poor Carpenter with some means of freeing himself from the incumbrances I feel he has submitted to for me. If any delay has taken place, do, dear mother, conjure him from me to give all the assistance he can in collecting my songs, and forwarding the publication of them. This business I have very much at heart, and shall be extremely grateful to Stevenson if he accomplishes it for me.

I have this instant received an invitation to dinner from one of the Yankees of this place: if the ambassador and his lady go, of course *I* will. Oh! if you saw the vehicles the people drive about in here, white coaches with black servants, and horses of no colour at all; it is really a most comical place. Poor Mrs. Merry has been as ill-treated by the musquitoes as she is by every one else. They have bit her into a fever. I have escaped their notice entirely, and sleep with a fine net over my bed. The weather now is becoming too cold for them, and indeed a little too much so for me. I shall be glad to escape to the mild climate of Bermuda, which I still hear is the sweetest and most healthy spot in the world; but I am sorry to find that meat is rather a scarcity there, and that it is sometimes no fish, no dinner. He that can't feed well, however, upon good poultry, fish, and fruit of all kinds, ought to be condemned to eat roast mutton all the days of his life; and this, my dear mother, in your mind and mine, would be sufficient punishment for him. Tell my beloved, darling father, that if there is anything in

the mercantile way which he can learn, that I may assist him or Mr. Gillespie in here, they shall find me a steadier fellow than I am afraid I have hitherto appeared (at least to Mr. G.), and I shall manage for them like a solid man of business. Seriously, though I know nothing at present about the trade here, it is not impossible but something may occur to Mr. Gillespie in which I may be made useful. * * *

[No. 73.] *To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 28. 1803.

My darling Mother,

By a ship which sailed last week for England, I wrote you the first account of my arrival at Norfolk, safely and prosperously, as I could wish. Heaven speed the letter to you, my sweet mother! It is very painful to be uncertain upon a point so interesting, as the little communication we are allowed must be to us all; but it is impossible to answer for the arrival of my letters, and I shall be doomed to still more uncertainty at Bermuda. I must, therefore, take every opportunity that presents itself, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if some of my communications do not reach you. I have now been here three weeks, waiting for a ship, to take me to Bermuda. I could scarcely have hoped, dear mother, to bear the voyage and the climate so well, as (thank Heaven!) I hitherto have done. Since I left England, I have had but one day's illness, which was the mere ordinary sea-sickness, upon coming on board. There are two or three points I am very anxious about: first, whether you got the packet I sent from Portsmouth, folded in a hurry, and, I believe, not properly directed, but which contained an enclosure of songs for

Stevenson; secondly, whether Captain Atkinson received a letter I sent ashore by the pilot-boat, to be put in the post-office; and again, whether you, dear mother, got the letter I wrote you on the passage, by a ship bound for some part of the Continent. If these have been fortunate, all is well. Mr. and Mrs. Merry are gone to Washington, after remaining here more than a fortnight. I am lodged at Col. Hamilton's, the British consul, from whom I have experienced all possible kindness and hospitality; and if any of the squadron off this station touch here in their way from Halifax to Bermuda (where they are to winter), I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for I am sure of a passage with them, without expense, and most comfortably. Dear darlings at home! how incessantly I think of you: every night I dream that I am amongst you: sometimes I find you happy and smiling as I could wish: sometimes the picture is not so pleasant, and I awake unhappy, but surely Heaven protects you for me, and we shall meet, and long be united and blessed together. In that hope I bear absence with a lighter heart, and I entreat of you, sweet mother! to look on it with the same cheerful confidence—the same consoling dependence on that God of all pure affection, who sees how we love each other, and has, I trust, much prosperity in store for us. I shall lose no opportunity whatever that occurs of writing to you, and saying how affairs go on. My dear father, I am sure, will often give me the consolation of seeing his hand. Good Kate and Nell too must not be idle, but show me that their thoughts are frequently employed upon me.

I write this merely as a *duplicate* of my last letter, to tell you of my arrival, and let you know how I am at present situated: never was my health or spirits better.

Tell Capt. A. everything: show him my letters: he has my heart's warmest remembrances, and I will write to him by this or the next opportunity. I kiss you all. God bless you. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 75.] *To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Dec. 2. 1803.

Again, my dearest mother, I avail myself of an opportunity which just offers for Ireland, and again I repeat what I have said in my former letters, lest they should be so dreadfully unfortunate as not to reach you. I arrived here this day month in perfect health; am lodged at the British consul's, where I have found the most cordial hospitality, and only wait an opportunity of getting to Bermuda. When I was leaving Portsmouth I sent off a packet for you, with songs enclosed for Stevenson. I trust they have arrived safe, and that Stevenson has lost no time in assisting Carpenter's publication. I left with the latter some words to be written under the title of "Come, tell me, says Rosa," acknowledging to whom I am indebted for the air: lest he should forget them, let my father write to remind him. I sent too, from Portsmouth, a letter for Capt. Atkinson, the arrival of which I am very anxious about: mention all these points when you write. When you write! Oh, dear mother! think it is now three months since I had the sweet consolation of seeing any memorial of home. This is a long period, and much may have happened in it; but I hope, I trust, I depend on Heaven that it has preserved you all well and happy for me, and that we shall not long be this dreary distance asunder. My good Father! how often, how

dearly, I think of *him*, and *you*, and *all!* I feel how anxious your hearts must be at the long interval you have passed without hearing of me, but the letter I wrote to you in the third week of our passage, and sent by a ship bound for some part of the Continent, if it reached in any reasonable time, must have been a happy relief to your solicitude. I did not regret so much the foul winds we had afterwards, because they were fair for that vessel which bore some tidings of comfort to my dear home. Oh, if the wretches have been neglectful, and not forwarded the letter! But I will hope the best, and think that, long before this, you have seen my handwriting and are comforted, dear mother. The kindness of these good people, the Hamiltons, is fortunate and delightful to me. If I were not so completely thrown upon it though I should be more gratified by, and enjoy it more pleasantly: but is it not a most lucky thing, when I am obliged to remain here, to be received cordially by a family whose hospitality is of that honest kind which sets one at home and at ease, as much as is possible in such a situation. I have been obliged to get a servant, and am fortunate enough to have one who cannot speak a word of English, which will keep me famously alive in my French. It is extraordinary that I cannot, even here, acquire any accurate information with respect to the profits of my registrarship. One thing is *certain*, that a Spanish war *alone* can make it worth a very long sacrifice of my other opportunities, and our government has so long hesitated upon that point, that it seems now more doubtful than ever. However, I am too far from the source of information to guess how politics stand at present. Perhaps we are at this moment engaged in a Spanish war; if so, *tant mieux pour Jeannette.* I know that my friends

in Dublin will all be very angry that I do not write to them by the same opportunities I have found for writing to you, but I can't help that; till I have satisfied myself pretty well with respect to *your* certainty of hearing from me, I confess I cannot think much about any one else. This is, however, the third letter I have written since my arrival, and the winds and waves must be cruel indeed if they do not suffer at least one of them to reach you. The next opportunity I shall make use of to write to my dear friend Atkinson. Tell him so, and give him my warmest remembrances: they are not the less warm for being Transatlantic. Absence is the best touchstone of affection: it either cools it quite, or makes it ten times warmer than ever it was; and I can never judge how I *love* people till I *leave* them. This is a strange climate; yesterday the glass was at 70°, and to-day it is down to 40°. I consider myself very hardy to bear it so well: my stomach has seldom been in such good order, nor my whole frame more braced and healthy. If Bermuda agrees so perfectly with me, I shall return to you the better for my trip. Return to you! how I like to say that, and think it, and pray for it. Dear mother, kiss Kate and Nell for me. I need not bid Kate read, but I bid little Ellen, and they must both apply closely to their music. I expect such a treat from them when I go home; for, indeed, there is a sad dearth of that luxury in these parts. God bless you again and again. The captain waits for the letters; he goes to Cork. Ever your own.

[No. 75.] *To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Virginia, Dec. 10. 1803.

My darling Mother,

You will have received, I hope, long before this arrives, two letters which I wrote since the one I now enclose. I am extremely unhappy at the delay, for I know how you must have suffered in the interval; but the ship Ritson, by which I sent the enclosed letter soon after I landed, returned yesterday so much damaged by the bad weather that she could not get on to England, and had been obliged to put back. Can any thing be more unlucky? I so pleased myself with the idea that you were by this time apprised of my safety, for it is now near five weeks since the Ritson sailed, and to have the letter come back to me thus is quite dreadful. God grant, my dearest and beloved mother, that you have had resolution to combat the solicitude you must have endured so long. I was perfectly happy in the hopes that a quick passage would have attended the ship which bore you the intelligence of my arrival, and every thing else has turned out so fortunate with me, that this is the only subject of regret I have met with. If you however, my dear mother, have got well over it, as I trust in Heaven you have, there is nothing else which at present gives my heart one painful thought: is not this delightful for you to hear? The expectation I expressed in all my letters, that some of the ships of war bound for Bermuda would touch here is gratified most fortunately. Captain Compton of the Driver is arrived, and I go with him. Nothing could be more lucky; beside the safety and comfort of such convoy, it saves me between twenty and thirty guineas, which I should have to pay for passage and provision in a

merchantman. He gives me a very favourable account of Bermuda, and I have no doubt of passing my time very pleasantly there. Every thing is succeeding to my utmost wishes, and my spirits are as wild as ever you have witnessed them. Till this cursed Ritson returned with my poor dear letter, I had not one uneasy thought, for even my regrets at the distance that separates us was softened by the hope that you would soon hear of my safety, that you would be happy in the promise of good fortune that awaits us, and that no very distant day would see us in the possession of all our hearts wish for.

I have not time, darling mother, to say more, for the ship that takes this goes away in a few hours. In less than a week, I think, Captain Compton sails for Bermuda, and I shall have an opportunity of writing again before we go. God bless you — Father, Kate, Nell, and all dears. * * *

[No. 76.] *To his Mother.*

Bermuda, Jan. 19. 1804.

My darling Mother,

Here have I been more than a week, without any opportunity of sending a letter even to take its chance at sea in some of the cruisers, since none have arrived or left this during that time; and it gives me so much uneasiness to think you should be long without hearing of me, that I am hardly so selfish as to bestow a thought upon my own privation. Yet indeed, dearest mother, it is a very cruel privation to have been now near five months without a whisper of intelligence from home; and if every thing here was as prosperous as I have been flattered into supposing, this dreadful anxiety would embitter it all; and the brightest advantages of the situation would be very dearly purchased. In coming from Norfolk

hither we had most tremendous weather: you may guess what it must have been to an inexperienced sailor, when all the officers of the ship declared they seldom, scarcely ever, had encountered such serious and continual gales of wind. The passage, however, was pretty short for this season of the year; we made it in seven days, though for three days of that time we remained without venturing to set a stitch of sail, and of course lost as much as we gained of our way. Yet I bore it all so stoutly, that, would you believe it, dearest mother! on the day of the worst gale we had, I eat the heartiest dinner of beefsteaks and onions that ever I have made in my life; though, as during the whole time of the passage, we were obliged to be tied to the table at dinner; and at night, when the ship was rolling her sides into the water, and when it was in vain to think of sleeping from the noise and the motion, I amused myself in my cot by writing ridiculous verses and laughing at them. Sailors, to be sure, think nothing of all these storms; but I *do* say, for a novice, it requires a little philosophy to be so cool and careless in such new and uncomfortable situations. Indeed, there has never been a severer winter than this upon the coast of America, and often, very often, darling mother, have I dreaded that you would see some accounts of the storms and the accidents that have happened, and that your heart, already too apt to catch at an intimation of danger, would find in these accounts too much food for its solicitude. I felt some regret, indeed not a little, in leaving the Hamiltons at Norfolk. Mrs. Hamilton cried, and said she never parted with any one so reluctantly. The colonel gave me the warmest letters of introduction to every one that could be serviceable or amusing to me here; and as I know dear mother loves to see anything which flatters her boy, and shows he is not neglected in

his absence from her, I enclose one of these letters, which by the merest accident has returned into my possession, and which, being to one of the young sea captains, I have reason to think is not half so strong as some others.

These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest coloured sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid. But I shall refer you for a fuller description of this place to a letter I have written to my good friend Atkinson; and to come to the point which is most interesting to us, dear mother, I shall tell you at once that it is *not* worth my while to remain here; that I shall just stop to finish my work for Carpenter, which will occupy me till

the spring months come in, when the passages home are always delightfully pleasant, and that then I shall get upon the wing to see my dear friends once more. I perfectly acquit those whose representations have induced me to come out here, because I perceive they were totally ignorant of the nature of the situation. Neither am I sorry for having come; the appointment is respectable, and evidently was considered a matter of great patronage among those who had the disposal of it, which alone is sufficient to make it a valuable step towards preferment. But this is all; so many courts have been established, that this of Bermuda has but few prize causes referred to it, and even a Spanish war would make my income by no means worth staying for. I have entered upon my business, however, and there are two American ships for trial, whose witnesses I have examined, and whose cause will be decided next month: it is well to be acquainted with these things. I have seen too a little more of the world, have got an insight into American character and affairs, have become more used to inconveniences and disappointments, have tried my nerves and resolution a little, and I think very considerably improved my health, for I do not remember ever to have been more perfectly well than I am at present. All these advantages are to be calculated, and as they reconcile me completely to the step I have taken, I have hopes that my darling father and you will consider it in the same favourable light, and not feel much disappointment at the damp our expectations have experienced. Please Heaven! I shall soon embrace you all, and find you in health and happiness once more; and this will amply, dearly repay me for much more exertion than I have yet made towards your welfare. How I shall enjoy dear Kate's playing when I return! The jingle

they make here upon things they call pianofortes is, oh! insupportable. I hope Carpenter has not forwarded my books to America, for, if he has, they run a risk of being lost; let dear father inquire about them. In one of the last English newspapers, I was shocked beyond measure at reading of poor Biggin's death: it made me feel the horrors of absence, which keeps one from knowing these calamities till they come by surprise, and without any preparation to soften their impression. It made me resolve almost not to look into another English paper till I return. In closing my letter now, it is a very uncomfortable feeling to think that, perhaps, not a word I have written will reach you; however, Heaven speed it! I will write by as many chances as I can find, let the letters be ever so short, in order to make it more likely that you will receive some of them; and, accordingly, I shall reserve Atkinson's letter for another ship, which sails soon after the one that takes this. Best love to my adored father: I hope Providence favours his exertions for the dear ones about him. Darling Kate and Ellen have my heart with them always. There is a little thing here very like Nell, only much darker, and I go very often to look at her. God bless you, sweet mother, for your own, own affectionate,

T. M.

[No. 77.] *To his Mother.*

Bermuda, Jan. 24. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I have written you a long letter, which I sent by the way of Norfolk from this place; but for fear any unfortunate chance should rob you of it, I take the oppor-

tunity of a ship going to the West Indies, which at least doubles the likelihood of your hearing of my arrival in Bermuda in health and in spirits, dear mother, as good as I have had ever to boast of. As I have every hope that you will receive the letter I sent to Norfolk, and as I am given but a moment's time for the dispatch of a few words at present, I shall merely repeat the most important things I have to say, and tell you that in *May or June I expect to sail for England!* yes, darling mother, to see and embrace you once more, since there is nothing here worth staying for, and I have acquired every advantage which I looked to in the excursion.

You cannot conceive how much the change of scene and climate has improved my health; and though the pecuniary value of the situation is not enough to authorise my stay here, yet I have derived quite enough of pleasure and instruction from the step to make me by no means regret having undertaken it. Dear, good darlings at home, how I long to hear of you! Oh! think what a painful interval it is, sweet mother, to have been five months without a word from home. I could hardly have hoped to bear it so well, but we shall all meet soon again, please Heaven! and be happy; and the talking over the past will sweeten the present, and the absence we have endured will endear us more closely to each other. It is now near twelve o'clock. I have just returned from a grand turtle feast, and am full of callipash and Madeira: the ship that takes this is to depart before daybreak, and I shall hardly be time enough to send it to the captain; but in full trust and expectation that you will receive the other letter I have written, in which I have told a few more particulars, I shall kiss you, in fancy, dear mother, and have done, giving a thousand loves to good father, and my own Kate and

Nell. God bless you. I shall take every opportunity of writing. Yours, yours, most affectionately, darling mother.

[No. 78.] *To his Mother.*

St. George's, Bermudas, Feb. 17. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

Every ship that comes, I look with impatience to, as bringing me some intelligence from some friends at home; but I am still disappointed, and it is now five months since I saw the last dear paper that brought the *odour of home* on it to me. I begin to fear that it is not unlikely I may be on my return to England before any news of you can reach me; for, unfortunately, I did not know myself, nor therefore could I instruct you in, the most frequent and safe method of forwarding letters to me. The address I gave you, however, in everything I wrote from Norfolk (Col. Hamilton, His Britan. Majesty's Consul, Norfolk, Virginia) ought soon to bring me something, and I hope in Heaven it may. From Norfolk I sent you several letters, and this is now the third I have written from Bermudas. In the former one I told you of my resolution to return in the spring, unless some appearances, much more flattering than the present, should make it expedient for me to remain a little longer; though *that* I scarcely look to, as even a war with Spain would render my situation by no means adequate to the sacrifice I make in absence. My health has never been more perfect or regular than at present; indeed, it is almost impossible to be ill in such a delicious climate as this island enjoys in the winter. Roses are in full blow here now, and my favorite *green peas* smoke every day upon the table. I

have been extremely fortunate here (as indeed Providence seems to please I should be everywhere) in conciliating friendship, and interesting those around me in my welfare. The admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, has insisted upon my making his table my own during my stay here, and has promised to take me in his ship to America, for the purpose of getting a passage home to England, there being no direct conveyance from this little corner thither. They threaten me here with an impeachment, as being in a fair way to make bankrupts of the whole island. There has been nothing but gaiety since I came, and there never was such a *furor* for dissipation known in the town of St. George's before. The music parties did not long keep up, because they found they were obliged to trust to me for their whole orchestra; but the dances have been innumerable, and still continue with very great spirit indeed. The women dance in general extremely well, though, like Dogberry's "writing and reading," it "comes by nature to them," for they never have any instruction, except when some flying dancing-master, by the kindness of fortune, happens to be wrecked and driven ashore on the island. Poor creatures! I feel real pity for them: many of them have hearts for a more favourable sphere; but they are here thrown together in a secluded nook of the world, where they learn all the corruptions of human nature, without any one of its consolations or ornaments. The ship by which I send this letter goes to Providence, in the Bahamas, an express having arrived from that place to the admiral for a reinforcement, as they dread an attack from the remains of the French army of St. Domingo, who are at this moment actually preparing at Cuba for a descent. If this conduct of the Spaniards does not produce a war, we have peaceable ministers indeed. But I must not talk

to you of politics, darling mother, for I have only time to bid you kiss all the dears around you for me. Tell my darling father, that I shall be able to talk to him about West India trade on my return. Throw your arms about his neck for me, and bless the dear girls from their own remembering and affectionate brother. God bless you all, for yours truly and ever,

TOM.

[No. 79.] *To his Mother.*

Bermuda, March 19. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I take every opportunity of writing that offers, though perfectly uncertain whether my letters will ever reach you. This is now the fifth time I have written since my arrival in Bermuda, besides a letter to Atkinson, one to Carpenter, &c. &c., which I beg you will apprise the latter of, in case any accident should have interrupted my communications. Oh! darling mother, six months now, and I know as little of *home* as of things most remote from my heart and recollection. There is a ship expected here daily from England, and I flatter myself with hopes you may have taken advantage of the opportunity, and that to-morrow, perhaps, may bring me the intelligence I pine for. The signal post, which announces when any vessels are in sight of the island, is directly before my window, and often do I look to it with a heart sick "from hope deferred." I am, however, well and in spirits; the flow of health I feel bids defiance to melancholy; and though now and then a sigh for home comes over me, I soften it with sweet hopes, and find in the promises of my sanguine heart enough to flatter away such thoughts. There have

been as many efforts at gaiety here as I could possibly have expected in so secluded a nook of the world. We have a ball or two every week, and I assure you the weather is by no means too hot for them; for we have had some days so cold, that I almost expected to see a fall of snow, miraculous as that would be in a region so near the sun as this is. A week or two since I rode into (what they call) the country parts of the island: nothing could be more enchanting than the scenery they showed me. The road lay for many miles through a thick shaded alley of orange trees and cedars, which opened now and then upon the loveliest coloured sea you can imagine, studded with little woody islands, and all in animation with sail-boats. Never was anything so beautiful! but, indeed, the mission I went upon was by no means so romantic as my road. I was sent to swear a man to the truth of a *Dutch invoice* he had translated. "Oh! what a falling off is there." Indeed I must confess that the occupations of my place are not those of the most elegant nature: I have to examine all the skippers, mates, and seamen, who are produced as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels. I should not, you may be sure, think a moment of the inconveniences of the situation, if the emoluments were anything like a compensation for them; but they are not; and accordingly, dear mother, you will soon have me with you again. About May, I dare say, I shall be able to leave Bermuda; and I shall endeavour, if my purse will compass it, to see a little more of America than before I had an opportunity of doing; so that, about the end of summer, darling mother, you may *look to the signal-post* for your Tom, who will bring you back a sunburnt face, a heart not the worse for the wear, and a purse, like that of most honest fellows, as empty as—richer fellows' heads! Never

mind, though! I am young and free, and the world is a field for me still. While I have such motives for exertion as *you*, my dear father, and sisters, I may say "warrir angels combat on my side." I shall leave this letter ope in case I have anything further to add, as the brig which is to take it, I find, does not sail till to-morrow.

I have but just time to close my letter in a hurry, as the vessel is on the point of sailing. God bless you, my sweet mother, my own dear father, and good, *good* little girls. Write to Carpenter to say I sent a letter to him last month, and that I shall be the bearer of my work to him myself. Give my dearly remembered Joice the best wishes of my heart; and to all those who love or recollect me, say every thing kind that you can imagine me to feel. Again Heaven bless you all, for your own,

TOM.

I enclose some letters for people here: the English one you will get franked, and that to Switzerland you must have put into the Foreign Office in London, not in Dublin. I kiss you, darlings.

[No. 80.] *To his Mother.*

New York, May 7. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I have but just time to say, *here I am*, after a passage of nine days from Bermuda; never was better; and the novelty of this strange place keeps me in a bustle of spirits and curiosity. The oddest things I have seen yet, however, are young Buonaparte and his bride.*

My plans are not settled yet. Captain Douglas, of the Boston frigate, who brought me here, sails in a few days

* M. Jerome Buonaparte and Miss Patterson.

for Norfolk, whither I shall accompany him; and my intention is, if I can manage it, to come up by land through the States, and rejoin him at Halifax, from whence I believe he will be sent to England, — a fine opportunity for me, and I anxiously hope it may occur so. I go to the theatre this evening, and to a concert to-morrow evening. Such a place! such people! barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which *heart* is concerned. * * *

I have no more time; my heart is full of the prospect of once more seeing and embracing you, dear mother, good father, and my own Kate and Ellen. God bless you. I wrote to Carpenter and Lord Moira by the same ship. Your own Transatlantic Tom.

[No. 81.] *To his Mother.*

Aboard the Boston,
Sandy Hook, thirty miles from New York,
Friday, May 11. 1804.

My darling Mother,

I wrote to you on my arrival at New York, where I have been near a week, and am now returned aboard the frigate, which but waits a fair wind to sail for Norfolk. The Halifax packet is lying along side of us, and I shall take the opportunity of sending this letter by her. At New York I was made happy by my father's letter of the 25th January, and dear Kate's of the 30th, which make four in all that I have received from home. I had so very few opportunities at Bermuda, and they were attended with so much uncertainty, that I fear you may have suffered many an anxious moment, darling mother, from the

interruption and delay of the few letters I could dispatch to you. But, please Heaven! we shall soon have those barriers of distance removed; my own tongue shall tell you my "travel's history," and your heart shall go along with me over every billow and step of the way. When I left Bermuda I could not help regretting that the hopes which took me thither could not be even half realised, for I should love to live there, and you would like it too, dear mother; and I think, if the situation would give me but a fourth of what I was so deludingly taught to expect, you should all have come to me; and though set apart from the rest of the world, we should have found in that quiet spot, and under that sweet sky, quite enough to counterbalance what the rest of the world could give us. But I am still to seek, and can only hope that I may find at last.

The environs of New York are pretty, from the number of little fanciful wooden houses that are scattered, to the distance of six to eight miles round the city; but when one reflects upon the cause of this, and that these houses are the retreats of the terrified, desponding inhabitants from the wilderness of death which every autumn produces in the city, there is very little pleasure in the prospect; and, notwithstanding the rich fields, and the various blossoms of their orchards, I prefer the barren, breezy rock of Bermuda to whole continents of such dearly purchased fertility.

While in New York, I employed my time to advantage in witnessing all the novelties possible. I saw young M. Buonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, which are two things I could not often meet with upon Usher's Quay. From Norfolk I intend going to Baltimore and Washington; if possible also to Philadelphia and Boston, from thence to Halifax. From Halifax I hope

to set sail in the cabin where I now write this letter for the dear old isles of the Old World again; and I think it probable, that twelve months from the time I left England will very nearly see me on its coasts once more.

I thank dear Kate for the poem she has sent me: it is written, I believe, by a Mr. William Smith, some of whose things (extremely pretty) are in the Metrical Miscellany; a collection of poems published by my little friend Mrs. Riddell. But why doesn't Kate say something about Nell?

My first object when I return shall be to discharge my obligations to Carpenter: as I must, for that purpose, seclude myself entirely, the less you say about the time of my return the better. The completion of the work I have in hand will much more than extricate me from all engagements I am under. My dear uncle shall not want his money *one moment* after my arrival: tell him so, with my heart's truest and affectionate remembrances. God bless you, darling mother. Kiss them all round for me, father, Kate, and Nell together. Your own,

T. M.

[No. 82.] *To his Mother.*

Baltimore, Wednesday, June 13. 1804.

I am now, dearest mother, more than three hundred miles from Norfolk. I have passed the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Occoquan, the Potapsio, and many other rivers, with names as barbarous as the inhabitants: every step I take not only *reconciles*, but *endears* to me, not only the excellencies but even the errors of Old England. Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally

consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars! How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematic of the *government* of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all "hail fellow well met," driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step. God comfort their capacities! as soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate for what *I* care. I stopped at Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Merry for near a week: they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic president, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though, at the same time, petty hostility. I was presented by Mr. Merry to both the secretary of state and the president. * * *

I hope, my darling mother, that all I write to amuse you may meet your eye, and find your heart in a mood to enjoy it. Oh yes, be happy, my own mother! be *you* but well and happy, and no sorrow can come near any of us. I know, in saying this, I speak for *all;* for my dearest, beloved father, and the sweet, good girls; we all hang on you equally. Never did Heaven form a heart more kind than I have found in Mrs. Hamilton of Norfolk, and she has caught the way to my heart by calling herself my *mother*. She sends a pair of ear-rings by me to Kate with the sincerest affection possible: she loves you all through me. I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, *this country* must

have cured him of republicanism. Farewell, my sweet mother; Heaven preserve you to me, and to the dear ones about you, who have always my heart and soul with them. Yours and theirs for ever.

I was going to tell you about writing to me, but that is unnecessary, for in less than six weeks I hope to sail from Halifax for England. I am going to the northward just in right time, before the violent heat sets in, and the Halifax summer is delicious.

Philadelphia, June 16.

I have brought this letter on with me from Baltimore, as there was no opportunity likely to occur from thence. I travelled all night in one of the most rumbling, wretched vehicles. Oh dear! I am almost tired of thus jogging and struggling into experience. I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married: they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh, if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine. Good by, sweet mother. Your own everywhere.

[No. 83.] *To his Mother.*

Passaick Falls, June 26. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I *must* write to you from this spot, it is so beautiful. Nothing can be more sweetly romantic than the cascade of the Passaick; and yet I could not help wishing, while I

looked at it, that some magic could transform it into the waterfall of Wicklow, and then but a few miles should lie between me and those I sigh for. Well, a little lapse of time, and I shall be, please Heaven! in your arms. But there have ships come, darling mother, from Dublin, and I have received no letters; none with a date more recent than January: perhaps they have been sent on to Col. Hamilton, and I shall get them at Halifax. God send I may; but till then I cannot feel at ease. Not a line has reached me from Carpenter since I left England. I sometimes forget the contingencies and accidents which delay and embarrass the forwarding of letters, and almost begin to think myself neglected by those at home; but I ought to recollect how very short a time I have been stationary anywhere, and I shall look with hope to Halifax for the long arrears of comfort which begin to impoverish the treasury of my spirits, rich as it is in stores of consolation and vivacity.

My reception at Philadelphia was extremely flattering: it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve. But their affectionate attentions went far beyond this deference to reputation; I was quite caressed while there; and their anxiety to make me known, by introductory letters, to all their friends on my way, and two or three little poems of a very flattering kind, which some of their choicest men addressed to me, all went so warmly to my heart, that I felt quite a regret in leaving them; and the only place I have seen, which I had one wish to pause in, was Philadelphia.

The Boston frigate, in which I expect to return, is now watching the French frigates (off New York), which are come to steal away young Mister Buonaparte: this,

perhaps, will a little delay her arrival at Halifax, where I hope to be in less than a fortnight. Never was I in better health; I drink scarcely a drop of wine, which is a plan I am determined to adhere to, as I have always found wine heating and injurious to my stomach. * * *

[No. 84.] *From Captain Douglas, R.N.*

Boston, June 29. 1804.

My dear Friend,

Before I received yours last evening, the boat set off for New York: however, I am extremely happy to find, after all you have experienced (respecting break-neck roads and break-heart girls), that you are as well as can be expected. Now, my good fellow, allow me to advise you not to be *too careless* about the *warm reception you received* at Philadelphia: in my opinion, those new acquaintances ought always to be treated with the greatest *respect* and *attention*. I wish you had come down yesterday, as I do think few of your friends would feel much more gratified by taking you by the hand than myself. Respecting your Niagara expedition, I think you may yet have time; as Capt. Bradley says, before he left Halifax, he was informed that the next ships would not be ready to sail before the first week in August. If you think you can get to Halifax on or before the last day of July, I would advise you to go; but, at the same time, *do not risque* losing your passage with *me*, as that will deprive me of a satisfaction and advantage I should ever regret. Remember me kindly to Col. Barclay's family, and believe me, your true friend,

J. E. Douglas.

[No. 85.] *To his Mother.*

Saratoga, July 10. 1804.

My darling mother, I hope, has received the letter I wrote from the Passaick Falls. Since that I have passed a week in New York, but was afraid to write from thence, through fear you might be uneasy at my being there in so warm a season. Till the day before I left it, there was no appearance of any infection: on that day, some reports of yellow fever *were* made, and indeed I have no doubt the visitation of this calamity will be as dreadful this year, as any that has preceded. I have now come two hundred miles from New York, and if anything can add to the blessing of the health which I feel, it is the idea of having left such pestilence behind me. Oh that you could see the sweet country I have passed through! The passage up the Hudson river gave me the most bewildering succession of romantic objects that I could ever have conceived. When it was calm, we rowed ashore and visited the little villages that are on the river: one of these places they have called *Athens*, and there, you may imagine, I found myself quite at home. I looked in vain though for my dear *gardens;* there were *hogs* enough, but none of *Epicurus's herd.* If you, or sweet Kate, could read *Latin,* I would quote you here what I allude to; but you have not "been at the great feast of languages, or *stolen the scraps,*" so I'll not tease you with it. Two or three days ago I was to see the Coho Falls on the Mohawk river, and was truly gratified. The immense fall of the river over a natural dam of thirty or forty feet high, its roar among the

rocks, and the illuminated mist of spray which rises from its foam, were to me objects all new, beautiful, and impressive. I never can forget the scenery of this country, and if it had but any endearing associations of the heart (to diffuse that charm over it, without which the fairest features of nature are but faintly interesting), I should regret very keenly that I cannot renew often the enjoyment of its beauties. But it has none such for me, and I defy the barbarous natives to forge one chain of attachment for any heart that has ever felt the sweets of delicacy or refinement. I believe I must except the *women* from this denunciation; they are certainly flowers of every climate, and here "waste their sweetness" most deplorably. Dear mother, I know you will be pleased with a little poem I wrote on my way from Philadelphia; it was written very much as a return for the kindnesses I met with there, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested by my songs, and flattered me with many attentions. You must observe that the Schuylkill is a river which runs by, or (I believe) through, Philadelphia.

[Here follows,

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,"

already published.]

I am now near the spot where the accomplished but ill-fated Burgoyne incurred the first stain which the arms of England received from the rebel Americans. The country around here seems the very home of savages. Nothing but tall forests of pine, through which the narrow, rocky road with difficulty finds its way; and yet in this neighbourhood is the fashionable resort, the watering-place for ladies and gentlemen from all parts of

the United States. At Bell Town Springs, eight miles from this, there are about thirty or forty people at present (and, in the season, triple that number), all stowed together in a miserable boarding house, smoking, drinking the waters, and performing every necessary evolution in concert. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels in our rooms, and thought we might "condescend, indeed, to come down to the *Public Wash* with the other gentlemen in the morning!" I saw there a poor affectionate mother who had brought her son for the recovery of his health: she sat beside him all day with a large fan, to cool his "feverish brow," and not a moment did she rest from this employment; every time I passed I saw her at it with the sweetest patience imaginable. Oh! there is no love like mother's love; the sight made me think of home, and recalled many circumstances which brought the tears of recollection and gratitude into my eyes.

I enclose you a scrap from a New York paper of last week, which will show you I do not pass unnoticed over this waste, and it will please our dear Kate's friend, Mrs. Smith, to see her poem selected even in America. God bless you all. Love to my darling father, and the good girls. From your own devoted son,

TOM.

[No. 86.] *To his Mother.*

Geneva, Genessee Country, July 17. 1804.

I just pause a moment on my way to give one word to my dearest mother. I hope the letter I wrote, four or five days since, from Scenectady, will find its way to you. Since then I have been amongst the Oneida Indians, and have been amused very much by the novelty of their ap-

pearance. An old chief, Seenando, received me very courteously, and told us as well as he could by broken English and signs, that his nation consisted of 900, divided into three tribes, entitled the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle; poor, harmless savages! The government of America are continually deceiving them into a surrender of the lands they occupy, and are driving them back into the woods farther and farther, till at length they will have no retreat but the ocean. This old chief's manners were extremely gentle and intelligent, and almost inclined me to be of the Frenchman's opinion, that the savages are the only well-bred gentlemen in America.

Our journey along the banks of the Mohawk was uncommonly interesting: never did I feel my heart in a better tone of sensibility than that which it derived from the scenery on this river. There is a holy magnificence in the immense bank of woods that overhang it, which does not permit the heart to rest merely in the admiration of *Nature*, but carries it to that something less *vague* than *Nature*, that satisfactory source of all these exquisite wonders, a Divinity! I sometimes on the way forget myself and even you so much, as to wish for ever to remain amidst these romantic scenes; but I *did not* forget you; you were *all inseparable* from the plans of happiness which at that moment might have flattered my fancy. I can form none into which you are not woven, closely and essentially.

To-morrow we shall set out for the *Falls of Niagara!* After seeing these (which I shall consider an era in my life), I shall lose no time in reaching Halifax, so as to be ready for the sailing of the frigate. I told you in a former letter, that it is this lucky opportunity of a passage *gratis* to England which has induced me to devote the expenses

of my return to the acquisition of some knowledge respecting this very interesting world, which, with all the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no very distant competition with the first powers of the Eastern hemisphere.

We travel to Niagara in *a waggon:* you may guess at the cheapness of the inns in this part of the country, when I tell you that, the other night, three of us had supper, beds, and breakfast, besides some drink for two or three Indians who danced for us, and the bill came to something less than seven shillings for all. I must own the accommodations are still lower than their price; nothing was ever so dirty or miserable; but powerful curiosity sweetens all difficulties. I shall not have an opportunity to write again for some time, but I shall send you thoughts enough, and you must imagine them the dearest and most comfortable possible. When I say, "for some time," I mean a fortnight or three weeks. Good by. God bless you, dears. Oh! that I could know how you are at this moment. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 87.] *To his Mother.*

Chippewa, Upper Canada, July 22. 1804.

Dearest Mother,

Just arrived within a mile and half of the Falls of Niagara, and their tremendous roar at this moment sounding in my ears. We travelled one whole day through the wilderness, where you would imagine human foot had never ventured to leave its print; and this rough work has given a healthier hue to my cheek than ever it could boast in the Eastern hemisphere of London. If you look

at the map of North America, you will be able to trace my situation. I have passed through the Genessee country, and am now between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Such scenery as there is around me! it is quite dreadful that any heart, born for sublimities, should be doomed to breathe away its hours amidst the miniature productions of this world, without seeing what shapes Nature *can* assume, what wonders God *can* give birth to.

I have seized this momentary opportunity, dear mother, for writing a line to you, which I will entrust to the waggoner who returns to Geneva, from which place I last wrote to you. Heaven send you may receive all the letters. I feel they would interest even a stranger to me, then what must they be to you! Love to dear father and girls. Your own,

TOM.

I am now on British ground; we arrived yesterday evening to dinner, and drunk the King's health in a bumper. Just going to see the Falls. Good by.

[No. 88.] *To his Mother.*

Niagara, July 24. 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. "Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22d, went to

visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

* * * * * *

Chippewa, July 25.

So much for my journal; but if, notwithstanding all this enthusiastic contempt for matter-of-fact description, you still should like to see a particular account of the Falls, Weld, in his Travels, has given the most accurate I have seen. On the Sunday morning before I left Chippewa, I wrote you a letter, darling mother, which I entrusted to the waggoner (who was going back) to have it forwarded. Oh! if the stupid scoundrel should have neglected it. Since the day I left New York (July 4.) this is the fourth letter I have written to you. How dreadfully provoking if they have miscarried. Never was I in better health than I have been during my journey. This exercise is quite new to me, and I find the invigorating effects of it. My heart, too, feels light with the idea that the moment is approaching when I shall fly on the wings of the wind to the dear embrace of all that is dear to me. God bless you, loves. I pray for you often and fervently; and I feel that Heaven *will* take care of us. A thousand kisses to dear father and the girls, from their own boy on the banks of Lake Ontario. Again God bless you, dearest mother. Ever, ever your

Tom.

[No. 89.] *To his Mother.*

Quebec, August 20. 1804.

My darling Mother,

After seventeen hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If any

thing can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses.

In my passage across Lake Ontario, I met with the same politeness which has been so gratifying, and indeed convenient, to me all along my route. The captain refused to take what I know is always given, and begged me to consider all my friends as included in the same compliment, which a line from me would at any time entitle them to. Even a poor watchmaker at Niagara, who did a very necessary and difficult job for me, insisted I should not think of paying him, but accept it as the only mark of respect he could pay to one he had heard of so much, but never expected to meet with. This is the very nectar of life, and I hope, I *trust*, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, which I am convinced is not unamiable: the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously around it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart. Dearest mother! you will feel this with me. I cannot write more now; the fleet which sails for England is on the point of sailing. To-morrow or next day I am off for Halifax, where I shall bid my last adieu to America, and fly home to my darlings once more. Love to all. Your own boy.

[No. 90.] *To his Mother.*

Windsor, Nova Scotia, Sept. 16. 1804.

My darling Mother,

I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. I wrote to you while at Quebec; but from what I have since heard of the time of the fleet's sailing from there, it is likely this letter may reach you first. Well, *dears of my heart!* here am I at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tiptoe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between forty and fifty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is, as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed, where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness? They have smoothed every step of my way, and sweetened every novelty that I met. The governor of Lower Canada, when I was on the point of leaving, sent his aide-de-camp to the master of the vessel which was to take me, and begged it as a favour he would defer sailing for *one* day more, that I might join a party at his house the next day. All this cannot but gratify my own sweet mother, and she will not see either frivolity or egotism in the detail. All along my route I have seized every opportunity of writing to you, and it will be more than unfortunate if my letters do not reach you. You cannot imagine how anxious I have been lest I should lose the opportunity of the Boston frigate home; for I have been unavoidably detained a month beyond my time, and the orders of service are imperious. I know that with all Douglas's friendship, he could not wait for me, and I almost gave up the hope.

But, still lucky, I have found him here refitting, and *in about three weeks we shall sail for England.* How my heart beats with delight to tell you this. I have got Kate's letter of the 29th. God bless her! dear, good girl.

You must not be surprised at such a scatter-brained letter, for I have this instant heard that the packet leaves Halifax before I return thither, and I scribble these dithyrambics (just risen from dinner) to send into town by a gentleman who goes in the morning.

Tell Carpenter I am coming with a volume of poetic travels in my pocket; and tell Kate I have learnt some of the "*Chansons des Voyageurs*" in coming down the St. Lawrence, which I hope before three months, at the utmost, to sing for her. Love to good father and girls, and good by. Sweet mother, your own,

TOM.

There is a nephew of Lord St. Vincent's sent out here on the same wild-goose chase with myself; so it is beyond a doubt they thought them good appointments.

[No. 91.] *To his Mother.*

Plymouth, Old England once more, Nov. 12. 1804.

I almost cry with joy, my darling mother, to be able once more to write to you on English ground. After a passage of eight-and-twenty days, here I am, without a blemish either in heart or body, and within a few hundred miles (instead of *thousands*) of those that are dearest to me. Oh dear! to think that in ten days hence I may see a letter from home, written but a day or two before, warm from your hands, and with your very breath almost upon

it, instead of lingering out months after months, without a gleam of intelligence, without any thing but dreams — [here the letter is torn]. If the idleness I have had was voluntary or intentional, I should deserve to pay for it; but without giving me any thing to do, my friends have increased the necessity of my doing something. However, there is one satisfying idea; which is, that I am not at a loss for employment, and that I have it within my own power, in the course of two or three months, to draw the sponge over every pecuniary obligation I have contracted. How few in a similar situation could say this! and how grateful do I feel to Heaven, and my dear father and mother for those means! * * *

[No. 92.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday [*after my return from Bermuda*].

My darling Mother,

I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night, at a small supper party at which I met him: every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these: "I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you (laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time) it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him — his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially — was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go

up to Lord Moira, and pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing.

It was at Lord Harrington's. I enclose you the invitation I received from Lord Petersham, because it is friendly, and because nothing else could have induced me to break the studious retirement I have adopted. I am delighted I went. God bless you all.

[No. 93.] *To his Mother.*

27. Bury Street, St. James's,
Wednesday, Jan. 11. 1805.

My darling Mother,

I find that London itself, with all its charms, will be unable to seduce me from my present virtuous resolutions. I work as hard as a Scaliger all the mornings; and a dinner now and then with Lady Donegal or Mrs. Tighe is the utmost excess I allow myself to indulge in. I have often thought, and what I feel now confirms me in it, that I never was in such even spirits, as when employed to some purpose of utility. I don't know though that even the worldly necessity I am under of doing something would be sufficient to urge me so industriously, if I were not impelled by my anxiety to get to Ireland; and, please Heaven! about six weeks hence will, I think, see me on my way thither.

'Tis a long time since I have heard from you. The Moiras are just come to town.

God bless my dear father and mother, and spare them to their

TOM.

I have just finished the epistle to Kate, and have talked politics to her in it.

[No. 94.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, Feb. 6. 1805.

My dearest Mother,

If I were not so occupied, the time would go very heavily that keeps me from you. It is extremely lucky for me that none of my lounging friends are in town, or I should not have half the leisure I now enjoy, nor look forward to so speedy a release from my business. Though it has been a great sacrifice, I am happy that I resolved not to indulge myself with a sight of home till I completed my task, for it gives me a whet of industry which no other object could inspire: still, where are dear Kate's letters? I have just finished an epistle to Lady Donegal: no one deserves such a compliment better; she is the kindest creature in the world.

Poor Mrs. Tighe has had a most dreadful attack of fever, and a very serious struggle for life: her surmounting it gives me great hopes that she has got stamina enough for recovery.

Are you quite well, darling mother? It is long *indeed* since I heard from you; and perhaps you will complain the same of me; but I am such a stout fellow, there is no need for anxiety about me. God bless you all. Your own,

Tom.

[No. 95.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday, —— 1805.

I write to-day, merely because I *said* I would — (a reason, by the bye, which I have sometimes been perverse enough to let operate in quite a contrary direction), but

it is now half past five o'clock, and I have been all the day beating my brains into gold-beater's leaf, wherewith to adorn and bedaub the Honourable Mr. Spencer, and the last sound of the bell-man is now fading most poetically upon my ears, so God bless you! Heaven reward you both for the pleasant feelings and sweet recollections you have given me to enliven my task and my solitude; they are quite a little *Tunbridge lamp*[1] to me, and will throw the softened light of remembrance over every thing I shall do or think of. God bless you both again and again. I shall not attempt to tell you the feelings I have brought away with me, but if I have left *one* sentiment behind, of the same family, of the *remotest kin* to those you have given me, I am but too happy. I have not stirred out these two days. The weather is very dreary and "suits the *scribbling* habit of my soul;" but my fire burns bright, and, we flatter ourselves, so does our poetry; so that between the two, and the sweet, comfortable recollection of my friends at Ramsgate, I contrive to keep both heart and fingers at a proper degree of temperature, just a little below *salamander heat.* Ever your own, and dear Lady Donegal's,

T. M.

[No. 96.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March 30. 1805.

My darling Mother,

I gave Mrs. Tighe the little glee yesterday to copy and send to Kate. I am sure it will be popular. I should be glad she would show it to Stevenson, to know if there

* The Donegals were then at Tunbridge. T. M.

be any thing *glaringly* wrong in the harmony. Perhaps the second voice might be improved at the words "We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn," but I rather doubt it. I cannot see the postman pass my door every morning without a little bit of a grudge to Kate, that he brings nothing from her to me. I have now "sighed away Sundays" more than once since I saw any thing from home but my dear good father's letter.

Every one that I ever knew in this big city seems delighted to see me back in it: this is comfortable, and if the flowers strewed before me had a little *gold leaf* on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. All in good time; but it is strange that people who value the *silk* so much, should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself in spinning it out to them. Lady Donegal is the dearest creature in the world. God bless you all. Your own, TOM.

[No. 97.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday, —— 1805.

Another devilment has just come across me that will prevent my leaving town to-morrow: but on the day after, by all that's least brittle and breakable in the world, by women and wine-glasses, love and tobacco-pipes, I'll be with you by the time the coach arrives, most *punctually:* now pray, believe me this once: besides, I'll tell you what, or (as Lord Grizzle says), "shall I tell you what I am going to say?" General Phipps has made a dinner for me, to meet George Colman in the beginning of next week: now, by stopping in town to-morrow, I shall open a little loophole of escape for myself, and

so get off the necessity of returning to town so soon as I otherwise should do. I own I am a little terrified by Rogers's account of your multitudinous company-keeping at Tunbridge, but I hope you are quieter than he represents you. I like Rogers better every time I see him. Yours on Thursday, and always,

T. MOORE.

[No. 98.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Friday, May 24. 1805.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd,
In disappointment ends;
In short, there's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends."

But most of all, you Thomas Moore, the most faithless of men! If I had any spirit at all, but I have not, I would not write you another line. But what can a poor woman do, if the heart will still dictate, and the hand still obey. I would have you to know, however, that the heart dictates nothing but rage and anger and scolding, and luckily the hand can only make use of a pen upon the occasion. Lady Charlotte has bit you, and what use is there in my writing to you: so here I "whistle you down the wind to prey at fortune."

However, if you should beg and pray, prostrate yourself in the dust, and put on sackcloth and ashes, why, I am such an easy, yielding, gentle composition of flesh and blood, to say nothing of being rather foolish into the bargain, that possibly I might be persuaded to forgive you. I should blush for my weakness. But then weakness is very feminine, and blushing not unbecoming. So if you should ask pardon, and I should forgive you, and

blush afterwards for my weakness, I shall only look the better for it, that's all. It is very near a fortnight since I wrote to you, and it is very near a month since I heard from you. I hope at least that your time has been well employed, but I fear that the book will not come out this year. I am quite impatient for it: so pray tell me how far you are advanced.

For us, in this gay world, we go on much as you left us: there are more assemblies, but nothing very pleasant: very few calls; much talk of impeachments, French fleets, and such like matter of fact subjects, which you, mounted in your highest heaven of invention, would not condescend to listen to. Mr. William Lamb is to be married to Lady C. Ponsonby, and Lord Cowper to Miss Lamb, and Miss Call to Mr. Bathurst, and very probably I told you all this before. I suppose conscience smote you about *the two hundred and eighty*, and you had not courage to write to me.

Adieu. If you don't answer this, it is the last speech and dying words of the much insulted, cruelly treated, and extremely ill-used, &c. &c.

M. G.

Remember me affectionately to Lady Charlotte, though I don't flatter myself that I shall evermore behold her handwriting.

[No. 99.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Aug. 17. 1805.

My dearest Mother,

Kate's letter has given me a vast deal of pleasure, as it shows me how comfortably you coalesce with my dear uncle's family. Tom Hume goes off at last to-morrow:

he has endeavoured to *reason* me into going with him; but when I can resist the *true feelings* that impel me to it, the *false reasons* he brings for such a step have been easily resisted; and *false* they are, for I am bound, not only by *agreement* but by *honour* to Carpenter, to finish this work without any unnecessary delay, and as long as he has the slightest objection, I should consider myself trifling with *both* if I interrupted it. I am getting on very nicely, and I know my darling mother sacrifices with willingness a little present gratification to the pleasure of seeing me with a mind unburdened by any sense of duty unperformed — don't you, dearest mother? Pray let me know in some of your letters what yourself, Kate, and Ellen, are chiefly in want of in the useful way: I should not like to take you any unnecessary, baubles, but wish to turn my *galanteries* to account: you must not be delicate in telling me, for *I* shall not be so in saying whether I can compass what you want. God bless you. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 100.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, Aug. 22. 1805.

My dearest Mother,

I think I shall on Monday go for a couple of days to Tunbridge again: these little trips are of service to me, though, indeed, I am now quite stout and well. I am quite happy at having corresponded with my darling father's wishes in retaining my situation at Bermuda. I have no doubt that it will turn out something to me: the men I have appointed are of the most respectable in the island; and I shall get a friend of mine to write to the new governor, and beg him to have an eye to my little interests in that part of the world. Heaven bless all. Poor

Mrs. T.* is ordered to the Madeiras, which makes me despair of her; for she *will not* go, and another *winter* will inevitably be her death. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 101.] *From Lord Moira.*

Edinburgh, Sept. 12. 1805.

My dear Sir,

With very sincere satisfaction I accept the distinction you are kindly disposed to offer to me by the dedication of your work. It is not the parade of false modesty when I say that I think you ought to have sought some more marked name. Mine has been a life of effort, "signifying nothing;" and its unproductiveness has lasted so long, that folks have made up their minds to consider the character as barren in its nature. At all events, the time has gone by; so that I am only one of the out-of-fashion pieces of furniture fit to figure in the steward's room. Your dedication will be a memorial of me, which will keep me from total oblivion. Judge, therefore, how I am bound to estimate the compliment. Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

Thomas Moore, Esq.

[No. 102.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 2. 1805.

My dearest Mother,

It is now near six o'clock, and I have hardly time to say How d'ye do? I have been sitting this hour past with

* Tighe.

Lady Harrington: she is very kind to me, and says the more and oftener she sees me in Ireland, the better.

The whole town mourns with justice the death of Nelson: those two men (Buonaparte and he) divided the world between them — the land and the water. We have lost ours.

I got my dear father's letter, and forgive Tom Hume for the many kind affectionate things my charge has produced from you. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 103.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 8. 1805.

My dearest Mother,

This weather is only fit for poets, lovers, and murderers: there is hardly light enough to pursue any other calling. It is now but four o'clock, and I can scarcely see to write a line. I am just going to dine *third* to Rogers and Cumberland: a good poetical step-ladder we make — the former is past forty and the latter past seventy.

I wish I could hope to dance at Eliza A.'s ball. I have not capered much since I left Bermuda; though I forget myself — at Tunbridge, my toe had a few fantastic sallies. God bless you all, dears, and good friends. Your own,

TOM.

They say now Lord Powis is going as lord lieutenant. I don't know him at all.

[No. 104.] *To his Mother.*

Donington, Monday.

My dearest Mother,

* * * I was at a beautiful little fête champêtre at Mrs. Siddons's cottage on Saturday evening: it was the most fairy scene I ever witnessed; and even the duchesses and countesses looked romantic in the illuminated walks. Bless you, darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 105.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, Jan. 22. 1806.

Dearest Mother,

The town has been a good deal agitated to-day by various reports about Mr. Pitt's death. It still seems uncertain; but every one appears to agree that he cannot live. What a strange concurrence of circumstances we have witnessed within this short period. Something bright, I hope, will rise out of the chaos; and if a gleam or two of the brightness should fall upon me, why, Heaven be praised for it!

I am quite stout again, but have not yet ventured upon wine. Nothing ever was like the ferment of hope, anxiety, and speculation that agitates the political world at this moment. They say the King will certainly offer the premiership to Addington, but it is strongly expected that Addington will refuse it.

Good by. God bless you all. Your own,

Tom.

[No. 106.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, Feb. 6. 1806.

My darling Mother,

I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fortune is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and my fate now depends upon his sincerity, which I think it profanation to doubt, and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence. Tierney goes to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for dear father's advancement. In short, everything promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune looks most smilingly on me. "If that I prove her haggard," no hermit or misanthrope has ever fled further or more heartily from the commerce of mankind than I shall from the patronage of grandees. But this sounds like doubt of Lord Moira, which I hate myself for feeling. I have not seen him yet, nor do I expect it for some days; but the instant anything turns out one way or other, you shall know it.

God bless us all, and turn this dawn of our hopes into full daylight, I pray of him. Your own,

Tom.

[No. 107.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, Feb. 8. 1806.

My darling Mother,

I this morning breakfasted with Lord Moira, and have had all my doubts about his remembrance of me most satisfactorily removed: he assured me in the kindest manner that he had not for an instant lost sight of me;

that he had been a good deal burdened by the friends of others (alluding to the Prince); but that he still had a very extensive patronage, and would certainly not forget me. What gave me most pleasure of all, and what I am sure will gratify *you*, dearest mother, is his saying that he could *now* give me a situation immediately, but that it would require residence abroad, and he added, "We must not banish you to a foreign garrison." I answered, "that, as to occupations, I was ready to undertake any kind of business whatever." — "Yes," says he; "but we must find that business *at home* for you." I deferred writing till to-day that I might have this interview to communicate to you, and I know you will share my satisfaction at it. God bless you, dears. Your own,

TOM.

I have hopes that Tierney will go chancellor of the exchequer to Ireland, which will give me an opportunity of putting in a word for father.

[No. 108.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, Feb. 14. 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I can hardly trust or listen to the hopes which every one is forcing upon me now from the change that is taking place in administration. Certainly, if Lord Moira comes in, I may look with confidence to something good. He has so often assured me (and particularly once, when he believed he was just about to join the government, and when I could not doubt of his sincerity), that I cannot let my heart mistrust his interest in my advancement for an instant. Darling mother! think how delightful if I shall

be enabled to elevate you all above the struggling exigencies of your present situation, and see you sharing prosperity with me while you are yet young enough to enjoy it. God bless you, dears. A little time will determine the success of my friends, and their goodwill towards me. I am quite stout again. Your own,

TOM.

My best congratulations to dear uncle and aunt on their new relation.

[No. 109.] *To his Mother.*

April 30. 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I cannot help now thinking of the poor Negro, who said, when he was going to be hanged, what a hard thing it was for a poor man "to die and he no sick." With all the feelings of health about me, and such roses and *even* lilies in my face as there never were there before, I am obliged to lie up again for a week or so, in order to give the *coup de grace* to my maladies; in short, the abscess, though quite well, would not close, and I have within these two hours undergone a little operation for the purpose of closing it, which has given me more pain than I have felt yet, and will confine me for about eight days. It is a good thing to know, however, that, at the end of those eight days, I shall be turned out sound and perfect as I ever have been in my life.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Tighe, and shall answer it when I get off my back.

Now that I have written this letter, I feel almost afraid that you will be fool enough to be alarmed at it; but if you saw my cheeks at this moment, almost bursting

with health and cheerfulness, you would even *laugh* at the little pain that I feel. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 110.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, May 5. 1806.

My dearest Mother,

Here I lie, fat and saucy, eating and drinking most valorously, reading and writing most wisely, but not stirring an inch. On Monday or Tuesday I am to be relieved from this impalement, and after two or three days, which it will take me to heal, I shall be quite well again. Lord Moira sent Lord Rancliffe to me this morning, to ask me to dinner; but of course I can't go.

I am glad to see that the elements are taking the opportunity of my illness (or rather confinement), and are amusing themselves with all sorts of rain, hail, and inclemency; for that makes me hope that they will be able to afford me a little sunshine, when it will please my surgeon to rid me of this *stitch in my side.* In order that you may understand this joke, I must inform you that I have at this moment a large skein of cotton passed through my side in the most seampstress-like manner possible. God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 111.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, May 8. 1806.

My dearest Mother,

Lord Moira sent Lord Rancliffe to me the other day, to say that he had a small appointment to give away,

which I might have till something better offered. I weighed the circumstances well, and considered both the nature of the gift and the advantages it would bring to me: the result of which deliberation was, that I determined to decline the offer. I wrote, however, a very long letter to Lord Moira upon the subject, explaining the reasons of my refusal, and stating the circumstances of my present situation; from all which it appeared to me better to wait till something worthier both of *his* generosity and *my* ambition should occur: at the same time I suggested how much less difficulty there would be in finding some appointment for my dear father, which, while it relieved my mind from one of its greatest causes of anxiety, would make me even much more devoted and grateful to him than any favour conferred on myself. The enclosed note is in answer to my letter; and it gives me much pleasure, as showing me both his approbation of my bold and manly language about myself, and his attention to the solicitude which I expressed about my father. Good by. God bless you all. I believe I shall be let out to-morrow. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 112.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, May, 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I missed one letter this last week, for which I cry "*peccavi;*" but I enclose something now to you, which will, I think, make you feel very happy; and I hope that, by the time this reaches you, Atkinson will be returned and at hand to arrange every thing about my father's

appointment. You must not say a word to any one about this promise of Fox's, as it would be wrong on many accounts.

I believe I told you the kind things the Prince said to me about my book.

I feel uncommon spirits, which I hope every thing will justify me in. All around me looks bright and promising, and the respectability of the situation they intend for me flatters my hopes most delightfully.

God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. You may tell *them* of Fox's promise. Your own,

TOM.

Why does not saucy Kate write to me about my book?

[No. 113.] *From Lord Moira.*

June 21. 1806.

My dear Sir,

I have completed the arrangement for your father's being fixed in the barrack-mastership at Dublin. Let me know his Christian name, that the warrant may be made out. Faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

[No. 114.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, —— 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I have seen Lord Moira, and presented him my father's thanks. He told me, that it is one of the *Irish* commissionerships I am to have, and that these will not be arranged till those in England are settled. He spoke with the utmost

kindness to me; and I am sure, when he has it in his power, I need not doubt his good-will to serve me. He said, at the same time, that there was nothing to prevent my visiting Ireland, as he should not forget me; so that, I think, in about a fortnight I shall take flight for the bogs. Darling mother! how happy I shall be to see you! — it will put a new spur on the heel of my heart, which will make life trot, for the time at least, sixteen miles an hour. I trust in Heaven that you are recovering, and that I shall find you as you ought to be. Ever your own,

TOM.

Love to uncle and aunt.

[No. 115.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Wednesday, July, 1806.

I certainly may say to *you* as Cowper says to one of his correspondents, that "you understand trap," for nothing was ever more skilfully anticipated than the scolding which you know you deserved from me, and which you were resolved to be beforehand with. Sheridan himself could not manage an impeachment against money-defaulters with a more unblushing brow of innocence, than you have assumed in charging me with neglect; after your having remained a fortnight at Worthing, with nothing on your hands but your gloves, and nothing to distract you but Chichester, and yet, during that whole time, not feeling *one twitch* of the pen (a disorder too that I know you to be at other times so subject to), nor thinking it necessary to bestow one moment of your idleness upon the "poor forsaken *gander*" whom you left *hissing hot* upon the pavement of London, with a pain in his side and the wind-colic in his heart, with the dust in his eyes and the devil in his

purse, and in short with every malady, physical, pthisical, and quizzical, that could shake the nerves of a gentleman, or excite the compassion of a lady; and there are you, between *sunbeams* and *mists*, between *Ossians* and *Chichesters*, taking a whole fortnight to consider of it, before you would even say, "How are you now, sir?" Well — I forgive you, though I cannot help thinking it the very refinement of Irish modesty, the very quintessence of the bogs, to follow up such delinquency with an attack instead of an apology; it is like Voltaire's Huron, who, when they send him to confession, seizes the unfortunate priest, whirls him out of his sentry-box, and forcing him down upon his knees, says, "Now, *you* must confess to *me!*" * * *

Now as to *Worthing*, when *am* I to visit you? I *solemnly and assuredly* hope to leave London for Ireland *about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the following one.* Lord Moira has told me that my absence will not interfere with anything that he has in prospect for me; that the commissionership intended for me is to be in Ireland; and that, *if there are any such appointments*, I am to have one of them. Such are my plans, and such my hopes. I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh Review, and then "a long farewell to all my greatness." London shall never see me act the farce of gentlemanship in it any more, and, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," I shall vanish and be forgotten. Say how and when I am to go to you. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Saturday, if you have got to Worthing, I think I shall be able to go down to you: this at least imposes upon you the task of writing to me to-morrow to let me know.

DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

1806.

(*Written as a continuation of the Memoir.*)

DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

1806.

Particulars of my hostile Meeting with JEFFREY in the Year 1806.

SOME letters of my own, written in the year 1806, having lately fallen into my hands, which contain allusions to my hostile meeting, in that year, with my now sincerely regarded and valued friend Jeffrey, I suspend the regular course of the Memoir of myself commenced in these pages, in order, while yet all the circumstances are fresh in my memory, to note down some authentic particulars of a transaction concerning which there has been a good deal of foolish mis-statement and misrepresentation.

In the month of July, 1806, I had come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at Worthing. The number of the Edinburgh containing the attack on my "Odes and Epistles" had been just announced, and, as appears by the following passage in one of my letters, I was but waiting its arrival to set off to Worthing. "I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh. * * * Say how and when I am to come to you." The Review did not, however, reach me in London; for I have a clear recollection of having, for the first time, read the formidable article in

my bed, one morning, at the inn in Worthing, where I had taken up my sleeping quarters, during my short visit to the Donegals. Though, on the first perusal of the article, the contemptuous language applied to me by the reviewer a good deal roused my Irish blood, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to me, I think, till some time after. I remember, at all events, having talked over the article with my friends, Lady Donegal and her sister, in so light and careless a tone, as to render them not a little surprised at the explosion which afterwards took place. I also well remember that, when the idea of calling out Jeffrey first suggested itself to me, the necessity I should be under of proceeding to Edinburgh for the purpose, was a considerable drawback on my design, not only from the difficulty I was likely to experience in finding any one to accompany me in so Quixotic an expedition, but also from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, which rendered it doubtful whether I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey.

In this mood of mind I returned to London, and there, whether by *good* or *ill* luck, but in my own opinion the *former*, there was the identical Jeffrey himself just arrived, on a short visit to his London friends. From Rogers, who had met Jeffrey the day before at dinner at Lord Fincastle's, I learned that the conversation, in the course of the day, having happened to fall upon me, Lord F. was good enough to describe me as possessing "great amenity of manners;" on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, "I am afraid he would not show much amenity to *me*."

The first step I took towards my hostile proceeding was to write to Woolriche, a kind and cool-headed friend of mine, begging of him to join me in town as soon as pos-

sible; and intimating in a few words the nature of the services on which I wanted him. It was plain from his answer that he considered me to be acting from the impulse of anger; which, though natural to conclude, was by no means the case; for, however boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was, certainly, but little, if any, mixture, either of ill-temper or mere personal hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert. But if this sort of feeling *did* mix itself with my motives, there certainly could not have been a more fitting punishment for it than the sort of result that immediately followed.

As Woolriche's answer implied delay and deliberation, it did not suit, of course, my notions of the urgency of the occasion; and I accordingly applied to my old friend Hume, who without hesitation agreed to be the bearer of my message. It is needless to say that feeling, as I then did, I liked him all the better for his readiness, nor indeed am I at all disposed to like him a whit the less for it now. Having now secured my second, I lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver; and as actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: "To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of

defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine." I am not quite sure as to the exact construction of this latter part of the note, but it was as nearly as possible, I think, in this form.

There was of course but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty now was where to procure a case of pistols; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements; and as for *me*, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an over-loaded pistol, and that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms. William Spencer being the only one of all my friends whom I thought likely to furnish me with these *sine-qua-nons*, I hastened to confide to him my wants, and request his assistance on this point. He told me if I would come to him in the evening, he would have the pistols ready for me.

I forget where I dined, but I know it was not in company, as Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I bought, in the course of the evening, at some shop in Bond Street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, "They are but too good." I then joined Hume who was waiting for me in a hackney coach, and proceeded to my lodgings. We had agreed that for every reason, both of convenience and avoidance of suspicion, it would be most prudent for me not to

sleep at home; and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly (having let myself in by my key, it being then between twelve and one at night) took the sheets off my own bed, and, huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's.

I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number) who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.* And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of

* One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crest-fallen, to Bow Street.

On our way thither Hume told me, that from Horner not knowing anything about the loading of pistols, he had

been obliged to help him in the operation, and in fact to take upon himself chiefly the task of loading both pistols. When we arrived at Bow Street, the first step of both parties was to dispatch messengers to procure some friends to bail us; and as William Spencer was already acquainted with the transaction, to him I applied on my part, and requested that he would lose no time in coming to me. In the meanwhile we were all shown into a sitting-room, the people in attendance having first enquired whether it was our wish to be separated, but neither party having expressed any desire to that effect, we were all put together in the same room. Here conversation upon some literary subject, I forget what, soon ensued, in which I myself took only the brief and occasional share, beyond which, at that time of my life, I seldom ventured in general society. But whatever was the topic, Jeffrey, I recollect, expatiated upon it with all his peculiar fluency and eloquence; and I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay upon his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing this subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after our rencontre, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in the field; and I can truly say that my liking for him is of the same early date.

Though I had sent for William Spencer, I am not quite sure that it was he that acted as my bail, or whether it was not Rogers that so officiated. I am, however, certain that the latter joined us at the office; and after all the usual ceremony of binding over, &c. had been gone through, it was signified to us that we were free to depart

and that our pistols should be restored to us. Whether unluckily or not, it is hardly now worth while to consider; but both Hume and myself, in quitting the office, forgot all about our borrowed pistols, and left them behind us, and, as *he* set off immediately to join his wife who was in the country, I was obliged myself to return to Bow Street, in the course of a few hours, for the purpose of getting them. To my surprise, however, the officer refused to deliver them up to me, saying, in a manner not very civil, that it appeared to the magistrate there was something unfair intended; as, on examining the pistol taken from me, there was found in it a bullet, while there had been no bullet found in that of Mr. Jeffrey.

Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, "Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right." We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's

suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which had been found in one of them; and this very bullet, by-the-bye, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me, (as a sort of *polemic* relique, I suppose), and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession.

The following letter, which I wrote immediately to Miss Godfrey (she and her sister, Lady Donegal, being among the persons whose good opinion I was most anxious about), will show, better than any words I could now employ, what were my feelings at that time.

[No. 116.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Monday.

I have just time to tell you that this morning I was fool enough (as I know you will call it) to meet Mr. Jeffrey by my own invitation, at Chalk Farm, and that just as we were ready to fire, those official and officious gentlemen, the Bow Street runners appeared from behind a hedge, and frustrated our valorous intentions, so that we are bound over to keep the peace for God knows how long. William Spencer is the cause of this very ill-judged interruption, though he had pledged his honour to keep the matter as secret as the grave. I never can forgive him; for at this moment I would rather have lost a limb than that such a circumstance had happened. And so there is all my fine sentimental letters which I wrote yesterday for posthumous delivery to your sister, you, &c. &c., all gone for nothing, and I made to feel very like a ninny indeed. Good by. I have not yet had time to read your letter. Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister. Ever your

Tom Fool till death.

What I asserted in this letter, namely, that it was through Spencer's means the meeting had been interrupted, was communicated to me by Rogers, and, I have no doubt, was perfectly correct. Spencer dined alone with the Fincastles, and, after dinner, told all the circumstances of the challenge, the loan of the pistols, &c., to Lord Fincastle, who (without, as it appears, communicating his purpose to Spencer) sent information that night of theintended duel to Bow Street.

The manner in which the whole affair was misrepresented in the newspapers of the day is too well known to need any repetition here; but I have been told, and I think it not improbable, that to a countryman of my own (named Q——), who was editor of one of the evening papers, I owed the remarkable concurrence in falsehood which pervaded all the statements on the subject. The report from Bow Street was taken first (as I have heard the story) to the office of the paper in question, and contained a statement of the matter, correctly, thus: — "In the pistol of one of the parties a bullet was found, and nothing at all in the pistol of the other." Thinking it a good joke, doubtless, upon literary belligerents, my countryman changed without much difficulty, the word "bullet" into "pellet;" and in this altered state the report passed from him to the offices of all the other evening papers.

By another letter of my own, written on the following day, to Lady Donegal, I am enabled to give to my narrative not only authenticity, but a good deal of the freshness of the feeling of the moment to which it refers.

[No. 117.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday.

You will see that I am doomed inevitably to one day's ridicule, by the unfortunate falsehood which they have inserted in all the morning papers, about the loading of our pistols; but, of course, a contradiction will appear to-morrow, signed by our seconds, and authorised by the magistrate. This is the only mortifying *suite* that this affair could have, and Heaven knows it has given me unhappiness enough. Do not scold me, dearest Lady Donegal; if the business was to be again gone through I should feel it my duty to do it; and all the awkwardness that results from it must be attributed to the ill-judged officiousness of the persons who were sent to interrupt us. To be sure, there cannot be a fairer subject for quizzing, than an author and a critic fighting with pellets of paper. God bless you. Tell every one as industriously as you can the falsehood of to-day's statement, and stem, if possible, the tide of ridicule till our contradiction appears. Love to your dear sisters. Ever your attached,

T. M.

The statement announced in this letter was regularly drawn up, signed by Horner, and authorized by the magistrate; but, alas! never appeared. My friend Hume (now again my friend, though his conduct on that occasion caused a severance between us for more than thirty years) took fright at the ridicule which had been brought upon the transaction, said that he did not like to expose his name; that he "did not know who Mr. Horner was;" in short, he refused to sign the paper; and the only effort

made at public explanation was a short letter on the subject from myself, which, of course, to those who did not know me personally, went deservedly for nothing.

Through the kind offices of Rogers, a treaty of peace was negociated between Jeffrey and myself; I mean those formalities of explanation which the world requires, for in every other respect we already understood each other. In the two letters that follow will be found some particulars of the final arrangement of our strife.

[No. 118.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Aug. 29. 1806.

I have been looking for a frank (like that best of all thrifty good girls, Miss J* * *), in order to send you back Hayley's letter, which is as pretty a specimen of the old gentleman's twaddling as I could wish to see. But the last person I asked for a frank was Humphrey Butler; and he told me if I had applied before the Union he could have given me one,—which, however satisfactory it was, made me resolve to keep Hayley's letter from you a little longer, and I shall return it the instant I get a cover, and not a soul shall see it, I assure you. Lord Moira has written to me a very kind note, in consequence of my communicating to him the explanations which I had from Jeffrey, and he assures me "he feels uncommon satisfaction that it has terminated so pleasantly." If I were just now seated upon the couch, with my legs turned up, I could show you this letter; but, as I am not, I must only give you an extract from it, thus:—"I feel perfectly for you how disagreeable it is to be obliged to start one's self as the butt for all the wild constructions of the public; misrepresentation, in some way or the other, is the inevitable lot of every one who stands in such a predicament; but

the squibs against you were only momentary, and a *fair tribute to the spirit with which you vindicated your character will remain.*"

This high Spanish approbation of my conduct has given me much pleasure, as I know it will to you; indeed, nothing can be more gratifying than the generous justice which every friend whose opinion I value has done to my feelings upon this occasion. I was particularly happy to hear that Horner, the other day, at Holland House, spoke warmly in praise of what he called "the mixture of feeling and fortitude which my conduct exhibited."

I met your friend the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, in a dinner party of eight only the other day at Harry Greville's. In short, I do nothing but *dine;* yesterday at Ward's, to-day at Lord Cowper's, &c. Somebody told me, and made my heart flutter not a little, that you are coming to town before your Tunbridge trip. I believe it was Chichester that "*whispered* the flattering tale," but I am almost afraid to believe it. I should in that case see you once before I go to bury myself among my St Chrysostoms and Origens, and to shake hands with a dearer father than whole centuries of such fathers. Carpenter is to give me forty pounds for the Sallust, and I wait but for this forty-pounder to discharge me at one single shot to Dublin.

Best love to dear Mary (why shouldn't I call her Mary, as well as that old ridiculous Hermit?), and to sister Philippa, too, a thousand remembrances. Ever yours, most truly,

T. M.

I suppose you have heard of this officious clerk of the Bank's accusation of Lord Moira. I know no more than you have read in the papers."

[No. 119.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, August, 1806.

I have the pleasure to tell you that this morning I had a pacific meeting with Mr. Jeffrey at Rogers's, and received from him the most satisfactory apologies for the intemperance of his attack upon me. He acknowledged that it is the opinion, not only of himself but his friends, that the Review contained too much that was exceptionable, and that he is sincerely sorry for having written it. He has given me a statement to this purpose in his own autograph, which concludes thus: "I shall always hold myself bound to bear testimony to the fairness and spirit with which you have conducted yourself throughout the whole transaction." Is not this all pleasant? I know you will be glad to hear it. The letter which you will see in to-morrow's Post was a very necessary step, and will put an end to every misconstruction of the affair; so that (for the first time since I took the business into contemplation) I feel "my bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne," and the sooner I receive your congratulations upon the subject the better. Ever yours,

T. M.

I have now done with these *bulletins*, and shall write you *letters* hereafter.

[No. 120.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Tunbridge, Oct. 2. 1806.

Well, how are you after your sea-sickness, and how do you feel yourself in Dublin, after your brilliant career here among the learned and the dissipated? If it were

not for the extreme joy which I know you feel at being with your family again, I should grieve for the change; but you have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home, fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise: it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all. We have had the whole history of your affair with Jeffrey from Rogers, even to the slightest particulars. If I had never known you, the story would have interested me, the way he tells it. He makes you out a perfect hero of romance, and your conduct quite admirable. But what pleased me most was, to hear that Jeffrey took a great fancy to you from the first moment he saw you in the field of battle, pistol in hand to kill him. I believe Rogers to be truly your friend upon this occasion. Lord Clifden says he has heard the affair talked of by several people, and that you had got universal credit for the manner in which you had conducted yourself throughout the whole of it. In short, I am quite agreeably surprised to find the turn it has all taken in your favour. You don't know how happy we feel at it, for I am sure you don't know to this good day how much we care for you. But never take a pistol in your hand again while you live. I dare say in Ireland, where you have *beaucoup d'envieux,* every pains has been taken to misrepresent and blacken you. I desired Philly to write Rogers's whole account of it to Miss Crookshank, that she may tell your friend Joe of it, and spread it about in her society; for it is in that line of life that the prejudices against your writings, and the envy of your talents, are the strongest. The old ones have more morality, and the young ones more pretensions

than one finds in the higher ranks of life. All I want is to have justice done to you, perhaps a little more than justice. But I would have all the world to understand, that I am a very moral woman; and I must honestly confess to you by the way, that all my illusions about the beautiful Susan have vanished, and left not a wreck behind them. We are all very tame this year, and neither blindman's buff, or puss in a corner, have yet made their appearance amongst us; but as Souza is expected, there is no knowing how soon the revels may begin. The place is quite full, and many more people of our acquaintance than were here last year; but we would give them all rank and file for you, and there's the sea rolling away between us, as satisfied as if it were doing the thing in the world we liked the best. Philly was offended with you for leaving her name out in your last letter.

I suppose your sister is quite delighted to have you with her. I hope you found her and all the rest of your family happy and comfortable in their new situation. Tell me something of your way of life in Dublin. Adieu! Sincerely yours,

M. G.

LETTERS.

1807—1818.

LETTERS.

1807—1818.

[No. 121.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Dublin, Monday, Feb. 23. 1807.

I am quite ashamed of myself — at which you ought to be very much delighted, because it humiliates me most profoundly before you, and gives you ten times more merit in my eyes then I would condescend to allow you if I felt that I had exactly done what I *ought* to do; but, indeed, if you knew the efforts I am obliged to make to throw some sort of *ballast* into the little pleasure-boat of my existence — if you knew how difficult I find it to *square* the gains and losses of *time*, and set off the savings of the morning against the expenditures of the night, you would not be very hard upon me, but would be very glad to hear that I have contrived to study about three hours and a half every day since I came here. And though I have said every morning, in going to old Patrick's Library, "Well, I shall return time enough to-day for the post," yet once I get into that bewildering *seraglio*, what with making real love to one, flirting with some, and merely throwing my eye upon others, the whole day has passed in dalliance, and I have hardly had time enough afterwards to

make myself decent for company. I have now, however, bid adieu to this harem, and have made up my mind for a week's idleness before I leave Ireland, which will be, I hope, on Friday or Saturday next, and then once more for Donington, for the Muses, and for *you!*— dear Donington! dear Muses! and dear *you!* Sorry am I to think, however, that both *you* and the *Muses*, however you may visit my thoughts, must be equally *invisible* to me; and I would willingly give up the society of my whole *Nine* just to be, as I could wish, with my *Two* in Davies Street. By my Two here I mean you and your sister Philly, for Lady Donegal has long forgotten me.

I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss * * *, the apothecary's daughter. Odds pills and boluses! mix *my* poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal. Volatile, or Sall * * *; and I don't know *which* would put me into the greatest *purgatory*, *matrimony* or *physic*. The Novice of St. Dominick is bringing out an opera here, for which I am most wickedly pressed to write a prologue; but I shall run from it, and leave Joe to do it.

What you communicated to me about Jeffrey pleases me extremely, because it justifies my conduct most amply, and does honour to both of us. I have written nothing since I came here, except *one song*, which every body says is the best I have ever composed, and I rather prefer it myself to most of them. When am I to sing it to you? Oh! *when, when?* I am an unfortunate rascal, that's certain.

You may direct your answer to this to Donington,

and I have full reliance on your being my *sick heart's nurse* while I am there. God bless you. Very much yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I would have sailed with *Miss Linwood* the other night, only I was afraid she would give me a *stitch* in my *side ! !*

[No. 122.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Monday night, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here on Sunday to dinner, after a very pleasant journey, during which Crampton recovered from his trance, and gave us the plots of all the new pantomimes, &c. I parted with him at Birmingham, and gave a sigh towards London as I turned out of the road; but it is all for the better. I am here re-established in *all* my former comforts, and though most of my old friends are gone, yet the two or three that remain know me well enough to be attentive. I was a little dismayed at entering, as the place never before in my time looked half so deserted; but I am quite comfortable now, and shall not stir from this except for Ireland, unless some good star should shine out upon the London road to justify, by golden reasons, my resignation of solitude.

I forgot to bring Bunting's Irish Airs with me; get them from Power; and if any one that you know is coming, they can bring them for me as far as Lichfield, and send them from thence by the coach to Derby. Get Miss Owenson's too; the Atkinsons will give them to Kate for me. Love to all dears. God bless you.

TOM.

[No. 123.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Thursday, March, 1807.

My darling Mother,

It maketh me marvel much that I do not hear from home; but I suppose Kate is writing such long letters to Anne Scully, that she has not a scrap of paper left to say, "How d'ye do" on to *me*. I have not heard yet from Mrs. Tighe, but of course you have sent to inquire, and will let me know how she is. The day before yesterday (St. Patrick's) was kept here with great festivity: of course I *bled* freely for the saint; a kind of blood that works more miracles than even St. Januarius's. I am, indeed, quite tranquil and happy here, and shall not feel the least wish to leave it till summer, if I find that I can with any decency remain.

I danced away among the servants on Tuesday night with a pretty lacemaker from the village, most merrily.

Old Cumberland has devoted a page of his Memoirs in the second edition to *me*, which pleases me more than I can tell you. What he says is so cordial, considerate, and respectful, and he holds such a high and veteran rank in literature. God bless you. Yours,

TOM.

[No. 124.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Donington Park, Loughborough,
Friday morning, March, 1807.

Though I think you do not care much to know "my whereabout," or I should have had a letter here as I petitioned, yet I cannot help telling you that here I am, and

here shall be, for God knows how long. I am made very comfortable, and it certainly is friendly of Lord Moira to do me these little kindnesses; but the main point is still wanting: "*Il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise.*" I read much more than I write, and think much more than either; but what does it all signify? The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way. It is a dreadful thing not to be necessary to one's friends, and there is but *one* in the world now to whom I am anything like a *sine quâ non*. While that one remains, *il faut bien que je vive;* when that one goes, *il n'y a plus de necessité*. You see I have brought no wife with me from Ireland, notwithstanding all that the kind match-makers of this world did for me. I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's Day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay.

Have you met with old Cumberland's second edition? He has spoken of me in a way that I feel very grateful for, and if you ever see him, I wish you would tell him so. How go on Spenser and Rogers, and the *rest* of those agreeable rattles, who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it?

Write to me immediately upon receiving this; and to bribe you, after such a stupid letter, I will write you an epitaph that will make you laugh, if you never heard it before:

"Here lies John Shaw
Attorney at law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

Yours,

T. M.

[No. 125.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

We know nothing decisive yet about the ministry. The last accounts gave me rather a hope that Lord Moira would stay in, though I don't know whether one would wish him for his own sake to continue, after his public vow not to serve with the Duke of Portland: if however, as it is said, the Prince takes the part of the new arrangement, he will most certainly stay in. It is all a bad business for the country. Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one. I see Lord Hardwicke is very active in the business, so I suppose he will return to Ireland. I got Kate's *one* letter in the course of three weeks, and congratulate her much on her activity. Love to all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 126.] *From Lord Moira.*

London, April 9. 1807.

My dear Sir,

You will have been well aware of all the occupation which has attended our expulsion from office; therefore, I

think, you will have ascribed my silence to that cause, and not have charged me with inattention. Had you been here on the spot, your pen might have been exercised with great effect in displaying the importance of the constitutional question which we have been defending. The matter, however, will now be at an end before any publication could appear; and in the vehemence of contest all real consideration of the point at issue will be lost. Most sincerely do I lament that I had not the means of obtaining some fit situation for you before we were turned out. Perhaps your prospects are not worse now than they were; for my own patronage afforded nothing of a kind to suit you, and my colleagues had too many objects of their own to fulfil.

I will thank you if you will send up Barrow's Travels hither, that I may have the second volume bound correspondently with that which is at Donington; and I shall be obliged if you will examine if there be a quarto edition (the Princeps) of Ossian in the library. I have the honour, dear sir, to be your very obedient servant,

MOIRA.

[No. 127.] *To his Mother.*

Sunday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

The time flies over me here as swift as if I was in the midst of dissipation, which is a tolerable proof that I am "arm'd for either field," for folly or for thought, for fiddlers or philosophers. The family do not talk of coming till June, and, if that be the case, I shall not budge. From this to Ireland shall be my only move. Tell the Atkin-

sons that, to show them I have not forgot their choice scraps, I send them one which I found in a paper of last year, and which I think too good to be lost. I am anxious to hear whether my packet of letters, which I entrusted to Jane, arrived safe.

Good by. I have been writing letters since eight o'clock, and my breakfast is coming up. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 128.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Donington Park, Monday, April 27. 1807.

"We are commanded (says Cosmo de Medici) to forgive our *enemies*, but I cannot find that we are any where ordered to forgive our *friends*." Now, though this is a very deep and good saying of Cosmo's, yet it is not at all applicable to you; for, notwithstanding that I *did* suspect you of a sort of *leze amitié*, a kind of compassing and imagining the death of our friendship, yet I now entirely acquit you, and hope every thing from your loyalty in future. As to absence, I have said very often, and I believe to you among others, that recollections are too like the other perishables of this world, and that it is hard even for those who take the best care of them, to keep up a stock without a supply now and then; so that, though I feel I am strong in that article at present, yet I trust for all our sakes I shall be able to open shop in Tunbridge this year, and shall come back "laden with *notions*," as the Americans call their fancy goods. I suppose you will only allow *love* to come under the head of *fancy* goods, but I am afraid all the feelings of our heart have but too much of *her* manufacture in them. I am here very busy, and

yet if I were to try and tell you about *what*, it would puzzle me a little: only this I must inform you "to God's pleasure and both our comforts," that I am not writing *love-verses*. I begin at last to find out that *politics* is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better even to *rebel* against government, than have nothing at all to do with it; so I am writing politics: but all I fear is, that my former ill-luck will rise up against me in a new shape, and that as I could not write *love* without getting into ——, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason*. As to my gaiety and dissipation, I *am* to be sure *very* dissipated, for I pass my whole time among *knowing-ones* and *black-legs*, the former in the *library*, the latter in the *rookery:* it is true, I see some *white* legs now and then upon the lawn, but I have nothing at all to do with them, I assure you.

I had a long letter from America the other day; and what do you think? My Epistles were, in January last, going through their *third* edition there! and Carpenter is only just now getting out his *second*, of which I have seen some proof-sheets, and they are very beautiful. My correspondent tells me that, to the last edition that had come out in America, there was prefixed "some account of the author," but he had not yet seen it. A pretty account, I dare say, it is; but there is some glory in being even abused so generally; and I have that at least in common with most of the great men who have lived, just as I am little like Horace, and love dozing in the morning like Montaigne: it is comfortable to resemble great men in anything. Tell Miss Godfrey that I cry "*peccavi*," and beg pardon for what I said in my last billet, but that I said it merely for the pleasure of transcribing that epigram, which

I knew she would like, and which is written by her friend, the man that wrote "*Mille fois*," &c. I shall send her a palinode in a day or two, that is (for fear she should expect any thing great from this hard Greek word) my recantation, justification, and renunciation of the *aforesaid* and all other errors thereunto belonging and appertaining, and what not. You must know I have been reading law very hard, and you must not wonder at its breaking in in my style. *I am determined on being called to the Irish bar next year.* Best remembrances to your dear sisters, and believe me, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 129.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

I take both exercise and your Spa in plenty. What put it into Kate's head, or rather into her *hand*, to write me such a *beautiful* letter last time? I never saw anything like it; it was quite a picture. Seriously, it was very nice writing, and if she keeps to that the girl may do.

Sweet weather this. The May thorns are beginning to open their eyes. The new ministers are in full blossom of folly and prosperity, and the *snows* and the *Parliament* have dissolved away. I wish I were in Dublin now, and I would make speeches on the hustings for Grattan. Good by. God bless you all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 130.] *To his Mother.*

April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

I don't know what your Irish skies have been doing all this month (I suppose *raining*, as usual), but *here* we have had the severest frost and snow till yesterday, when I think a change in the administration of the weather took place: before then it was what Dr. Duigenan would call a *white-boy* administration, for we had nothing but snow. My "Pastor Fido," Dalby, has been prevented from coming to see me as he used to do, by his wife's illness, which is a great loss to me; but the time never hangs heavy, and reading, writing, walking, playing the pianoforte, occupy my day sufficiently and delightfully, without either "the tinkling cymbal" of talk, or "a gallery of moving pictures" about me.

You need not mind Miss Owenson's airs; for I can do without them till I go to Ireland.

God bless you, dearest mother. I got Kate's letter on Monday. Ever your own,

Tom.

Best love to the barrack-master.*

[No. 131.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, April, 1807.

I send an inclosure for Power, which you will forward to him immediately. Carpenter is preparing a second edition of the Poems, to be printed splendidly by Ballantyne, of Edinburgh. I hope these *fellows* will get in again;

* His father.

but if the King dissolves Parliament, their chance, I fear, is but indifferent. However, my resolution is taken, and I care no longer about them. If I am to be poor, I had rather be a poor counsellor than a poor poet; for there is ridicule attached to the latter, which the former may escape: so make up your minds to having me amongst you. I shall exchange all my books for a law library, and knock down my music with the first volume of Coke upon Lyttleton. Why does not Nell write to me? She promised when I came away. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 132.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday night, May 26. 1807.

These good people are come down upon me at last; so there is an end at once to all my musings and meditations. They have brought so many *Misses* with them too, that my muse, I think, must shut up her *paper*-mills and go into the *linen*-trade. But there is *one* thing, I assure you, I write to you with some pleasure now, because I *want* you more. Except when I *actually* HAVE the society of those I love, I am never so much *with* them as when I am alone; and though this may sound very Irish, I flatter myself it is Irish in much more than sound. All my pursuits, all my thoughts in solitude have a reference to my dear and distant friends. I enjoy my own feelings *best*, when I think *they* would sympathise in them, and am never proud of what I do, except when I can hope *they* will approve of it; but in the bustle of such society as I have now, neither my feelings or my business are worthy of being associated with such friends as you are, so that I begin to miss you exceedingly, and am glad to fly to a quiet

moment like this, when I can call you back and tell you that my heart is fit to receive you. There is another circumstance by which you are a gainer in my present situation, and that is *comparison*. Oh the sweet happy days of friendship and boiled mutton! how unlike were you to the disguised hearts and dishes, the iced wines and looks, of my present dignified society. But I am beginning to talk too sentimentally for your wag-ship. You must know I shall soon leave this; but I wish to Heaven either I or you could know that I shall leave it for Tunbridge. I am afraid, alas! that Ireland must be my destination again, and that I must leave our friendship to take care of itself, without any looking after, for six or seven months longer: this is a hard case, but the *softest* hearts meet with the *hardest* cases in this world. I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with "This is glass" written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind, she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us. She would see that *I* ought to be allowed to go to Tunbridge, and that *you* ought to be without ache or ailment to receive me there. You always speak so *waggishly* about your own grievances (and, indeed, other people's) that I cannot collect from what you say of your illness, whether you are really very bad or not; but I sincerely hope it was more fatigue than ill-health that you complained of. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Thursday I shall be *seven and twenty* round years: * drink my health, and more sense to me.

* In fact, according to the medal, twenty-eight.

[No. 133.] *To his Mother.*

May, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

There is a fishpond here, which Lord Moira has always been trying to fill; but he couldn't; and it has long furnished me with a very neat resemblance to *my own pocket,* which I dare say he would like to do the same with, but couldn't. This pond however, in the late rain, has got the start of my pocket, and is brimful at this present writing, which will delight his lordship so much that I am afraid he will come down in a hurry to look at it. Believe me, your own,

TOM.

[No. 134.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Thursday night, June, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

I beg, when you write to Kate, you will scold her, for making Melfield a pretext to avoid writing to me. I get on here very well. The ice begins to thaw on all sides, according as we know each other better; and if idleness were not the root of all evil to me at present, I could lounge away my time here very agreeably. We still have no other man amongst us but Lord Moira and the old Duke de l'Orge.

I wait but for some supplies I expect to decide upon my movements from home. London I certainly shall avoid, though Carpenter presses me very hard to go there; and the only excursion I can possibly be tempted to, before I set out for Ireland, is to Tunbridge, to see Lady Donegal. However, even this is by no means probable at

present, and I think, in about a fortnight, you may count upon seeing me. I wish, dearest mother, you would have a look-out in the neighbourhood, for either two tolerable rooms or one very excellent, large bed-room for me, where there would be some one merely to bring me up breakfast. I shall work very hard all the summer. Love to all dears. From your own,

TOM.

[No. 135.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Saturday, 1807.

Not one letter this long time, my darling mother. I should think Kate sleeps even longer than she used to do and doesn't get up till post-time is over. (Here I was thinking of London post-time, which I wish to Heaven you were as well acquainted with as I am.) Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still*, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little, and even if they merited all that they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things they should get it. They have done much towards the ruin of Ireland, and have been so well assisted by the Protestants throughout, that, between them, Ireland is at this instant as *ruined* as it need be.

Lord Moira is again called to town; I suppose upon some errand quite as useless as the rest. He takes Buxton in his way; and I suppose will return here from London to escort his lady to Edinburgh.

I should be glad they were all there now, for I thrive in my solitude amazingly. God bless you, dearest mother. I hope your health is better than I think it. Love to my good father, and the girls. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 136.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Saturday, 1807.

That racketting old Harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead:* she expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gaiety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at eight o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately. I hope I shan't meet the perturbed spirit at Tunbridge, for this is to notify that, in *the course of to-morrow*, you will see your humble servant on the ——; what's the name of the place? No matter, but *there* I shall be to-morrow, if Fortune have but one smile left, or if Joddrel's barouche can hold me. Yours most faithfully,

T. Moore.

[No. 137.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30. 1807.

Well monk, hermit, philosopher, misanthrope (or whatever title please thine ear), what are you about? My pen would naturally fall into its old habits of accusing you of forgetting absent friends, and not caring for any thing that was not stuck upon its chair before your eyes, if I had not made an effort over myself, and taken up a new system. I intend from this day forth and for evermore, to form myself upon the model of Charity, which, as St. Paul tells us, "suffereth long, and is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." So I suffer your long silence and seeming forgetfulness, and yet am kind; and I believe that you care for us, and I hope that you care for us: but as to enduring, I don't know what to say; it is an ugly word, and I am sorry I wrote it

down. The beautiful Miss Fawkeners came here yesterday and went away to-day. I did not see them; but they told Harry Greville, who asked me if it were true, and I said it was a lie, that you were actually married to an attorney's daughter with a large fortune. Miss Joddrel and her mother arrived here yesterday. The girl asked a thousand questions about you, and desired many pretty things to be said to you. She is in great beauty just now, and I thought in your little cottage you might be glad to hear that you were regretted by your former belles; and to show you that you are remembered by others also, I have cut out of a newspaper a copy of baddish sort of verses for your edification. What are you about now? every body asks us, and we can tell nobody. I should like to know for my own satisfaction, and I would keep it a most profound secret if you wished it; for when discretion and secrecy are required from me, I am without an equal upon this wide earth. So you live near an obelisk that I used to drive out to with the Crookshanks when I was last in Ireland: a dreary spot it is, as well as I recollect, without tree or bush to shelter you from sun or wind. I grieve at your banishment from this country, for I think you are thrown away in Ireland; and life is so short, and youth still shorter, that it is melancholy not to be able to enjoy it all, and still more melancholy to be obliged to live at all for the future in such times as these, when the future may come so frightful to us as to give us nothing but regrets for not having enjoyed the past while there was any good to enjoy. And yet you were wise too, and I have your real welfare too much at heart not to be glad for your sake at the sacrifice you have made, but I lament that it was necessary to make it. I hope nothing will prevent your return here this winter. You are so popu-

lar that I am afraid your head will be turned at the joy which your arrival in London will create among all your friends and acquaintance. You will find them all pretty much as you left them; hardly any chances or changes having occurred since you turned your back upon this gay world last summer, except that, for the women, *un an de plus, et une grace de moins* are something. You have of course seen and heard the Catalani. What do you think of her? She had outlived her fame in this country. Her voice astonished at first, but when the novelty was over they said she was more surprising than pleasing, and that she sung out of tune. She asked and got more for singing at concerts than anybody ever got before. She never went any where without her odious husband at her elbow, who never could bear that she should sing without being paid for it. Mr. Knight gave her some gay dinners as he was one of her greatest admirers. I saw her at the Fincastles and the Berry's, where she was made much of, and sang and appeared good-natured. La Canné and she hated each other, and would never sing at the same parties. Have you read Madame de Stael's new novel Corinne? Read it if you have not; it will amuse you in your cottage. You will hate the heroine, for you like to chain women down to their own firesides; and provided that they are beautiful and foolish, you ask nothing more. Now I don't quarrel with you about the fireside and the beauty, but I think it a pity you should protect and preach up folly. And note, I don't love Corinne myself, but I was interested in the book, for I like a fine, exaggerated, extravagant passion that breaks one's heart, such as one never sees in the natural course of human affairs. But you can't deny, much as you are disposed to dispute all my wise opinions, that, in the natural course of human

affairs things go on dully and stupidly enough, and that to-day is too much the ditto of yesterday. When once I take up the pen to write to you there is no getting rid of it; it sticks to my fingers and keeps moving on in spite of me; and here I have written you a long letter about nothing, and have never told you of the miserable anxiety of every one about our expedition to Copenhagen, which is however the only subject that any one talks of. What do you say to King Jerome Napoleon marrying our king's great niece, the Princess of Wirtemberg? Her mother was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, and sister to the Princess of Wales, so his son will be presumptive heir to the throne of England. I hope it will be a very wet day, and that you may be tired of books and writing when you receive this letter, and that you may be glad of anything to make a little variety in your life; then perhaps you may welcome this with all its dulness. A thousand kind things to you from us all. Never, while you live, forget us. Adieu.

M. G.

[No. 138.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, April 29. 1808.

Though I don't much care how light and inconsiderate I may seem to the world in general, yet with regard to the opinion of *friends* I am not altogether so indifferent; and therefore, though I allow the good people of Dublin to think (as indeed I have told them) that it was the toss-up of a tenpenny token which decided me against going to London, yet to *you* I must give some better signs and *tokens* of rationality, and account for my change of mind

in somewhat a more serious manner. As this task, however, is very little to my taste, seeing that I would rather vindicate any one else than myself, the present *exposé* must serve for "all whom it may concern;" and I therefore enjoin you to make the said document known unto our friend and *cozen*, Miss Mary, not forgetting our trusty and well-beloved Rogers, to the end that we may be no farther troubled therewith. In the first place, then, my motives for going to London may be comprised under the heads of *pleasure* and *ambition*, and the purest part of the former object you must take solely to yourselves, for (though, I confess, the taste of pleasure has not *quite* yet left my lips) the strongest attraction that my Epicureanism would have in London at present is the pleasure of being near you, with you, and about you,—"About you, goddess, and about you." Well, then, there's the *pleasure* of the thing settled. Now, with respect to the *ambitious* part, I don't know that I can be quite so explicit upon that head, for the objects of all *ambition* are generally as vague as they are distant; and luckily for the humble people of this world, those joys that give most pleasure to the heart are easiest defined and easiest attainable. I thought, however, that by republishing those last poems with my name, together with one or two more of the same nature which I have written, I *might* catch the eye of some of our patriotic politicians, and thus be enabled to serve both *myself* and the *principles* which I cherish; for to serve one at the expense of the other would be foolish in one way and dishonourable in the other. Though, however rash it would be to sacrifice myself to my cause, I would rather do it a thousand times than sacrifice my cause to myself. How happy when the two objects are reconciled! Well, against these motives of pleasure and ambition, I had a sad array of most cooling considerations; indeed, many of the reasons why Austria

should not go to war were the very reasons why *I* should not go to London — an *exhausted treasury, dilapidated resources,* the necessity of seeking subsidies from those who would fleece me well for it in turn, the unprepared state of my *capital,* &c. &c. " I have here a home, where I can live at but little expense, and I have a summer's leisure before me to prepare something for the next campaign, which may enable me to look *down upon* my enemies, without *entirely looking* up to my friends; for, let one say what one will, *looking up* too long is tiresome, let the object be ever so grand or lovely, whether the statue of Venus or the cupola of St. Paul's." Such were my reflections, while I waited for the answer to a letter which I had written to Carpenter, sounding him upon the kind of assistance which he would be willing to give me, and suggesting that, as it was entirely *for his interest* that I should go over (to get the work through the press which I left in his hands), I thought he ought at least to defray my expenses. His answer was so niggardly and so chilling, that it instantly awaked me to the folly of trusting myself again in London without some means of *commanding* a supply, and I resolved to employ this summer in making wings for myself against winter to carry me completely out of the mud. I have not time to add any more to this, which I have written in a great hurry, and have not now time to read over again; but I trust you will be able to make out from it very good and sufficient reasons for the sacrifice which I have doomed myself to make in not going to London this year. With respect to sister Mary's intelligence of my being in love, I shall answer that charge to herself, and shall only say that I wonder *she* is not sick of imputing to me a sensation of which, I am sorry to say, I have not felt one flutter these three years. Do not forget me; above all things do not forget me.

T. M.

[No. 139.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, August, 1808.

Dearest Mother,

For fear you should think I love to tantalize, I shall say no more about my departure till I am quite fixed upon the time; but one thing, I hope, will give you pleasure, and that is, that I have a task before me, which will keep me pretty long amongst you; but I must contrive to have lodgings in town, as my chief business will be with the libraries: so pray have your eye about for something comfortable.

This next year, with a little industry and economy, will, I expect, make me quite independent even of friends (I mean of my debts to them); for I have been offered *a thousand pounds* for a work which I think I can finish within the year, and which I intend to dedicate to Rogers. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I quite threw away the Melodies; they will make that little smooth fellow's fortune.

O Kate! the laziest Kate in Christendom!

[*The following letter only came into my hands very lately. It relates to the marriage of Mr. Richard Joyce Codd, Mr. Moore's maternal uncle. I insert it here as it relates to the same person whose death forms the subject of the letter immediately following. He was very little older than Mr. Moore.* — J. R.]

[No. 140.] *To Richard J. Codd, Esq.*

Donington Park, Monday.

My dearest Uncle,

Though my pen has been slow to congratulate you, my heart, I assure you, has not been behind-hand in the interest we must all feel in whatever regards your happiness; but I have been obliged to keep my wits in such a hot-house for this work, that plain prose is a thing I have hardly time to condescend to, and I could have written you a dozen of epithalamiums at shorter notice than one letter. While *you* are so well occupied with one fair one, no less than *nine* are tormenting *me*, — the nine Miss Muses, from the cold country of Parnassus, with nothing but their wits to keep them in pin-money! Seriously, my dear uncle, nothing has ever come nearer to my heart than the joy I have felt at your progress to happiness in every way. In taking to yourself what you love, you have secured the only sweet consolation in this world for those rude shocks which the hard corners of life must give now and then even to him who most cautiously turns them. *Few* may those corners be to *you*, dear uncle, and that love may *cover* them with *velvet* for you is my prayer and my confidence. I am quite anxious to see and know your chosen one. I dare not yet say when that can be, but I look to a happy summer amongst you with delight, and I trust to your goodness for conciliating her kind opinion of me. My dear mother and Kate, I know, love her, and I am sure will come as close as she can draw them to her, and altogether I think there will not be *one inequality* on the *perfect little circle* of affection we shall form.

God bless you. Best and dutiful love to my dear aunt, and believe me, my good uncle, yours most truly,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 141.] *To his Mother.*

Friday morning, 1809.

My dearest Mother,

From what I have heard of our poor Richard, I fear you must prepare your heart for *the worst;* and I am happy to think that you have not been very sanguine in your hopes for his recovery, as this will soften your feeling of a calamity, which, I own, requires *all* the softening that philosophy and preparation can give it. As for myself, he is the first dear friend it has ever been my fate to lose; and though he did not bring me close enough into intimacy to leave any very sensible void in my life, yet I am too well convinced of his worth and his warmth, and the zeal with which he would have stood by us in every extremity, not to feel his loss most deeply and sorrowfully. It is for *you* however, dearest mother, that I most particularly feel it. Those who die as he did, are not to be pitied; but I know how much and how justly you will lament him. You must not, however, let it sink too deep, darling mother; but while you mourn for the dead as he deserved, remember what you owe to the living. Indeed I dread less from your *grief* than I did from your *anxiety:* the latter had *hope* to keep it alive, while the former will naturally yield to time and good sense and consolation. It is for *us* who are still left to you to do all in our power to make you forget the melancholy loss which you have suffered, and as those who are deprived of *one sense* have generally the *remaining ones* more lively and exquisite, so I trust you will find in the love of those who

still live for you, but an increased sensibility to everything in which your happiness is concerned.

I mean to go out on Sunday to you, and shall stay till your mind has recovered a little from the first feelings of this event. Dearest mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 142.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 3. 1810.

I was quite sorry to hear from Rogers that you have had another attack of those sad fainting fits which used to annoy you so last year, and think you are very right in trying Baillie, instead of your old *state* physician Sir Francis. I shall be more anxious than, I fear, you will give me credit for, till I hear that you are recovered; and if you do not let me know immediately, even by a short bulletin, how you are getting on, I will never play Paddy O'Rafferty for you again. You will perceive by my seal that death has been a visitor in my family; and indeed it is the first time that I have had to lament the loss of any one very dear to me. My poor uncle, who went to Madeira, with but faint hopes of recovery from a decline, died there in four days after his arrival. I am so hourly prepared for these inroads on our social happiness, that the death of even the healthiest friend about me could scarcely, I think, take my heart by surprise; and the effect which such calamities are likely to have upon me will be seen more in the whole tenor of my life afterwards, than in any violent or deep-felt grief of the moment: every succeeding loss will insensibly sink the level of my spirits, and give a darker and darker tinge to all my future hopes and feelings. This

perhaps is the natural process which many a heart goes through that has to survive its dearest connections, though I rather think it is not the commonest way of feeling those events, but that, in general, the impression which they make is as *short* as it is keen and violent; and surely it is better to have one moment *darkly blotted*, with the chance of the next moment's washing it all out, than to possess that kind of sensibility which puts one's whole life into mourning. I am not doing much; indeed, the downright necessity which I feel of doing something is one of the great reasons why I do almost nothing. These things should come of their own accord, and I hate to make a *conscript* of my Muse; but I cannot carry on the war without her, so to it she must go. London is out of the question for me, till I have got ammunition in my pocket, and I hope by April to have some combustibles ready. How a poor author is puzzled now-a-days between quantity and quality! The booksellers won't buy him if the former be not great, and the critics won't let him be read if the latter be not good. Now, there are no two perfections more difficult to attain together, for they are generally (as we little men should wish to establish) in inverse proportion to each other. However, I must do my best.

Take care of yourself for *my* sake, best and dearest friend; and with warm remembrances to our well-beloved Mary, believe me, most faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Many a year of happiness and good health to you both.

[No. 143.] *To Mr. Power.*

Dublin, 1810.

My dear Sir,

If you have no objection, I rather think I shall take the liberty of drawing upon you very soon for whatever sum you may find it convenient to accommodate me with, and I shall discharge the obligation, *partly* in songs, or *entirely*, as you may think fit. I shall wait your answer, and propose, with your consent, to draw upon you either at *two* months for thirty pounds, or at *three* for fifty: in the latter case I shall take up *twenty* of the same myself, as I should not have songs enough for the whole; and in return for the kindness of the accommodation, I shall not avail myself of your offer of twelve guineas, but content myself with *ten*. I have some idea of writing a song for Braham, and *that*, if it succeeds, shall be among the number.

I have no objection to your brother knowing this negotiation between us, but I would rather have the telling of it to him myself, as, without some explanation, he would have a right to think me very extravagant of late, knowing how much he has accommodated me in; but the truth is, a very expensive honour has been conferred upon me, in the shape of admission to our leading club house here, which urges me more than I expected at this moment. Your answer as soon as possible will oblige.

Yours very truly,

Thomas Moore.

You will of course consider these particulars between us as sacred from every body except your brother: he already is aware that it is my intention to give you songs occasionally, according to the promise I made you. Direct to me, 22. Molesworth Street, Dublin.

[No. 144.] *To his Mother.*

Bury Street, Saturday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here on Wednesday; but was so hurried at first that I had scarcely time to send for pen, ink, and paper to write. I bid Power, however, to whom I wrote about business, let you know of my arrival; and you may be assured of my continuing frequent and punctual as usual. I have written a most pathetic little letter to Connor, which I would hope will make my dispatches pass glibly through his hands. Lord Moira is out of town, and so is Rogers. Lady Donegal, however, is at her post, and as steady as ever. It is strange that two years should have made so very little difference. I came into my rooms, as if I had left them but last week; my flannel-gown airing at the fire; my books lying about the tables; and the very same little girl staring in at me from the opposite windows. I found Miss Godfrey asleep in the evening, as usual; and, as usual, she wakened with a joke. I found my landlady as fond of me; and Carpenter as fond of himself as ever. In short, nothing seems altered but myself.

The King has got bad again within these two days past. God bless you, my dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I hope you got my letters from Holyhead and Birmingham.

[No. 145.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,

I am told that the report of the physicians is very unfavourable, and that a regency will be proceeded on imme-

diately, with no other change for some time, however, than the introduction of Lord Moira into the cabinet. I left my name this morning at Carlton House.

You would be amused if you knew all the letters and visits I am receiving from booksellers, music-sellers, managers, &c., with offers for books, songs, plays, &c. I rather think I may give something to Covent Garden; but I know you will be happy to hear that I am able to *keep* myself *up*, without any precipitate engagement or involvment of any kind, and that I am not hurried or urged from *any quarter*. Best love to father and the dear girls. From ever your own,

TOM.

I have seen the Sheddons about my Bermuda treasury, and they say I may expect to receive something very shortly.

[No. 146.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,

I am going on very quietly here, and have, as yet, seen nobody but the Donegals.

My cough is a good deal better; and I begin to think that the little waterfalls in Mrs. Booth's room tended considerably to keep me coughing.

They say now there will be measures taken for a regency; but, for some time, I do not think there will be any material change in the Ministry. Lord Moira is still out of town.

I am happy to find, dearest mother, by Kate's letter,

that you have got better of the illness you had after I left you. If my letters are any medicine to you, you shall have the dose regularly, "as before;" and I hope, in the course of some time, I may have something *cordial* to mix up with them. Ever yours,

TOM.

[No. 147.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,

The plot begins to thicken here very fast, and yesterday was expected to be a hard-fought day. I have not heard yet what was the result, but I think some time must yet elapse before there will be such a change of administration as I can take advantage of.

I have often *said* I was careless about the attractions of gay society, but I think, for the first time, I begin to *feel really* so. I pass through the rows of fine carriages in Bond Street, without the slightest impatience to renew my acquaintance with those inside of them.

Best love to all dears about you. Ever affectionately your own,

TOM.

[No. 148.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 3. 1811.

I wonder whether you have as beautiful a day before your eyes this moment as I have. "The green blood dances in the veins" of the young rose trees under my window, and the little impudent birds are peeping out as boldly

as if it were May-day. I am afraid, however, it is rather a rash speculation of theirs: like Spanish patriots, they are bursting out too soon, and General *Frost* will some night or other steal a *march* upon them. You may conclude from all this that I write to you from a garden; and so I do, from a garden most romantically situated at the end of Dirty Lane, which leads out of Thomas Street, well known in the annals of insurrection for

"The feast of treason and the flow of punch."

On my right is the "hanging wood" of Kilmainham, and from my left I catch the odoriferous breezes of a tanyard; so that you must not be surprised if such a sweet and picturesque situation should inspire me with more than usual romanticity. I am certainly, somehow or other, in most sunshiny spirits to-day; and I believe the principal reason of it is, that I have resolved this morning to be in Davies Street in the course of a fortnight. *Don't tell any one*, but I think my having *resolved* it is the *only thing* likely to prevent its taking place. I cannot find in my heart to let you have a revolution, without being up in town to attend it. You know most Irishmen are amateurs in that line, and I have not a doubt but John Bull soon means to give us a specimen of his talents for it. What will your friend the Duke* turn to? He may become a schoolmaster, like Dionysius, and instruct young gentlemen in the "art of polite letter writing;" and if he will condescend to join the *Quakers*, we shall have another union of the houses of York and

* The Duke of York.

Lancaster. I am afraid you will be angry with me for laughing in this manner at such serious events and such illustrious people, but I cannot help it; at least *to-day* I cannot help it; and if I do not send off this letter till to-morrow, you shall have a most loyal and dismal postscript to make up for my profane and "unparliamentary" levity. It is some comfort to you to think that *all* your countrymen are not such refractory reprobates as I am, and that there is but little fear of our incurring much suspicion for honesty or independence, while Messrs. B. and C. are alive to vindicate our characters. But why do I talk politics to you (in which we don't agree) when there are so many pleasanter things in which we *do?* One of them, I flatter myself, is the wish to see each other, and in that I seriously think we shall soon be gratified. Now be sure you meet me with all your heart and soul, for my stay will be but short. I stay a good deal at home with my father and mother here, eating boiled veal and Irish stew, and feeling very comfortable; in short, very much the same diet and feelings which I was used to in Davies Street; only that those about me *know* how much I love them, which you and *Mary* sometimes *pretended not* to know.

Rogers has not answered my letter, but I shall fire another at him soon.

This little note is a specimen of the sort which I intend to write to you *often* now; for, indeed, it is a sad thing to be long without knowing how this hard world deals with those who are away from us; and though I would willingly dispense with telling you about myself, yet it is a cheap price after all to pay for the delight of hearing from you.

Tell me something, when you write, about the political *secrets* of London, and particularly say whether you

have heard any thing about the *Plenipo's* difference with the Prince Regent. Ever yours,

T. M.

Best love to sister. Many happy returns of this year.

I have been waiting in awful suspense for a letter about the tickets, but I fear that Fortune's usual *blindness* to *merit* will leave *us* in the lurch as well as many other excellent people. "Call me not fool till Heaven shall send me fortune," is as much as to say that we wise personages need never expect a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery. But how *very* convenient it would be! How much it would brighten up all my views of politics, law, divinity, &c. For what *I* cared, they might send Mr. Percival to be second in command to St. Narcissus, or employ Sheridan's nose in bringing about a *thaw* for the armies in Finland; but there's nae sic luck for us, I fear. You are very right in saying that every pursuit is a lottery, and *my* ticket-wheel is my *head*, from which I draw ideas sometimes *blank* enough, God knows; but the fact is, I have kept Cupid too long for my drawing-boy, and as he is quite as blind as Fortune, it is no wonder that nothing *capital* has come forth, but I have dismissed him this good while.

* * *

[No. 149.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Feb. 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I forgot whether I told you that my excellent friend Douglas was among the many persons enriched by the old Duke of Queensbury's will.* He has been left 10,000*l.*

* Charles, Duke of Queensbury, died in December, 1810.

I saw him this morning for the first time these six years; I believe, *five* at least: he has never written a line to me during that time, and after an hour's conversation to-day he said, "Now, my dear little fellow, you know I'm grown rich: there is at present seven hundred pounds of mine in Coutts's bank; here is a blank check, which you may fill up while I am away, for as much of that as you may want." I did not of course accept this offer, but you may imagine what my feeling was at this unexampled instance of a man bringing back the warmth of friendship so unchilled, after an absence of five years. I never heard anything like it.

I got dear Ellen's letter, which is beautifully written, and I hope she will often let me have such. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 150.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I dined with Lord Holland on Wednesday, and yesterday with old Sheridan, who has been putting us off from day to day as if we were his creditors. We had yesterday Lord Lauderdale, Lord Erskine, Lord Besborough, Lord Kinnaird, &c. &c. My old friend, Lady A——, still faithful in her faithless way, took me to dinner in her carriage. I have at last got a little bedroom about two miles from town, where I shall fly now and then for a morning's work. It was quite necessary for me, if I did not mean to starve gaily and fashionably in London, though, indeed, the starvation part is not very likely.

I have found a method of getting a second-hand paper,

or rather a second-*day* paper, at rather a cheap rate, and I have long been wishing for it, in order to indulge you, my darling mother, with a sight of London paper and type once more. I send the first to-day, and direct it to my father at Island Bridge. It is the Morning Post, a terrible hack in politics: however, I have some hopes of getting it exchanged soon for a more liberal paper. Best love to all dears about you. From your own affectionate,

Tom.

[No. 151.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, April, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I have been so busy preparing the enclosed packet for Power, that I have hardly left myself time to say more than that I am very impatient to hear from you; as I long to know whether you have taken my prescription of airing and jolting, and whether it has made you stout again.

I am just now in a quandary of doubt about the levee. To dress or not to dress, that is the question: whether 'tis nobler keeping in my pocket seven guineas, which 'twill cost me for a waistcoat, or &c. &c. If Lord Moira was in town I would consult him and ask him to take me, which is another weighty point to be looked to. I rather believe, I shall wait till there is another levee. Ever yours, darling mother,

Tom.

[No. 152.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I have been these two or three days past receiving most flattering letters from the persons to whom I sent my Melologue. I was, however, much better pleased to get dear Kate's letter with news from home, as the long silence you all kept was beginning to make me a little uneasy.

Jeffrey, my Edinburgh friend, is in town: we have called upon each other, and I am to meet him to-morrow morning at breakfast with Rogers: to-day, I shall touch the two extremes of anarchy and law, for I dine with Sir F. Burdett, and go in the evening to Lord Ellenborough's.

Tell Kate I cannot give any opinion of Miss Owenson's novel; for *one* reason, *i. e.* because I have not read a line of it. Ever yours, my dearest mother,

TOM.

[No. 153.] *To his Mother.*

May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I have just seen Lady Donegal, as kind and delightful as ever. Her praises of *you*, too, were not the *worst* recommendations she returned with. She came last night. I breakfast with her on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week.* God bless you, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

* Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke, on March 25. 1811, at St. Martin's church, in London.

[No. 154.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

You will be sorry to see this letter unfranked; but Connor has written to me to say, that he did not authorise any one to tell us that the channel of the War Office was again opened: he has added, civilly, that he regrets it very much, &c. &c: however, do not fear, darling mother; I shall find some ways of letting you have your two letters a-week notwithstanding. It was but two days ago I got my dear father's letter about the letting of the house. If I thought, for an instant, that this resolution arose in any degree from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and, indeed, am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be *quite* sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you; and that, while my readiness to do every thing towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God! much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon. Indeed, *I may* be a little too alive to apprehension; but it struck me that there was rather a degree of coldness in the manner in which my dearest father's last letter mentioned my marriage; and if you knew how the cordiality and interest of all my friends has been tenfold increased since this event, you would not wonder, my darling mother, at the anxiety which I feel lest those, whom in this world I am chiefly anxious to please, should in the least degree withhold that full tribute to my conduct which my own conscience tells

me I deserve, and which the warm sympathy of all my other friends has given such a happy and flattering sanction to; but I know I am (like *yourself*) too tremulously alive upon every subject connected with the affection of those I love, and I am sure my father by no means *meant* to speak coldly.

With respect to letting the house, I do believe (if you really *like* to leave it) that it would be the best thing you could do. I know you want a little society, and in lodgings more convenient to those you are acquainted with you could have it. Besides, I should think my father might get something handsome by letting it, as that neighbourhood has become so much more promising since he took the place. All I want is, that you should not leave it from any fear that I shall be unable to do anything in future towards helping you through any occasional difficulties you may encounter; for, on the contrary (even if the present change in politics does not do all it ought to do for me), I have every prospect of having it more in my power to assist you, in my little way, than ever; and, if my father wants some money now, let him only apprise me, and draw on Power for it without hesitation.

I have not a minute to write more: my next letter shall go through Lord Byron. Ever yours, dearest mother,

TOM.

[No. 155.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, June 21. 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête, which I did not leave till past six in

the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eyes with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. There were many reports previous to it (set about, I suppose, by disappointed *aspirants*), that the company would be mixed, &c. &c.; but it was infinitely less so than could possibly be expected from the strange hangers-on that all the Royal Brothers have about them, and of course every thing high and noble in society was collected there. I saw but two unfortunate ladies in the group (mother and daughter) who seemed to "wonder how the devil they got there," and everybody else agreed with them. While all the rest of the women were outblazing each other in the richness of their dress, this simple couple, with the most philosophic contempt of ornament, walked about in the unambitious costume of the breakfast-table, and I dare say congratulated each other, when they went home, upon the great difference between their becoming simplicity and the gaudy nonsense that surrounded them. It was said that Mr. Waithman, the patriotic linendraper, had got a card; and every odd-looking fellow that appeared, people said immediately, "That's Mr. Waithman." The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.

This is a little *gossiping* for you, dearest mother, and I expect some in return from Kate very soon. God bless you. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 156.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, —— 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I did not write on Saturday, as I was a little nervous about my reading to the manager; but I came off with him ten times better than I expected, as I have indeed very little confidence in my dramatic powers. He was however very much pleased, and said its only fault was, that it would be too good for the audience, that it was in the best style of good comedy, and many more things, which, allowing all that is necessary for *politeness*, are very encouraging, and I begin to have some little hopes that it may succeed. I was very much amused by Kate's astonishment at my full-dated and full-signed letter. I suppose I had been writing a few *formal* epistles before it. Kate says that Boroughes is very curious about *franking;* but he has rather a curious mode of doing it, as the letter of my father's (which she says he franked the week before) I *never got*, and this last one of hers (which she says he *also* franked) I paid postage for. By the bye, I had begun to feel a little uneasy at not having heard from my dear father so long, and the only consolation I had was seeing some of his directions of the newspapers at Power's.

I am right glad to hear that little Dolly's lover, after holding out as long as Saragossa, has surrendered to her at last. Ever your own, my dearest mother,

Tom.

Do not mention my opera to any one, and bid Kate muzzle old Joe upon the subject.

[No. 157.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Friday, —— 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I got Kate's last letter here from town, and am delighted to think that you are all well and happy. Nothing can equal the luxury of this house, especially since *Monsieur's* arrival. I can imagine that it *may* be surpassed, but I am sure it *seldom* is: the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon have come with him.

How does Herbert's play go on? Tell him I wish to have a particular description of the situation in which he desires to have the *song* introduced, and I shall endeavour to make out something suitable to it.

If I could, I should like very much to return to Ireland with Lord and Lady Granard; but it is not very probable. Send the enclosed letter to Mrs. Mills: it will save her so much postage, and I ought to have written to her.

Love to Kate, dear father, and yourself.

Tom Moore.

[No. 158.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, August 17. 1811.

* * * * *

The season is now, indeed, so far gone, that I should not wonder if I were yet to have you witnesses of my first plunge; and oh! if I could pack a whole audience like you, with such taste for what is good, and such indulgence for what is bad; but I think there is not in the world so stupid or boorish a congregation as the audience of an

English playhouse. I have latterly attended a good deal, and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion when the Athenians applauded him, and ask what wretched *bêtise* had produced the tribute. I have been a good deal and most *loyally* alarmed, lest a certain catastrophe should interrupt the performances at the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before he is—(N. B. before he is *dead*, I mean — don't mistake me). His conversation latterly has been all addressed to George the First.

Your sister bids me give an account of my mode of living, and I promise to do so in my next letter, which now that I am released from my joke-manufactory, shall follow up this in closer order than I have hitherto preserved; but, in the meantime, I know I cannot tell you too often, that I am more rationally happy than ever I was; that, to compensate the want of worldly advantages, I have found good sense, simplicity, kind-heartedness, the most unaffected purity, and *rightness* of *thinking* upon every subject connected with my welfare or comfort.

I have no news for you. Rogers is still at his brother's in Shropshire. I suppose you saw the account in the paper of the apartments at Windsor into which the poor King was turned loose, and suffered to range blindly and frantic about, like Polyphemus in his cave. I never read anything more melancholy; the mockery of *splendour* which, they said, was preserved in these preparations (that he might knock his head royally against velvet and satin), made the misery of his situation so much more glaring and

frightful, that I am quite happy to find it was all a fabrication.

I shall write to *dear Mary* next week. I have *told my Bessy* that you know it, therefore you may write without restraint. Ever most truly yours,

T. M.

I would enclose this through the War Office, but the paper is too *thin* for stranger eyes.

[No. 159.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Killarney, Sept. 22. 1811.

You are so severe upon your poor opera, that, upon first opening your letter, we gave it up for lost, and thought it must certainly go to the regions below. However, upon going a little further on it was an agreeable surprise to find it had succeeded; and, upon turning to the Globe, the paper which we get, we had great consolation in seeing that it had been very well received, and was likely to go on with great success. What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself, and half a dozen people of taste very much, that had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people, but the public would not have borne it the second night. You wrote to please the public and not yourself; and if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame, if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this

piece has a great deal more merit than you allow that it has, and that whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip you have put in something excellent in your own way. At all events, the Globe gives us a very good account of it, and I'll stick to that; and I hope we shall see it next November with a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure we shall with a great deal of interest. Pray don't let Mr. Arnold cheat you: it really is too bad that every body cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and that you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them.

It gave us both great satisfaction to hear so pleasant an account of your domestic life, as that which your last letter to Bab contained. Be very sure, my dear Moore, that if you have got an amiable, sensible wife, extremely attached to you, as I am certain you have, it is only in the long run of life that you can know the full value of the treasure you possess. If you did but see, as I see with bitter regret in a very near connection of my own, the miserable effects of marrying a vain fool devoted to fashion, you would bless your stars night and day for your good fortune; and, to say the truth, you were as likely a gentleman to get into a scrape in that way as any I know. You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary: it covered a multitude of sins in your eyes, and I never can cease wondering at your good luck after all said and done. Money is all that you want, and it is very provoking to think how much that detestable trash has to do with our happiness here below. What between my sister's lawsuits, and settling my brother's affairs, we are sick of the word money, and I hope I shall live to see the day when it may never be mentioned in my hearing. We reckon upon leaving this place towards the end of October. We stay later than we intended on account of

my brother, who has not been well; and we have great pleasure in thinking that we have been of material service to him in every way, and have contributed as much to the restoration of his health as to the tranquillity of his mind. I like this county a thousand times better than any part of Ireland; and the common people are delightful. They are savages, with the strongest feelings and the most intelligent minds I ever met with; and so alive to kindness, and so unused to it, that they seem to adore any one that treats them with humanity. To be sure they cheat whenever they can, and they have not the smallest value for their own lives or the lives of others; and as they have strong feelings of gratitude they have also strong feelings of resentment, so that murder too often occurs amongst them. But I intend to prove to your satisfaction when we meet, that their vices are the work of the gentlemen of the country, and their virtues all their own; so wait till then, and bless your good fortune in escaping my reasoning for the present. The beauty of all this part of the country is not to be told. The lake does not belong to this world at all, but is certainly some little corner of heaven that broke off, and fell down here by some accident or other: and the musical echoes can only be produced by some of the choirs from heaven, who fell with this little corner, but don't choose to show themselves to mortal eyes. You think, I dare say, in England, that we are all in an uproar about the proclamation, and the Roman Catholic petitions. I really don't believe that there are fifty people in all Ireland that think upon the subject after the meetings are over, and the resolutions sent to the paper. There is not depth or steadiness enough of character in Irishmen to make great patriots of them. They talk much and do

little: this; too, to be proved to you when we meet. This is one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland, yet none of the leading ones attended the meeting, for they condemn all violence. I must say we set an example of toleration in this county worthy of a more enlightened people. Bab has got great credit for asking the Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop to the same party at her house. I suppose, because she is a courtier, they expected her to be a bigot. I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland upon the same subject as I can for this county, but I can't; and, unless they all turn Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians. And so now God bless you. If you intend to write soon, direct here; if not, to 11. Leinster Street, Dublin. Bab sends you a thousand kind things, such as loves, and friendships, and good wishes. And if you like to say anything from us to Mrs. M., we give you a *carte blanche* to say everything you would like for us to say to your wife, and, when the time comes for saying it to herself, we will with pleasure. Adieu, cher Tom,

M. G.

[No. 160.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, Oct. 28. 1811.

My opera has succeeded much better than I expected, and I am glad to find that Braham is going to play it at Bath; but I have been sadly cheated. What a pity that we "swans of Helicon" should be such geese! Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon * * * and * * often enough, God knows,

singing of them like Cadet Roussel's children, "*L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon — ah! ah!*" &c. &c., but it all won't do.

I suppose you have heard that I have had the magnificent offer of Lucien Bonaparte's poem to translate, and that I have declined it. I wrote to ask Lord Moira's advice about the matter, and his answer contained one thing most comfortably important in my opinion, as showing his thoughtfulness about my future interests; he bid me, in case I should find the poem unobjectionable in its political doctrines, to mention the circumstances to McMahon, and get the Prince's assent to my translating it, adding, that if I could wait till he arrived in town, he would mention it to the Prince himself.

The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street, leading direct from it to Carlton House. This is one of the "primrose paths of dalliance" by which Mr. Perceval is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart.

I have nothing more to say now, but that I am as tranquil and happy as my heart could wish, and that I most anxiously long for the opportunity of presenting *somebody* to you. If you do not make haste, I shall have *two* somebodies to present to you. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 161.] *To Mr. Longman.*

Wednesday, Bury Street, St. James's, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I am at last come to a determination to bind myself to your service, if you hold the same favourable dispositions

towards me as at our last conversation upon business. To-morrow I should be very glad to be allowed half an hour's conversation with you, and, as I dare say, I shall be up all night at Carlton House, I do not think I could reach your house before four o'clock.

I told you before that I never could work without a retainer. It will not, however, be of that exorbitant nature which your liberality placed at my disposal the first time I had the honour of applying to you; and I still beg, as before, that our negotiations may be as much as possible between ourselves. Whatever may be the result of them, I shall always acknowledge myself indebted for the attention I have already experienced from you, and beg you to believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 162.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I find the Master of the Rolls is in town, and, if possible, I shall go in to meet him. There is so much call for the opera, that I have *made* a *present* of it to little Power to publish; that is, *nominally* I have *made* a *present* of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons — *one*, that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light of the piece myself; and the *second*, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman. Little Power

is of wonderful use to me, and, indeed, I may say, is the first *liberal* man I have ever had to deal with. I hope both for his own sake and mine, that his business will prosper with him. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 163.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, Jan. 4. 1812.

I did not like to write to you during the first moments of your unhappiness, because indeed there is nothing harder than to know what to say to friends who are in sorrow, and the best way is to feel with them and be silent. Even now, I am afraid if I speak honestly, I shall confess that a selfish feeling is predominant with me, and that I am much more grieved by your absence, which is *my* distress, than the cause of it, which is *yours*. This after all, however, is very natural, and I am sure you will give me more credit for sincerity in *missing* you whom I know and love, than in mourning over your brother whom I scarcely was lucky enough to be even acquainted with. Most happy shall I be to see you back once more from a country which could have but little charms for you at any time, but which the sadness and perplexity you have met there now must render particularly gloomy and disagreeable. I shall be the more happy at your taking your leave of it for ever, as I have every hope and thought of being able to live in England myself; and the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I should want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it: so that I own I shall not be *quite* easy till you are once more upon English ground.

I have been living very quiet and very happy, with the exception of those little apprehensions which I must naturally feel at the approaching trial of poor Bessy's strength. She is very delicate indeed, but her spirits and resolution are much better than they were at first.

I was going to talk to you about being god-mother, but as you will not be here at the time, we shall wait till the *next*, though I sincerely hope they will come "like angel visits, *few* and *far between*."

Rogers has been at Lord Robert Spencer's this fortnight past, but I have this instant got a note from him asking me to a tête-à-tête dinner.

On Sunday last I dined at Holland House. Lord Moira took me there and brought me back. There is no guessing what the Prince means to do: one can as little anticipate his measures as those of Buonaparte, but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness's hair is much more settled than any thing in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Percival's much more stoutly. At the same time I must say, that there are not the same signs of his jilting Lord Moira, as there are of his deserting the rest of the party. Lord M. is continually at Carlton House, and there was a reserve among the other statesmen at Holland House on Sunday in talking before him, as if they considered him more in the *penetralia* of the sanctuary than themselves: it was only in groups after dinner that they let out their suspicions upon the subject. Lord Moira has not, for a long time, been so attentive to me as since his last return to London.

I never am let to write half so much as I wish; but now that I have broken the chilling ice which the

last sad misfortune cast between our communications, you shall hear from me constantly. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 164.] *To his Mother.**

Saturday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother.

I never had such a *flattering*, but embarrassing scene as yesterday. I dined at Lord Holland's, and there were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Morpeth, &c. Their whole talk was about my poem, without having the least idea that I had written it: their praises, their curiosity about the author, their guesses, &c., would have been exceedingly amusing to me, if there had been *no one* by in the secret; but Lord Holland knew it, which made me a good deal puzzled how to act. Nothing for a long time has made such a noise. The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I dare say it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you.

Rogers has this instant sent me a present of a most beautiful reading-desk, which puts the rest of my room's furniture to the blush. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I am going to dine with Croker on Monday.

* On the appearance of his Parody of the Prince's Letter.

[No. 165.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, 1812.

I take advantage of a frank, and have but one moment to say that I am a papa! and, contrary to my express intentions, it is a little girl.* It is well for you that I have not time now to tell all I feel about your neglect of my last letter. *You* I forgive a little, because you don't like writing; but it is so unlike dear Mary, that I am afraid I am beginning to be forgotten. The Berrys and C. Moore hear continually, and Rogers, indeed, very often taunts me with the preference shown to them; but I tell him I have no doubt they deserve it, however I may lament that I have *lost* such *valued ground* to them. *Will* you be god-mother to my little girl? I would not add to your responsibilities in the child line, if the god-father, who is rich and generous, did not *ask* to stand for the very purpose of taking care of the little one, if any thing should happen to us. Therefore it is the high, precious, *heart-felt sanction* (the *honour* I would say, if it were not too cold a word), the *sanctification* which your name would give to my present happy tie. This is what I want, and what I am sure you will grant me.

I hardly know what I write, but I shall be more collected next time. We are all doing well. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

* Mr. Moore's eldest daughter, Anne Jane Barbara, was born on the 4th February, 1812.

[No. 166.] *To Lady Donegal.*

—— 1812.

I wrote to you last week; at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's "Ode to Posterity," will never be delivered according to its address. Instead of directing to Leinster Street, as you bid me, I have dispatched it to *Killarney*, with the same idea of shortness that the Irishman had when he said, "my name is Tim, but they call me O'Brallaghan *for shortness*," I dare say it will be some weeks before it reaches you, which, however, I hope it *will* do at last, as there were some little family details in it not quite fit for the eyes of the uninitiated: for instance, there is an account of a *birth*, and rumours of a *christening*, and a modest request that you would take the poet's first production under your patronage; seriously, I have been unreasonable enough to ask that you would allow me to give your name to my little daughter; and I have at the same time told you, that I would not have added to your responsibilities in this way, only that the god-father, who is rich enough to buy all Parnassus, has taken the worldly risk entirely upon himself, and left only the spiritual and godly responsibilities to your ladyship, who will, I am sure, be as *willing* as you are *able* to undertake it.

I also threatened you with a little overflowing of my heart on the subject of your silence to me; but this I feel too deeply to venture upon in a letter. Charles Moore tells me that you are certainly coming in April, and Charles Moore has been indebted to my anxiety to know something about you, for two or three visits, which otherwise I might not perhaps have paid him; for, after all, though I can bear *participation* in what I value, I am very

impatient of *monopoly*, and nothing but my real wish to know that you are well and happy could make me submit to inquire news of you from a person who so *totally* engrosses your attention. You never before left a letter of mine so long unanswered as the one I last sent to Leinster Street.

One thing is pretty certain, that you will soon be rid of me. In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power, I see an end to the long hope of my life; and my intention is to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life to the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness. It will make me very unhappy to be forgotten by you, but not half so much so as I should be if I thought I *deserved* it. I la not time for more. Ever your sincere friend,

THOS. MOORE.

I have not time to look over this, but I fear there is a little *spleen* in it; and the truth is, that the political events of these few days, so suddenly breaking up all the prospects of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.

[No. 167.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Friday, March 6. 1812.

Your letters have made ample amends for your silence, and I am always ready to believe, at a minute's notice, the kindest assurances of recollection which you can make me; indeed, I cannot hear them renewed too often, and I should not wonder if there were at the bottom of all my *com-*

plainings a little lurking wish to draw these kind professions from you rather than any serious supposition that I am *really* either forgotten or supplanted. No, I believe I have a ninety-nine years lease of your hearts, which is *pretty nearly* as long a term as I shall want them for; and you may set up the sign of the *Angel* over them afterwards. I suppose I can tell you nothing in politics that you have not heard already; but I dare say I should give a very different colouring to my intelligence. Your correspondent is one of the *livery-servants* in politics, and his sentiments of course take the colour of his *facings;* but *I*, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I find him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege. You seem to think, both Lady Donegal and you, that the late events are likely to depress my spirits; and I am not sorry that you *did* think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lost; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is, I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance. My intention now is, as I have told you already, to live in the country upon the earnings of my brains, and to be as happy as love, literature, and liberty can make me. I think of going somewhere near Lord Moira's for the sake of the library; and though I shall have but few to talk *to* me, I will try to make many talk *of* me. This now shall be my only

ambition, and I mean to lay the whole *lever* of my mind to it. Lord Moira has behaved with all that delicate high-mindedness, which those who know him well expected from him. When he told the P. that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did once when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, "You'll desert me then, Moira?" "No, sir," says he; "when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side to sink, if it should so please God, under its ruins with you!" He is certainly going to Vienna.

(*To Lady D.*)

Your answer about my little girl was so long coming, and mamma was so impatient to have her made a Christian (seeing, as she said, that "children always *thrive better* after it"), that I was obliged to take my chance for your consent; but not wishing to presume too much, we have not placed you in the *van* of responsibility, but merely made you bring up the rear in the following long army of names, "Anne Jane Barbara Moore."

We are all well, at least *pretty* well, for poor Bessy is sadly altered in looks; indeed, so totally, that, though she says nothing ails her, I cannot think how health can be compatible with such pale emaciation, and am therefore not a little anxious about her. I hope you will come before we leave London. Ever most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 168.] *To his Mother.*

Friday night, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

After long wishing and waiting, I got a letter from my dear father to-day, and I quite jumped at it with impatience, after the long silence you have all kept. I hope *now* however, since I have told you of the convenience of inclosing to Lord Byron, that you will let me hear a *little* oftener about you; for, indeed, all this time that Kate has been with you, you have been three writers in family, and I am but one; besides *I* write for the public, and Kate and Nell have little other authorship than gossiping now and then to me, which I hope they will afford me oftener.

I think of taking a little tour the beginning of next week, to look for some rural retreat somewhere, as I am quite weary of London, and I find my friend Dalby is confined with an illness which may prevent him for some time investigating the neighbourhood of Donington for me.

I wish, whenever you have a good opportunity, dear mother, you would send me the remainder of my books, as I am collecting a library, and am resolved to get all together that I can. Tell Kate she must leave her Boileau to me in her will. I owe her many books still, and, as soon as I can get an opportunity, I will send her Lord Byron's book (which is *every thing* now), and one or two more new publications.

My Lord Byron liked so well the way I conducted my *own* affair with him, that he chose me as his friend the other day in a similar business, and I had the happiness of bringing him through it without going to extremities. When I say that "he liked so well," &c., I don't mean that

he gave that as a reason for employing me, but I think it was a tribute that amounted to pretty much the same thing, and I was flattered by it accordingly.

I am quite sorry, my darling mother, to find that you have had your winter cold; but the sweet season that we feel now will, I trust, quite restore you.

I shall take care and not write anything in the papers. Poor Hunt is *up* for his last article but one against the Prince. God bless you, darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 169.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have not had an answer from Dalby yet, but am in the same mind about retiring *somewhere*, and I should prefer Donington both from the society and the library. Lord Moira told me himself that he meant to withdraw entirely from politics, so that I look upon all hope from him in this way as completely extinguished, and must only look to myself for my future happiness and independence; indeed, I rather think, from the appearance of the times, that the best of the great ones hold their places and possessions by a very precarious tenure, and he that has nothing to *fall from* is the only one that has nothing to fear. I don't know whether I told you before, (and if I did not, it was my uncertainty about it for some time which prevented me,) that the Powers give me between them *five hundred* a-year for my music; the agreement is for seven years, and as much longer as I choose to say. This you will own (however precarious, as depending on their success in business) is very comfortable as long as it lasts,

and shows what may be done with my talents, if exerted. You will not mention this much. As soon as I have leisure to finish a long poem I have in hand, I shall get a good sum for it, which will, I hope, enable me not only to pay my debts, but to assist my dearest father with something towards *his* establishment. So you see, darling mother, my prospect is by no means an unpromising one, and the only sacrifice I must make is the giving up London society, which involves me in great expenses, and leaves me no time for the industry that alone would enable me to support them: this I shall do without the least regret.

My friend Lord Byron's poem is doing wonders, and there is nothing talked of but him every where; he certainly is * * * [*The rest of the letter has been lost.*]

[No. 170.] *From Mr. Dalby.*

Castle Donington, March 31. 1812.

My dear Moore,

Your determination to quit the great city, and take up your residence among humble villagers equally delights and surprises me. From the hint you gave me in your first letter, that you intended to explain your plan to Lord Moira, I formed a hope that you would be *made* to abide in the very centre of attraction, the house at the Park, with your books all around you. This, however, was not by any means the cause of my delaying to give you an answer in due time. One of the worst colds I ever had, in combination with a long series of the worst weather I ever remember, absolutely prevented me from making that industrious search after a house for you in this neighbourhood, which I no less wished, than you seemed to require

me to make. I could, indeed, at once have said that there is no house in Donington to be had for you, that is, which would suit you; but this "not satisfactory" answer was what I could not, in obedience to my own feelings, think of sending you. As soon as my present unwelcome visitor, that has detained me in the house for the last fortnight, has taken its leave, I intend to form a complete circle with a radius —(when a poet talks of "ratio," surely one that fancies himself something of a mathematician may indulge himself with his "circle and radius")—of three miles round the library at the Park, and industriously examine every point of the whole superficial contents to find out a house, neither too large nor too small, with a garden to it, that will do for the residence of a poet. By the bye, you don't say whether it must be a flower-garden or a potato-garden; and, between the poet and the Irishman, I am at a loss to determine which. This you must determine for yourself; and therefore you may, in good earnest you may, depend upon it, that the moment I have found a house which appears to me in any manner suitable for you, I shall give you information.

I have had two or three letters from Lord Moira since the restrictions expired, but he does not say one word of his disappointments. I am, dear Moore, most sincerely yours,

JNO. DALBY.

Lord Byron writes a worse hand than I ever saw before. It is almost impossible to believe that English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was originally written in so vile a hand.

[No. 171.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, May 23. 1812.

My dear Sir,

I send you the commencement of our fifth number, and I am glad we have begun so auspiciously, as I think it will make a very pretty and popular duet.

Many thanks for your inquiry at the inn, but we have got our things. They were carried by mistake to Derby.*

I have written two more verses to the inclosed air, as I mean now to finish as I go on.

You cannot imagine what a *combustible* state this country is in—all the common people's heads are full of revolution. Yesterday the bells of this and the neighbouring villages were ringing all day for the change of Ministry. Pray, let me know everything curious that comes to your knowledge in music, literature, and politics. Bessy sends best regards. Ever yours,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 172.] *From Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey.*

May, 1812.

The sight of your handwriting does one good; and the general joy which even a line from you diffuses throughout the house, would, I think, give you pleasure if you could witness it. But as you cannot, you must take my word for it. We are happy to find that your journey was performed without accident, and that Bessy is so much pleased with her new habitation, though I dare say that its greatest charm is its distance from London, and seclusion from the "haunts of man." I hope that your friends will

* Mr. Moore settled at Kegworth in the spring of 1812.

not officiously break in upon you; but I hear that Lord Byron meditates a visit to Kegworth, as Rogers has told you in the enclosed note. He (Rogers) talks of you both in the most amiable manner, and Lord Moira and Lady Loudon * * * As usual, here am I, the poor *pis aller*, to tell you the rest, for she was obliged to go off in the midst of what she was saying, and I must supply her place as well as I can; and so, as she was saying, everybody that you care about speaks and thinks and feels about you precisely in the very way you would like. And for that most ungrateful of Bessys, she has made the most favourable impression upon all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from. I hope you are all unpacked and settled comfortably by this time; and that you both find every thing exactly as you like it should be in this best of all possible worlds. You have a happy talent of persuading yourself that you *intend* to write the longest letters containing the fullest details of every interesting particular about yourself to your intimate friends in the course of *next week*. But for my part, I have long heard talk of those long letters and that next week; as to seeing them, I have never yet had that pleasure. However, to be just to you, you are not near so bad as you were before you married, and I live in hopes of Bessy's making you wiser and better every day. I dare say you are almost mad with delight and fit to be tied, at the thoughts of Mr. Wortley's success. The poor departed Ministers were thunderstruck, for he was their supporter through many a year of hard labour to keep their places. Lord Wellesley, they say, will move heaven and earth to make up a Ministry with Lord Holland, Lord Moira, Lord Lansdowne, and Canning. His first measure, to give the Catholics all they ask; his second, to send every soldier he can lay his hands on to Spain, and

to make a sublime effort there; and his third, to tax us within an inch of our lives. If we live to tell the story, we shall tell it grandly, and you had better get ready your epic poem for the occasion. If we die, we shall die like demi-gods, but what'll become of your poem?

Yesterday, at the levee, Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Hertford were leaning on a writing-table which broke, and down they came: that good honest man, that nobody cares for because he is honest, Lord Sidmouth, caught at the table to prevent the fall, and got his hands all over ink. "Well," he said, "I did hope to have gone out of office with clean hands." In the Prince's interview with Lord Wellesley and Canning, when he was trying to persuade them to join with the relics of Percival, he tried all ways to soften them, and finding them inflexible upon the Catholic question, he rubbed his hands and said, "I must try then to get Liverpool and Eldon to give up this point." Bab thinks you may enclose once more to Lord Glenbervie when you have a large packet, but he is tottering with the rest, and I suppose only holds his place till arrangements are made. She has got two packets from Power for you; they came yesterday; but she has not yet been able to get a large frank for them, but will for Monday's post.

I am in a violent hurry, so make the best of my blots and scratches, and give our love, downright, honest love, to Bessy; and we send the ditto to yourself, wishing you places and pensions in this new order of things. Yours ever,

M. G.

Bab will really write soon.

[No. 173.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Kegworth, Wednesday, —— 1812.

This is *not* "the long letter next week," so don't mistake it for it. Campbell, you know, says that "coming events cast their shadow before;" so this is only the *shadow* of the coming letter, which you shall have, please pen and ink, before next Tuesday. The first glass of wine of *my own* that I've drunk since I came here was the day before yesterday to the late Ministry, and (as we say in Ireland) "sweet bad luck to them." I feel more indifferent about chances and changes than ever I did in my life, which makes it more likely, perhaps, that I shall get something good out of them, for Fortune is one of those ladies who are piqued by indifference, and generally makes her advances to those who could contrive to do very well without her.

I took Bessy yesterday to Lord Moira's, and she was not half so much struck with its grandeur as I expected. She said, in coming out, "I like Mr. Rogers's house ten times better;" but she loves everything by association, and she was very happy in Rogers's house. By the same rule, I think 56. Davies Street would excel, in her eyes, every mansion in the Lady's Almanack.

Good by. I was very near forgetting though, that you have kept me in sad suspense about a packet (one of those that were sent to you) which comes from Bermuda, and which, I shrewdly suspect, contains *money;* if you had had a suspicion of this, I know you would have contrived, somehow or other, to put wings to it for me; but I dare say you sent it flying yesterday. Good by again. Ever yours,

Thomas Moore.

I am sorry the old *Woodman** is going out; but we shall get somebody else perhaps.

Since I wrote the above, I have received the packet from you, and it *is money* indeed! Bessy imputes this luck entirely to a little robin redbreast that has haunted us these two days.

[No. 174.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Wednesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

You missed one letter from me last week on account of my bustle in town, but now that I am returned (and right happy to get back), you shall have your weekly dues as regular as ever. I came yesterday morning, very much fatigued indeed with sitting up all night, and I found Bessy and the little one pretty well. Bab *had* been very ill during my absence, on account of something wrong they gave her to eat at Dalby's, but she is now getting round again.

I dined with Lord Moira again a day or two before I left town, and from what I could collect from him and others, I do not think there is much probability of his going over to Ireland. He will not go without full powers of emancipation, and those they will not give him. The Chancellor is the dire stumbling-block in the way both of him and the Catholics.

This little trial of London has only made me love my quiet home and books better. Indeed, I want but *you*, darling mother, and my good father and Ellen with me to confine all my desires within this dear circle. My friends in London were astonished at my *fat*. Ever your own,

Tom.

* Lord Glenbervie.

[No. 175.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I dined with Lord Moira yesterday, and I fear I shall be obliged to go there again to-morrow. I say "I *fear*," because I do not like to leave Bessy alone; and, besides, she is always so anxious about my returning at nights, which are now growing dark: however, to-morrow is Lady L.'s birthday, and as they will most probably be off in a day or two more, I think I shall go. I believe I told you about her kindness in undertaking to consult her own physician in London about Bessy's health. She is to call upon us the day after to-morrow, for the purpose of hearing accurately from Bessy herself the state of her health, and getting Dr. Clarke's opinion upon it when she arrives in town. I got the paper my dear father sent me with Curran's speech. I am delighted to find that Lord Moira is regaining so fast the popularity which he lost for a moment with the Catholics; and, indeed, from the general aspect of affairs, I don't think it at all improbable that we shall see him lord lieutenant of Ireland this next year.

I have had a very kind letter from my friend Colonel Hamilton. Bessy was to have written to-day, but she has Mary Dalby with her, and therefore only sends her love. Ever your own,

Tom.

Let me know whether my letters go regularly now.

[No. 176.] *To Mr. Power.*

Friday, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,

I got the parcel yesterday, which I find you had sent off before you received my letter through Lord Glenbervie.

I shall therefore dispatch this by post, lest there should occur any delay in its reaching you; and I have to ask pardon for having omitted answering two or three questions in your former letters. In the first place, with respect to a subject for the engraving to this number, I agree with you that the Minstrel Boy would be a very good subject, and more simple than Love, Wit, and Valour, which occurred to me as offering a tolerable field for the fancy of a good artist; but the other is, as you say, very national, and I should suppose you mean the boy to be taken when fallen on the ground and tearing away the strings of his harp. The title of "Merrily oh!" I would have as follows: "The Tyrolese Song of Liberty; a national air, arranged with English words, and dedicated to Miss Rawdon:" but I should like to see it as arranged for a single song before you print it, if that be not already done, or at least a proof of it.

With respect to which of the songs I mean for the *Book*, that is entirely as you may think proper yourself; you are the best judge of the mode in which they will tell to most advantage. The order of the Melodies I shall think over against Tuesday, when I will send you those back you may wish for, through Lord Glenbervie. Let me know by letter to-morrow, which of the manuscripts you sent you wish returned.

If you have a verse of "Oh! see those Cherries," beginning "Old Time thus fleetly," it is all I have written or intend to write to it.

I shall finish the number of the Melodies this month. I am sorry to find that there is no air in it at all likely to suit my own singing, which does not tell well for the number. When I write to your brother, I will bid him send me some more: there is one lately published by him with words of Curran's, but it is no great things.

I looked over Gardiner's preface as you desired me, and if the subject you were thinking of be a New Version of the Psalms, I am afraid that is a task that would be sure to bring disgrace upon me, for I agree with Dr. Johnson, that such a work must "necessarily be bad." But I'll tell you what I should be very glad to undertake with Stevenson, and that is, a series of Sacred Songs, Duets, &c.; the words by me, and some of the airs. If you think this would do, I shall very readily join him in it.

I am still without any further intelligence about Lord Moira's plans. Ever yours, my dear sir,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 177.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, June, 1812.

I send you the Tyrolese air, which I have just written words to, and I think it goes beautifully. Pray let me know whether anything more is done with Stevenson; if not, I shall send you up a letter, which you must forward to him with my songs to be arranged. The second verse of "Cease, oh! cease," is to be thus:

"Say, oh! say no more that lover's pains are sweet,
I never, never can believe the fond deceit.
Thou lov'st the wounded heart,
I love to wander free;
So, keep thou Cupid's dart,
And leave his wings to me."

This will sparkle better in the page. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 178.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, June 12. 1812.

My dear Sir,

I hope you got my little parcel last week with the Tyrolese air, and that I soon shall hear from you about

Stevenson. I got the proofs you sent through Lord Glenbervie; but unfortunately it was most deceitful intelligence that Joe Atkinson gave me about the War Office being again opened to me, for it is as shut as ever; and all I can do is to send my packet back to Lord Glenbervie, and get him to frank it to Ireland. You shall have the proofs at the same time. I wish we could get the Irish airs your brother has. Pray write to him about them.

What an unexpected turn these long delayed arrangements have taken! I cannot suppose, however, that the House of Commons will allow these *invalided* gentlemen to go on with the Ministry. The tone in which you write about *my* political expectations is as liberal as usual, and very cheering to me. I do not think I ever met any one who feels so rightly about me as you do.

Do you think do the Americans mean *seriously* to put a few hundreds a year in my pocket?

Within this week past I feel something like settlement to business; *and ten days shall seldom pass over my head* without your seeing some proofs of my industry.

Mrs. Power is very good-natured to think of little Nanny, and Bessy means very soon to write her a long account of all our domestic felicities. You certainly *must* come down to us: we have already a room which is called Mr. Power's room.

Believe me, with the best regards of Bessy and myself to Mrs. Power and you, ever sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 179.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday night, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,

I am sincerely sorry to put any *drag* upon the *wheel* of a business, which seemed to run so glibly and prosperously

to-day; but, upon mentioning the kind of *forms* which we had used in our agreement to the friend with whom I consult about everything of this kind, he made me feel the very great irregularity I had been guilty of, in putting myself totally in the power of your brother and you, while I had not a *line* in return to give me the least claim or binding upon *you*. I need not tell you how much I wish our compact to depend solely upon the good-will and convenience of all those concerned in it; but still it is rather sinking *me* into a comparative nothingness in the arrangement to make me write a formal agreement to *your* terms, without letting me have one line in writing from *you* to guarantee an equal observance of the stipulations on your side. Indeed, I am well convinced that it is only from oversight that you or your brother could have proposed such a very unequal arrangement, and I therefore feel less hesitation in begging that you will both return me the letter I have written you, and let us strike out some mode of giving a form to our agreement, in which the securities may be somewhat more regular and reciprocal. I am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 180.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Kegworth, June, 1812.

This is merely an experiment to try how I can get at you through the Woods and Forests *, and as soon as I have cleared the vista, we shall have many a peep at each other. We arrived here safe and tired, though, I must say, I never made a journey with less fatigue, for we had

* Through a kind friend of mine, Lord Glenbervie, we long continued to enjoy this privilege.

the inside of the stage to ourselves, and it was like travelling in the family coach. Bessy is quite pleased with our new house, and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton. But we are still in all the horrors of settling, and if a life could be found worse than that of "buttoning and unbuttoning," it would be packing and unpacking. We talk often over your kindness to us the morning we came away, and *I* think often of your kindness to me every morning I have ever seen you. God bless you for it all; and, as I intend now to go to church every Sunday, you shall have many a prayer offered up for you; none of your worn-out devotions, that have been hacked till they are good for nothing, but bran-new prayers, that (at least *in church*) are very little the worse for the wear. Love to dear Mary and your sister, from theirs and yours ever,

T. M.

[No. 181.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

June, 1812.

I had much rather be hang'd than write to you, for you treat my letters with the utmost contempt, and always answer them to Bab, which is as much as to say, "I implore you not to write to me any more." But yet, being as good-natured a fool as you ever had the pleasure of knowing, I will give you a few lines, because Rogers says you want to know the whys and the wherefores, and the on dits of all these late political follies. It will puzzle me to tell you *why* Lord M., from a high-flown sense of honour, quite above the common flight of common understandings, has thought it right, and loyal, and patriotic to

keep in a set of Ministers, whom he has hitherto appeared to think knaves and fools, and to be the champion of Lord Yarmouth, &c., for whom he feels a thorough contempt. And when he thought the salvation of the country depended upon the Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Orders of Council, in short, upon a total change of men and measures, *why* he sacrificed his poor dear country and only thought of saving Lord Hertford's and Lord Yarmouth's places, and all in the name of *honour*, is what I never can tell you; at least, I can only tell you that his friends say it was all *honour;* that Lord Yarmouth had behaved particularly ill to him, and that he felt it was a *point of honour* not to allow the Prince to dismiss him, lest it might be supposed he was actuated by personal pique; that it would be acknowledging that he believed in the influence of the house of Hertford over the Prince if he recommended their dismissal; that Lord Grey and Lord Grenville insisted upon it in so high a tone, that yielding to them was lowering the Prince; so that, over and above his own tremendous honour, he took the Prince's also under his protection — *c'étoit bien peu de chose.* There he made his stand. And I am firmly persuaded that he acted a most disinterested part, and that he has been the dupe of his own honourable feelings, and the Prince's tears. To these he must believe he has sacrificed his country, for he has long said these Ministers and their measures were ruining it. He may set up for a pattern of an honourable man and devoted friend, but as to a patriot or statesman, I suppose he cannot. Do you think he can? The Opposition are also condemned for not coming in without saying a word of the household; and, after arranging the Ministry, they might have dismissed the household with impunity, for the Prince would then have been afraid to

object. Lord Ellenborough says, they have lost the game with four by honours and the odd trick in their hand. Mr. Sheridan is accused of having acted so unaccountable a part, that he thinks it right to come forward with explanations in the House of Commons. Lord Yarmouth says he told him he intended to resign the moment the Opposition came in, on purpose that he might inform them of it. Sheridan says he heard him make such a declaration, but it appeared to him to arise from the pettish feeling of the moment, and that he was not authorised to repeat it. Lord Yarmouth says he was. So the story is to be told in the House of Commons. In the mean time I am now persuaded that the ministers we have are as good as any others. They manage their own affairs so well, that I live in hopes of their outwitting Buonaparte as they have outwitted the Opposition. And as to patriots, I don't believe in the existence of any such creatures. Don't write any more good things. Lord Moira says the P. must no longer be trampled on, — that he must be kept up to the people. There are some ill-natured remarks now and then upon potato-heads, and sneers at the word honour, which grieve me, for I think highly of the man — but, alas for the statesman!! I might just as well have spared you all this, for you may read it in the papers. Rogers put it into my head to write, though I have but little to say. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. Yours sincerely,

M. G.

There was a fine scene about the ribbon that the P. took off his own shoulders to put on Lord Moira's at the installation. Tears ensued.

[No. 182.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Monday, June 22. 1812.

You must take every line I write to you now as pure matter of friendship, without one grain of self-interestedness in it, for my Lord Glenbervie has given me free leave to make use of him *on my own account*, and so I am now independent of you, and might crack my fingers at you, if it were not for a little sneaking kindness that makes me think of you even when you are *not* doing me services; a sort of repose, in which you so seldom indulge yourself, that I ought to avail myself of every such short opportunity as you allow me for the display of my disinterestedness.

I thank you very much for the pamphlet, and if you think the Quarterly Review will come within the limits of Lord G.'s privilege and good-nature, Power shall now and then trouble you with one for me. I would not ask you to send me the Edinburgh, because that is growing too heavy to be franked.

They are preparing at Donington for Lord Moira, but I should suppose he is tied too fast by the ribbon to come away; and, in the mean time, I meet very good company at the Park, both ancients and moderns, Greeks and Persians; and the best of it is, I have the privilege of bringing home as many of them as I please to a visit with *me*.

I have heard nothing whatever of Lord Byron, and I dare say he will return to London without my seeing him. Lord Tamworth called upon me yesterday, but I was at church!

From what I see of this place, I have the pleasure to tell you that I think we shall be able to live very cheaply in it. There is no fear of my getting too fat with eating;

the market is as bad nearly as that of Bermuda, where they ring a bell to announce the *event* of their going to kill a *creatur*.

Bessy is plagued with headaches. *You* never say anything about your health, but I think often of those vile attacks you have, and wish you would tell me whether they are less frequent. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I shall write to Rogers this week, but I am ill myself to-day with a pain, something like rheumatism, in my shoulder: it may, however, be a strain which I have got in *hoisting* little Barbara. How is *your* little Barbara?

[No. 183.] *From Lord Glenbervie.*

London, June 25. 1812.

Dear Sir,

I can assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to be in any respect instrumental in enabling you to continue, with your accustomed periodical regularity, the exercise of that tender office in which your filial affection has been so long engaged. I request that you will not deprive your mother of the comfort of hearing from you as often as formerly from any scruple in making me the channel of your correspondence. I lost, too early in life, the blessing you have still the happiness to possess, to have personally experienced the gratification you seem so worthy of enjoying. I have, however, ample domestic observation to confirm what our earliest feelings teach us, that there is no sentiment so tender, so permanent, and so pure as the reciprocal sympathy of filial and maternal love. Believe me, dear sir, most sincerely yours,

GLENBERVIE.

[No. 184.] *To Edward T. Dalton, Esq.*

Kegworth, Monday, June 29. 1812.

My dear Dalton,

Do not think that I did not deeply *feel* your letter because I have been slow in acknowledging it. I am one of the ruminating animals, you know, and chew the cud of a letter long after others would have swallowed and forgotten it. Really and sincerely the most solid benefit you could do me (and I know no one who would be more ready to do me one) could not affect me more strongly than the kind, prompt, and cordial feeling with which you received the intelligence of my marriage. It has been a happy marriage indeed, my dear Dalton, and I doubt whether I could have arrived at a wife by any other process that would have made me equally sure of her attachment, purity, and disinterestedness. You know we found, with some degree of pleasure upon both sides, that Mrs. Dalton and she had taken a strong fancy to each other, even at the distance by which they were then separated; and it will give me the most heartfelt pleasure to see them side by side, a sort of *companion pictures* in friendship to *you* and *me*. I don't know when this time will arrive, but, whenever it does, it will be sure to make me happy.

I am ashamed to say a word about the "*olim promissum carmen*" for the club, except that I own it cooled my zeal a little to find that Power and Corry have never heard a syllable about it; and as I know, of course, that they would be among the first of the *élite*, I thought that nothing but your abandonment of the idea could have kept them from knowing something about it. I have written a song very lately, which I think would suit Mrs. Dalton, and I intended it should accompany this letter, but I find I *must*

write again to you in a day or two about some business with Stevenson, and the song shall go then.

What a mess you must have made of poor M. P., in Dublin! They are playing it, I see, at the Lyceum again.

I wish (as you have so often thought of retirement in England) that you would come and live near us here, and let us be happy and musical together. Lord Moira's library, which I will insure you the use of, and the use of *my* voice as a third, now and then, in our old favourites, Haydn and Mozart, would make a country life pass, not only pleasantly but profitably. Living here is as cheap as any poet or musician could wish; and, for myself, I see every prospect of being able, in a few years, to be *just* to my friends as well as grateful, and gradually to emancipate myself from debts of all kinds. But I am forgetting all this time your plaguy plan, which of course will keep you in Ireland, and puts an end to the vision of having you here completely.

Our little child, which is quite a *fairy*, and was very puny at first, is getting as fat and merry as a young sucking cherub.

You shall hear from me again very soon, and in the meantime believe me ever, your sincere friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I did intend to send this to Corry for you, but as it is doubtful whether he is in Dublin, you shall pay postage for it.

[No. 185.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

—— 1812.

I have not much to say to you, but as I have said nothing to you since I received your last note, which was

a very amiable production, I feel disposed to give you a few lines to-day as I can get a frank. Your retirement will soon be broke in upon, I suppose, by your great neighbours, who are either gone, or just going, to Donington. You will also soon see Rogers, who will tell you all about this gay world that you have so wisely quitted. You will still like, I hope, to hear something of us poor fools who yet remain in it. I wish you had pitched your tent within reach of Tunbridge, that you and *Bessy* might make us a visit there. We mean to go there about the middle of August. I dare say you feel much more indifferent about politics, and all the ambitious pursuits of men, now that you have got out of their way, than you did when you were in the midst of the bustle; and if Heaven has blessed you with a fine large tree and a seat under it, you sit there rejoicing on a fine evening with your wife at your side, your child at your feet, and a book in your hand, and wondering at poor foolish man that can wish for more; and many is the word of contempt you bestow upon your poor fellow-creatures who keep toiling on their weary way. I am sure these are the moments in which men think themselves wisdom itself; and I believe they are right, but why abuse the rest of mankind? Dear Tom, look upon us all with kindness from under the shade of your oak tree. May one venture to hint to you, how the rest of the world employ themselves? I'll try, and you can but go to sleep, or burn my letter. There are people whose spirits are greatly revived by this war in the north, and who foresee all sorts of happy results. One cause of hope is the part Bernadotte takes. They say he has formed a very fine Swedish army, and that he directs the Russian campaign. It is the first time that Buonaparte has had one of his own generals opposed to him, which at

least makes a change in the state of things. In Spain, Lord Wellington has got a *carte blanche*, and he is for the future to pursue his own plans, unchecked by Ministers at home. He complains that the English papers give too much information to the enemy, who have no other intelligence from Spain but what they get through this channel. I saw a French gentleman yesterday, who is lately arrived in this country, and I am told one may believe everything he says. He gave a very entertaining account of Buonaparte's impatience to have the English papers translated to him. While his secretary is translating them, he stands looking over his shoulders, reading every word as fast as he writes; not a word must be omitted upon any account, not even the paragraphs against himself. This gentleman, and a Russian, who has arrived within the last week, say nothing can equal the enthusiastic admiration that is felt for Lord Wellington all over the Continent, and that they can take back no present to their friends which would be half so much liked as a print of him. I wonder if Lord Moira will talk to you about his unfortunate negotiation, and I should like to know if he has yet any suspicion how much he was the Prince's dupe. If one may judge from the outside of things, he appears to have been treated with the most mortifying neglect also. The Thursday after his negotiation with the Opposition ended, when he had accepted the Garter, and the present Ministers secured their places, there was a drawing-room at which the whole house of Moira was; the Prince went about inviting company to Carlton House that evening, but never asked any one of that family; which, considering all the tears he shed at the reconciliation, might have been expected as a thing of course. On the Friday, Lord M. went to the levee, and was installed. The

next day the Prince had a great dinner of what he called friends, to which Lord M., was *not* invited. And three times that day, both before and after dinner, he declared that if Lord Grenville had been *forced* upon him he should have *abdicated*. This was his expression. A friend of ours was there, and asked if this declaration was to be kept a secret, and one of the Princes who was present told him not, that the Regent wished to have it known. This is an absolute fact, and shows what a dupe poor Lord M. was. The Prince also, as we heard the other day, now declares that he never did hold out any hope to the Irish Catholics; and he says he has written to Lord Kenmare to tell him so, and to beg he will contradict the report of such a declaration in their favour ever having been made to him. And he desires to have his letter and Lord Kenmare's answer published in the Dublin Evening Post. I think it is hardly possible that this can be true, but yet we were assured that it came from himself. This is all that I have to tell you at present, but I dare say Rogers will have a thousand amusing anecdotes for you.

My sisters both desire their kindest remembrances to you and Bessy, and so do I. Ever sincerely yours,

M. G.

[No. 186.] *To William Gardiner, Esq.*

Tuesday, July, 1812.

My dear Sir,

I have but just time to thank you for your beautiful book, which I am playing through with the greatest delight. The subjects are most tastefully selected, and admirably arranged. Your copy for Lord Moira I will willingly take charge of, and you had better lose no time

in sending it, as it is doubtful how long they will stay at Donington Park.

I find I shall have an opportunity of forwarding your Sermons to you in the course of the week. Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 187.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, Aug. 13. 1812.

My dear Sir,

I was in hopes I should be able to send to you the ballad for Mr. Ashe to-day, in order that Stevenson might have it to take with him to Cheltenham to-morrow. I have not, however, been able to please myself in it; but by to-morrow's post I think I shall at least succeed so far as to send you *one verse*, which you can forward after him, if he is gone, and I can write the remainder afterwards, one verse being quite enough for him to set to. In the meantime I shall write at the other side some words, which I think, with a gay and elegant air, might be made popular. I could add a third verse if it was thought absolutely necessary; but the idea is so completely put into the *two*, that I had much rather leave it as it is, and I think there is enough of it. Bid Stevenson take pains with it, and not repeat *too often* the last line. Am I to see him here? If he does not think it worth while to take Kegworth in his wanderings, I shall never have a good opinion either of his *taste* or his *friendship*.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from us both. Bessy has just had visits from Lady Tamworth and Lady Rumbold. We are unluckily in the *thick* of fine people here. Ever sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"She has beauty—but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit—but you must not be caught so:
Thus *Reason* advises—but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny!
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

2.

"She is lovel—then love her, nor let the bliss fly,
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:
Thus *Love* has advis'd me, and who will deny
Th t Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny!
Love reasons much better than Reason."

My name may be put to these words. I intend to alter the second line of the second verse.*

[No. 188.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1812.

My dear Sir,

I send you the song for Braham in this parcel. I feel almost sure he will like it. You had better take my copy to him, and tell him that what I have put as bass now must be turned into accompaniment. He may alter as he likes, and, as soon as I know he approves of it, you shall have the second verse, which I will make applicable to any purpose he may wish it for. I am just going into Ashbourne with this parcel, and to get my bill changed: if I succeed, I will send it by the morning's post. Yours ever,

T. M.

First Verse.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Does Time with his cold wind wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* It does not appear that the verse was ever altered. It is not so melodious as Moore's lines usually are.

[No. 189.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Kegworth, —— 1812.

I have only time to say two words, and that is to beg you will send me a kiss a-piece by Rogers, who, you know, is coming down to me on Sunday next. I forget who the man was that set fire to his house after the Constable Bourbon had been in it; but I believe I shall do the same by mine (though from a different reason) after this memorable visit. I shall be so happy to have had a right good, excellent friend under my *own* roof!

The Moiras are come, and I am just going to do the honours of the country to them. Millions of thanks for your last letter. I knew your head was bad, though you would not tell me of it. Ever yours,

T. M.

N.B. This is *really* only a note; but such a letter as will follow it!

[No. 190.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I know you must be anxious about your little grand-daughter's (only think — your grand-daughter!!) getting over her weaning, and I have great delight in telling you that she hardly seems to have missed the nurse at all, but has taken to the bread and milk as naturally as if she and it were old acquaintances.

I believe I shall have to fly up to London in a day or two about some business with Power and Stevenson, and I shall avail myself of the opportunity of calling upon the

Sheddons about my deputy at Bermuda, though I rather think now there will be no American war.

A draft which I sent out to Colonel Hamilton some time ago (in payment of money which he quite *forced* upon me when I was going upon my tour in America) shared the fate of my other arrears from my old deputy, and was never paid; so that I have been obliged, since his arrival, to produce *forty pounds!* Nothing could be more kind about it than my old friend the colonel, for he never mentioned the circumstance, and it was only by a round-about way I found out that he had not been paid.

God bless my darling mother. Lady Loudoun and Lord M. called upon us on their way to town, and brought us pine-apples, &c. How shockingly Lord M. has been treated in the Edinburgh Review. It quite goes to my heart to think of his having exposed himself to such profanation of abuse. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 191.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Thursday night, 1812.

My dearest Mother,

To-day I drove Bessy over to our own house to see dear little Barbara, whom we found quite well and in high spirits. I think it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder than all the best worldly connections could possibly have done. The dear girl and I sometimes look at ach other with astonishment in our splendid room

here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream. Indeed, Lady Loudoun's attentions are most kind and delicate. We think of going on with Rogers the day after to-morrow to see Matlock, which is a most beautiful place, within four-and-twenty miles of this.

God bless you, my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 192.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Thursday, 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I am just returned from a most delightful little tour with Rogers. We left Donington on Sunday (poor Bessy being too ill and too fatigued with the ceremonies of the week to accompany us), and went on to Matlock, where I was much charmed with the scenery, and from thence proceeded to Dove Dale, which delighted me still more. It is the very abode of Genii. I parted with Rogers at Ashbourne, and came home yesterday evening. I found Bessy by no means well, but the little thing in high spirits. We are both right glad to be quietly at home again. Nothing could equal the kind attentions of Lord M. and Lady Loudoun; the latter gave Bessy the most cordial advice about her health. The day we were coming away Lord M. took me aside, and asked me in his own delicate manner about the state of my pecuniary affairs; and when I told him that I had every prospect of being comfortable, he said, "I merely inquired with respect to any *present* exigence, as I have no doubt there will soon be a change in politics, which will set us all on our legs." This was very pleasant, as being a renewal of his pledge to me,

though I fear the change he looks to is farther off than he thinks. Ever your own,

TOM.

I am afraid, on account of my *tour*, you will be stinted to *one letter* this week.

[No. 193.] *To William Gardiner, Esq.*

Wednesday night, twelve o'clock.

My dear Sir,

I send you my last parting words. To-morrow morning we are off, and be assured that we leave some of our best recollections with *you*. Hall the carrier will take you your books on Saturday, and I hope they may arrive safe.

I am in your debt for my comforts the last winter, but I hope to pass through Leicester at no very distant period, when this and *higher matters* shall be settled between us.

I can scarcely see to write, so weary with the fatigues of packing, bill-paying, &c. &c. Bessy joins in best remembrances to you, with yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 194.] *To Edward Dalton, Esq.*

Tuesday, Sept. 19. 1812.

My dear Dalton,

This evening we are off; and if you knew the demands I have had upon every thought and moment during the last week, you would not have written me so cross a letter. I did not *enumerate* to you the various obstacles

there were to my going to Beau-Parc, because I thought you would give him credit for *wishing* it *heartily*, and for not allowing mere "laziness" or "want of stimulus," to prevent me. In the first place there was my sister, who came up, at very great risk, to have a few days of us, before our departure. In the next place there was little Power from London, full of fuss and fury, about Cymon, Sacred Melodies, his brother, &c. &c.; and in the last and chief place there was my daily and hourly anxiety about our little girl, lest the efforts making to prepare her for the journey, by air and exercise, might expose her to cold and bring on a relapse of the complaint. Notwithstanding all this, and the offence I knew it would give my sister, to leave her after the effort she had made to come out of a sick bed to take leave of us, your letter was in such a tone of accusation, that I had made up my mind to set off on Sunday for Beau-Parc (of which Corry and Joe Atkinson will be my witnesses), when the arrival of little Power from London on Saturday totally put it out of my power, and has made my last moments here one uninterrupted paroxysm of bustle, wrangling, and anxiety. Now that I have explained everything, I must say you owe me a kind and prompt atonement for the unreasonably angry tone of your last letter; and let me have it by return of post, directed to Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Be particular in telling me all about your health, and believe me, with best regards to Mrs. D., ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 195.] *To Edward T. Dalton, Esq.*

Thursday, —— 1812.

My dear Dalton,

Just when I received your letter, and almost ever since, I have been occupied by a *job* which has taken up all my thoughts and time; but now I am free to think of goblets and flowers again, without the *amari aliquid* of business to embitter them; and the first thing I shall do will be your Charter Glee, if I can get time enough to anticipate that *consummation* of all Baviuses and Mœviuses — Mason. At all events, I will write the words; and even though they should not be time enough to get the dip in the *baptismal* font of your club, they will do for the ceremony of *confirmation*. I have not a moment now to say more. I am off to-morrow night to Donington, where I shall not, however, make any long stay.

The beginning of next week you shall have a *Plenipo* letter from me. Best remembrances to Mrs. D. from hers and yours ever and ever,

T. Moore.

[No. 196.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, Oct. 1. 1812.

My dear Sir,

I have only time to tell you that I arrived safe and sleepy yesterday morning, and to ask a thousand pardons for having left you so much in the style of a schemer, for I find I did not even pay for my *washing*, and the salt-fish gave likewise *leg-bail* for itself; but I don't know which it was, my shortness of *time* or of *money* that occasioned these oversights; whichever it was, I am sure you will forgive me.

I have found here a letter from your brother announcing to me the intelligence that he has had his little child christened *Thomas Moore:* what do you think of that? *Yours,* if a little girl, will of course be Miss *Melody Power,* to keep him in countenance.

I have found Bessy and the little thing *only* pretty well; but (notwithstanding you made me so comfortable) I am right glad to get back.

You shall soon have more Melodies. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 197.] *To Edward T. Dalton, Esq.*

Wednesday, Oct. 7. 1812.

My dear Dalton,

I was in London when your letter arrived here, or it should have been answered sooner, and now and then I have been *dreaming* of answering it *in person* at Kilkenny; but it has been *only* dreaming, for the thing would be quite impracticable. I would not give a rush to go without taking Bessy with me, and that would be "double, double toil, and trouble," which I never could attempt; besides, she is not in a portable state at present; but how I should have delighted to exchange places with the dear girl, and see her in the boxes and myself on the stage.

I, of course, saw a good deal of Stevenson in London, and, if he "in aught may be believed," we may expect him down here to pass some days with us: he is as boyish and paradoxical as ever, and makes the grave matter-of-fact Englishmen stare wherever he goes. I have one or two *inert* subjects to play him off upon here, and expect a good deal of amusement from it. I see the run of Code's piece is already interrupted after only six or seven nights in se

quence; indeed, but for the base abuse of Buonaparte, and the clap-trap allusions to the Spaniards, it could not have stood at all, for it is *pestilently bad*, and Stevenson's music is seldom at all worthy of him.

I had heard of your fame with the commissioners before you mentioned it, and heartily congratulate you not only upon your enjoyment of the *sweets* of place, but (much more) upon your keeping yourself free from its *corruptions*. Every day more and more convinces me that there is but *one* RIGHT way of thinking upon political subjects, and that few take the wrong one who have not some flaw in their *hearts* as well as their *heads*. There was some faint negotiation, I believe, lately with Lord Moira, about the lord lieutenancy of Ireland; but he will not *always* be their dupe, and I only hope he may live long enough to prove, that, though he forgot himself, he has never forgot his country. I don't know whether I have written to you since Bessy and I were on a visit at Donington Park, but it would give you, I am sure, heartfelt pleasure to see the kind, the familiar, and cordial attentions with which both Lord Moira and Lady Loudon treated her. Lady L. has written to her since she went to town, and there is a degree of good feeling and good taste in the unformal and hearty manner she writes, that will always make me both respect and love her; for she has with others the character of being cold and high, which makes her relaxation in this instance more amiable and well-intentioned.

I am flattered more than I can tell you, by Mrs. Dalton's anxiety to get the song I promised, and must tell you how truly flattered I felt at Stevenson's saying (when I sung him another I have done since), "How finely Olivia would sing that!" but, I fear, you must wait till you either see *them* in print, or *me* in Dublin; for I thought

it but right to sound little Power with regard to the propriety of giving copies, and he did not seem to wish it. This must also be an answer to your request of a song for Kilkenny, though I doubt whether I have one that would suit your purpose.

Tell Power that I called on my *fellow-labourer* Cardon when I was in town, and was sorry to find that he had been very ill, and obliged to go to the country. If I have a right to make any request of the manager, it is that he will not too hastily determine this to be the last season: tell him this, and with my hearty good wishes to him and all his merry men, and a hope that I may be sometimes remembered over their claret, believe me, my dearest Dalton, ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

My Bessy's best regards to you and Mrs. Dalton.

[No. 198.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Thursday,——1812.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy has received your letter, and if you could witness the pleasure it gave both her and me, you would think it was the only one thing in this world which we wanted to make us *quite* happy; but there is still more wanting, and that is the delight of our being all together in love and quiet; and, please God! I trust that happiness is not very far distant; though on every account it would be imprudent of me to break in upon the leisure and profitable retirement I am enjoying at present. I shall let you pay the postage of this letter, as I shall not trouble Corry till my next. I feel a little compunction about him, as his

letters do not go free; but their postage is all paid by the board. However, once or twice a week will not break the Great Linen Board of Ireland. You shall have a letter from Bessy herself with my next, but to-day she is very busy preparing for a tea and supper party which she gives to-morrow evening to some of the *Natives* here. I am much afraid that Lord Moira has ruined his reputation as a statesman. The only thing that can save him is (what I suppose he reckons upon) the present Ministry giving up the Catholic question; in which case he will, of course, go to Ireland. But if they deceive his hopes in this respect, I look upon him as a gone man with the Catholics, the country, and, what is worse, *himself*. I shall send a letter for Kate with my next packet. God bless my dearest mother and father. With the best love and duty of our hearts, believe me, ever your own,

TOM.

Love to dear Nell.

[No. 199.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,

I suppose you have heard this (to *me*) very important news of Lord Moira's being appointed governor-general of India. Himself, Lady Loudon, and the three eldest children are to sail in January next. What effect this will have upon *my* destinies I cannot at present conjecture, but it must be something very tempting indeed which would take me so far from all I have hitherto loved and cultivated. He could, of course, get me something at home by exchange of patronage, but I cannot brook the idea of taking anything under the present men; and,

therefore, it will be either *India* or *nothing* with me. If he goes off without me, which is most probable, all I have left for it is, hand in hand with you, to make my own independence, and, I trust, contribute to yours: there will be an end then to all expectation from patronage, and *our plan* will be the only object to attract all my attention and energy. I am at present, as you may suppose, in rather a fidgetting suspense, and shall be till my fate is decided one way or the other, which cannot be till I see Lord Moira himself, and he intends, I find, coming down here in a fortnight.

I inclose you the last letter I had from your brother. You perceive he still clings to the idea of separate deeds. Did you tell him I had written a poem to prefix to my picture? I am glad he is thinking of an engraving from it; and think it was not a bad plan to induce him to let us have it.

Bessy and I have been passing these five last days very merrily at the high sheriff's, eating turtle and turbot, singing, dancing, &c.

I am going to attack Savourna Deilish: it is a hazardous effort after Campbell, but I will put my shoulders to it. Best regards to Mrs. Power, from hers and yours ever,

T. Moore.

[No. 200.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Nov. 2. 1812.

You may say what you will against it, but I maintain that there is nothing like my vituperative style (I return you your own hard word, not a bit the worse for wear, as I never made use of it since), for after all I am indebted to it for a very cross, scolding, amiable note, which all

my former begging and praying, and humbly entreating, had not been able to extort from you. So I give you warning that I shall scold and growl without shame or remorse for the rest of my life, whenever I have any point to carry by it with you. And I recommend the same amiable practice to Bessy's consideration: if she does not rule you with an iron rod, woe be to her! We are all in great anxiety to know what the governor-general and commander-in-chief of India will do for you. Will he make you viceroy over him? or poet-laureate of all the Indies? But do tell us seriously whether he has said anything to you, and whether you have any hopes, or are forming any plans. Pray do not keep us long in suspense, as you know how impatient we shall be to hear. We earnestly hope he may not think of taking you to India with him, but that he may serve you, as I suppose he might do, by some exchange of patronage at home. In short, tell us all about it, and soon, or the *growl* shall begin again; for you know better than I can tell you, with what warm hearts we enter into all your hopes and fears; and I need not for ever repeat, what you have so often heard and so well believe. I think poor Lord Moira must go to his splendid banishment with a heart loaded with sorrows and regrets. At his time of life, giving up friends and country and old habits must be a painful effort, and nothing in all probability but the ruined state of his affairs, and the disappointment he must feel from the Prince's conduct, could have decided him to accept of a place which he may suspect is given to him to get rid of him. If he were young, and had never hoped for place and power and distinction under a Prince for whom he has sacrificed so much, it would have been a very fine thing to have been commander-in-chief and governor-general of India;

but as it is I pity him. How severely the Edinburgh Review treated him. Bab had a letter from Rogers some time since, dated from the Dunmore's: he seemed very much pleased with his tour. * * * I hope you are advancing in your poem, and that you are not refining its life and soul out. I wish we could hear it. I dare say it will be very beautiful. We heard of your being in London from Mr. Blachford. Why didn't you put yourself into the stage and come here for a day or two? Our house is in so backward a state that we are afraid we must remain on here till after Christmas. Don't you think the mighty Buonaparte begins to tremble? What do you say to the success of Ministers in the elections? The Opposition have certainly lost ground with the people. I am with the people upon the occasion, and am quite come round to Ministers. I wish you would come round with me: there is no use in sticking to a set of men who can't play their own game. As you said nothing about Bessy's health in your last, we hope she is quite well. Pray, say very kind things to her. Farewell. Let us hear very soon from you. God bless you.

M. G.

[No. 201.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Friday, Nov. 6. 1812.

I take the opportunity of an inclosure to Lord Glenbervie to say a word or two in answer to my dear Mary's letter which I received yesterday. I have, as yet, had no communication whatever from Lord Moira on the subject of his appointment, which proves at least that he has no idea of taking me with him, because little men require some time for preparation as well as great men, and he is

to sail the beginning of January. Neither do I think it very probable (eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers who surround him) that he will be able to procure me anything at home worth my acceptance: what's more, if he *were* able, I doubt whether I would accept it. My reasons for this another time. But, notwithstanding my expectations are so far from sanguine, I cannot help feeling a good deal of anxiety till the thing is determined one way or other.

Poor Lord Moira! his good qualities have been the ruin of him.

> "Que les vertus sont dangereuses
> Dans un homme *sans jugement*."

They must keep him out of the reach of all Indian *princes*, or the Company's rights will be in a bad way. A shake by the hand from a *tawny* prince-regent, and a plume of *heron's feathers* to wear upon birthdays, would go near to endanger our empire in India. This is too severe, but it is *wrung* from me by his criminal gullibility to such a —— as the Prince.

I have not a moment more to lay about me at my friends, or *you* should come in for a lash or two. Do you think you ever do? No, by the pure and holy flame of friendship, *never!* And so good-by to both of you. Ever your attached,

T. M.

[No. 202.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have heard nothing more about Lord Moira's plans yet; his stay in India is to be but three years, and I should

hope that that time will be sufficient to bring his finances round again. I have had a letter from the Donegals, full of anxiety about *my* hopes and views upon the subject. I do not think myself that Lord Moira (eaten up as his patronage must be by the hungry pack of followers he has about him) will be able to offer me anything of that importance that would tempt me to go so far from home; but, certainly, if he offered me any place of great emolument, I do not think I should be just either to myself or any of those who depend upon me to refuse it. In this, however, my darling mother, I shall consult *your* wishes first and chiefly. You will never find me otherwise than your obedient and affectionate Tom; and though I took *one* important step of my life without consulting you, it was one which I knew you would approve when it could be explained to you; and you shall always guide me as you did when I was a baby at your apron-string.

My good Bessy is quite at my disposal in everything, though naturally not without her fears of the unknown seas and distant regions. I shall let you know the moment I hear anything.

We are quite anxious about poor Kate. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 203.] *From Lord Moira.*

London, Nov. 12. 1812.

My dear Sir,

The inference you drew from my acceptance of the appointment to India was too just. The Catholic claims, — I write confidentially — if they cannot be overborne, are to be baffled. I can take no part in such a system: and it is to me desirable to be out of the way when the

unavoidable consequences of such policy shall break forth. I could not support the Prince against my principles and my feelings; it would be the extreme of distress to me to go into ranks hostile to him; and I could not hope that I should be suffered to remain in any retreat. It is better I should escape these difficulties. I have undertaken my task as a military engagement; the functions of governor-general being, in truth, expletive to the other. No negotiation upon it passed between me and Ministers; and it is only within a week that I have had the formal visits of those whose offices give them interference with the business. I told them that if the Catholic question came forward before my departure, as would probably be the case, it would have the most energetic support I could give it: to which they answered it was only what they took for granted.

We shall be at the Park next week: in the beginning of it, if a severe cold of Lady Loudon's shall not hinder travelling so soon. Present my compliments to Mrs. Moore; and believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

[No. 204.] *To Mr. Power.*

Nov. 12. 1812.

My dear Sir,

I have but just got your letter, and have only time to say, that if you can let me have but three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other

resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence. Ever, with most sincere good-will, the penniless

T. M.

[No. 205.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have heard nothing more since I wrote last. The newspapers have all had it that I am going to India, and some of them have been kind enough to give me a salary of four thousand a-year. I believe, however, the fact is, what was in the Morning Chronicle of yesterday, that Lord Moira has not yet made any appointments. We expect him down here every day, and then all uncertainty will be cleared up. In the meantime, my darling mother, I think you need not have the slightest dread of my being tempted out to India, as I am quite sure Lord M. will not be able (even if he be willing) to offer me anything important enough to justify me in submitting to such banishment. I wish he would only let me live at the Park while he is away, and I should be satisfied. However, there is no speculating upon what he will do till I see him, and it is as likely as anything that he will *do nothing*.

We are still very anxious about Kate. My Bessy is much better, and the little thing breasts this frosty weather as hardy and rosy as a young winter-cherub, if there *be* such an animal. Love to all. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 206.] *To Mr. Power.*

Langley Priory, Thursday, Nov. 18. 1812.

My dear Sir,

It was most ungracious of me to send you such a hurried and begging scrawl as I did yesterday, after receiving such letters from you as never had their equal for kindness and solidity of friendship; but the truth is we have been kept on a visit at a house where we have been much longer than I wished or intended, and simply from not having a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away. So I know you will forgive my teazing you — and now to return to your letters with respect to my India hopes. I cannot at all express to you how deeply, and *thoroughly*, I feel the prompt and liberal kindness which you have shown on this occasion: I shall *never* forget it. I do not think it at all probable, however, that I shall have to draw upon the rich *Bank of Friendship* I possess in you; for Lord Moira's not having sent me any communication as yet shows, that at all events he does not look to taking me out with him in any situation, for such an intention would require my being apprised of it in time to prepare. However, he is expected here on Monday, and I shall then know all.

My being here at a distance from my manuscripts makes it impossible for me to send you any inclosure, but as soon as I return, I shall attack business industriously again.

You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret — drinking longer than I wish, and merely *because* I have not a shilling in my pocket — but however paradoxical it sounds, it is true. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours, my dear sir,

Thomas Moore.

You will not get this till Saturday, but I dare say between this and then I shall hear from you.

[No. 207.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, —— 1812.

Your contribution of ten pounds came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement and pay about a month's house expenses at home. I gained one point beside the turtle at the High Sheriff's; for upon my singing one song that pleased him very much, he said, "By God! I'll exempt you from the militia to-morrow;" and he did accordingly, on the next day (which was the meeting for the purpose), with "*military commission*," under my statement with respect to Bermuda, and I am exempt. I had a long letter from Lord Moira on Friday last, and (what you will think very extraordinary) there was not a single word in it about me, or any *expectations* I might have from him. It was merely and solely to explain to me *why* he had taken the appointment, the little negotiation he had with Ministers upon the subject (it being the act entirely of the Prince), *the utter hopelessness of justice being done to Ireland,* and his own determination, expressed to Ministers, to give the Catholic cause his most energetic support if it should be brought on before his departure. All this elaborate explanation shows not only his own sensibility upon the subject, but certainly proved very flatteringly the anxiety he felt with respect to my good opinion of his conduct. I cannot, however, but think it very singular that, after the renewed pledges and promises he made me so late as the last time he was here, he should not give the remotest hint of either an

intention, or even a wish, to do anything for me. I shall be exceedingly mortified, indeed, if he should go away without giving me an opportunity of at least *refusing* something, which is most probably the way I would treat any offer he could make me; but I should like to have at least this gratification. However, as he tells me at the end of his letter that he will be here the beginning of this week, I must suspend all further opinion till he comes. For one reason, however, I shall most heartily rejoice at his appointment, and that is, for its having brought forth your friendship, my dear sir, and exhibited it to me in such fulness of heart, as was never before surpassed. I return you your letters. With respect to "Fortune may frown," I shall like to talk to Stevenson about it: but if he is determined not to come down, we must only let it take its chance. By-the-bye, you mentioned his saying "that it could not be better." Had you it to show him, or have *I* it? I shall make a search to-day, and shall let you know more about it in my next. I like the way he has done the songs you sent very much. You may place them just as you please, putting the grave and gay alternately, and I think you had better begin with "Oh the Shamrock!" or, if you like better, "The Minstrel Boy." I should like to reserve for the last places (in the hope that we may get something better), "The Valley lay smiling," "One Bumper at Parting," and "Oh! had I a bright little Isle." I object to the latter for its music only, as the words are among my happiest, but the air is not elegant. The deficient line in "If e'er I forget Thee" is "That e'en the past errors of boyhood may be."

The following is the second verse of "Oh! see those Cherries:" —

"Old Time thus fleetly his course is running,
(If bards were not moral, how maids would go wrong),
And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
Would wither if left on their rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou'rt lovely, e'en I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad:
But, oh! delay not, we bards are too cunning
To sigh for *old* beauties, when young may be had."

Yours ever, my dear sir, most faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

All I say to you about Lord M. is, of course, in confidence.

[No. 208.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

Lord Moira arrived at the Park yesterday evening, and I am just now preparing to call upon him, so that we soon shall be put out of suspense, though I have made up my mind pretty well to expecting *very little.* Captain Thomson, an old American comrade of his, has been appointed private secretary; and that, you know, was the place which all my friends would have it, right or wrong, was to be mine. Indeed, when I say, I expect *very little,* I mean that I expect *nothing;* for, as he disclaims all connection with Ministers, there is nothing to be looked for to his interest with them, even if I were inclined to wish that he should exert it for me; and, as to India, he will offer me no situation important enough to tempt me to emigrate to such a distance; so that I am most likely to remain as I am; and, please God! there is no fear of me.

We are so anxious about Kate. Bessy *is* even more

than I, for she has a deep horror of what Kate has to go through. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 209.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have as yet only seen Lord Moira for a moment; he was shooting in his fields, and merely said, "You see a school-boy taking his holiday;" and he must be most happy to get a little repose and relaxation after London.

We were so delighted to hear of darling Kate's happy delivery. God send they may both continue well!

I am just now setting off with Sir John Stevenson (who came down to me, accompanied by Power, on Tuesday) for a concert and ball at Leicester.

I am quite sure Lord Moira will do nothing whatever for me. Your own, *own*,

TOM.

[No. 210.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday, —— 1812.

I have but just time to tell you that I have at last had an interview with Lord Moira. He has fought very shy of me ever since he came here. I had heard that he had nothing left to give, the Royal Family having *put upon him* three clerks, the only remaining places of his household that he had to dispose of; so that I was well prepared for what occurred between us. He began by telling me that he "had not been *oblivious* of me — had not been *oblivious* of me!" After this devil of a word there was

but little heart or soul to be expected from him. He was sorry, however, to add that all the Indian patronage he was allowed to exercise *here* was already exhausted; if, however, on his going to India, he should find anything worth my going out for, he would let me know. In the meantime, he had a right to expect that Ministers would serve his friends here, in exchange for what he could do to serve their friends in India, and that he would try to get something for me through this channel. To this I replied, that, "from *his hands* I should always be most willing to accept anything, and that perhaps it might yet be in his power to serve me; but that I begged he would not take the trouble of applying for me to the patronage of Ministers, as I would rather struggle on as I was than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."

Thus the matter rests, and such is the end of my long-cherished hopes from the Earl of Moira, K. G. &c. He has certainly not done his duty by me: his *manner,* since his appointment, has been even worse than his deficiencies of *matter;* but (except to such friends as you) I shall never complain of him. He served my father when my father much wanted it, and he and his sister took my dear Bessy by the hand most cordially and seasonably; for all this I give him complete absolution; and, as to disappointment, I feel but little of it, as his late conduct had taught me not to rely much upon him.

If you can read this, you will be very ingenious: I shall write more legibly very soon; and, with best love to my dearest Mary, I am ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 211.] *To Mr. Power.*

Dec. 4. 1812.

My dear Sir,

Stevenson left us this morning, and we had great difficulty indeed in getting all his distracted commodities together for him. He copied out, "Oh, fair! oh, purest!" yesterday, and wrote rather a pretty glee to some words I selected for him. He also tried a song to Rogers's "Once more, enchanting Girl;" but he failed in it completely. I had not the least idea that the Spanish things had not been done by him in town, and therefore was careless about looking over them with him, knowing how little they required; but upon examining them since he went away, I find they are just in the same state as when I wrote them. I must, therefore, send him the only two of them that will want correction. We dined at my friend the rector's yesterday, which took up almost all of the little time we had after your departure.

On Saturday I was equally unlucky at Lord Moira's, as on the former day. Lord M. was out shooting, and Lady Loudon ill; but this morning he has *at last* written me a note, expressing his expectation that I would have stayed and dined last week; and sending us a large basket of hares, venison, pea-fowl, &c. We regretted it did not come while you were here to share it with us; the more so, as this basket of game is all, I am sure, I shall ever get from his lordship. I hope you found Mrs. Power well. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 212.] *To Mr. Power.*

Kegworth, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your *truly eloquent* letter. I have since written to Lord Moira (in order to put the matter upon record) the substance of what I said to him, and have added that, with respect to his promise of letting me know if anything good should occur in India, I must beg he would dismiss *that too* entirely from his thoughts, as it was too late in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and that I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. Between ourselves, my dear friend, I have not so much merit in these refusals as I appear to have, for I could see very plainly, through Lord Moira's manner, that there was very little chance of his making any proper exertion for me whatever, and, putting conscience out of the question, policy itself suggested to me that I might as well have the merit of declining what it was quite improbable would ever have been done for me. After this, what do you think of his lordship? I cannot trust myself with speaking of the way he has treated me. Gratitude for the past ties up my tongue.

I certainly never wrote a second verse to Mrs. Ashe's song; but here is one fresh from the mint, and not bad either:

"If haply these eyes have a soul underneath,
By whose flame their expression is lighted;
A mind that will long like an evergreen breathe,
When the flower of the features is blighted.
And if soul be the tie of those fetters of bliss,
Which last when all others are breaking;
Oh! talk not of beauty — but love me for this,
And I'll think of you sleeping and waking;
Dear youth!
I will think of you sleeping and waking."

If I had had the air I might perhaps have suited the words to it better. Let these words be copied correctly, and call the song "I'll think of you sleeping and waking."

"Savourna Deilish" is on the anvil. You shall have it this week.

I have had another letter with another proposal from your brother, but there is no time now to enter upon it. When I write next, you shall know it. Ever yours, with best regards and anxious wishes for Mrs. P.,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have got a tolerably pretty air out of Crotch's book for the Melodies, which I have *half written* words to.

[No. 213.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sunday, Dec. 21. 1812.

My dear Sir,

The above is the air from Crotch, and it has puzzled me more than any air we have had since the commencement of the Melodies, except perhaps the "Fairy Queen." It is to be sure a most irregular strain. The only way I could get over the difficulty was by those convenient triple rhymes, "Wearily," &c.; but I find it very hard to find ones equally tripping and graceful for the second verse. The above has taken me four days in twisting and altering, and I am yet far from satisfied. I mean it as the song of a *Leprechaun;* little Irish fairies, you know, that will stay as long as one looks at them, but the moment you look aside they are off. My next shall certainly be "Savourna Deilish," and then *Lochaber,* which Crotch gives as an Irish air. If the Tyrolese air be not in hand, pray let Mr. Bennison alter the melody to the way I had it

originally (see at the bottom of the music lines on the other side); as, though I took Stevenson's advice in changing it for the glee, I feel it is much more characteristic for the song as I had it at first.

I had a very pleasant and good-natured letter from Stevenson in answer to mine. He says he hopes to meet me in London in March. I mean to send him the two Spanish airs to Ireland, if you have no objection, as he has promised to send them back by *return of post.* I did not like venturing them to Sandbach till I knew he was there, and then it was too late.

I shall be much obliged by your sending the Quarterly Review with the parcel you are making up, and pray send to Carpenter for my Edinburgh one, and let it come too. You will find I shall be very busy in my vocation from this on't, and few weeks, if *any,* shall pass, without your seeing some proofs of my activity. I do not forget the four original songs I have to do yet, but I suppose you will not be very angry if you do not get them till January: *you* are always in *advance,* and *I,* alas! in *arrears;* but time will make all even. Yours ever, with best regards to Mrs. P.,

THOS. MOORE.

[No. 214.] *To E. T. Dalton, Esq.*

Friday, —— 1812.

My dear Dalton,

I am quite distressed at the serious tone in which you speak of my silence. I flattered myself that you were so sure of your place in my heart and mind, that however you might be angry with me (and I own deservedly so) for not writing to you on this occasion, you would impute

it to anything but the *least little* shade of change in my most fixed and never-altering regard for you. A cloud or two should not make the barometer sink, and it will not be *my* fault if it does not remain up to *clear, settled, sunshiny* weather between you and me for ever. I have written to two persons on the subject of my interview with Lord Moira (Bryan and P. Crampton), and I should not have *repeated* the detail to the *latter*, if I did not know that the two channels had no sort of communication with each other, and that they would each serve as a conduit for the statement in very opposite directions. I most heartily hate a dry repetition of "says he" and "says I," and it is entirely my wish that all my friends should know the particulars. Even now, my dearest Dalton, all I shall do is to refer *you* to one of the above channels or conduits; Bryan's pipe, I believe, being nearest to you. My writing so soon to Bryan upon the subject arose from his having launched a most wrongful sarcasm at me for a flourishing little tirade which I gave him in one of my letters about the unambitious happiness of my present life, and the independence I felt of all places, princes, and patrons. To this he answered by asking me, "whether the grapes were not rather sour?" This was before Lord Moira had the least prospect of coming into power; and though I had perfectly made up my mind as to what should be my conduct on such an event, I did not like to boast any further of a virtue which was so little likely to be put to the test. As soon, however, as I had done what I thought right, I felt, I own, a little impatient to give my very best *practical* refutation of Bryan's sarcasm, and hence arose my speedy communication to him. You need not mention to him my telling you this. I have no doubt he meant it sincerely, and even kindly, though certainly his letter in

approbation of what I *have done* is much slower in coming than his suspicion of what I *would* do. As to Crampton, my letter to him was in answer to a very anxious and urgent inquiry which he wrote to me on the subject. So now, my dear Dalton, I hope I have explained enough to convince you, that it is not from any *preference* of others for my confidential communications, that the circumstances should have reached you from anybody but myself.

I am happy to tell you that Lord Moira has shown no disapprobation whatever of the tone in which I have thought it right to decline his interest for me with Ministers; so far from it, I have within these few days received a present from him of fifteen dozen of excellent wine. Tell Stevenson this. I know he will be glad to hear that my threatened abandonment of the black-strap is deferred a little longer.

I mean to be in town about April or May to pass a month. If you will let me know your movements in time, I shall shape mine to meet them. Bessy expects to be confined in February, and as soon as she is well enough to be left alone, it is my intention to go to town.

I most anxiously wish to hear (and so does Bessy) that your dear Olivia is well over her crisis. Stevenson *did* seem to like my wife, and it shows his taste, for she is a girl "*comme il y en a peu.*"

I don't see why you should not come and take me up here in your way to London. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 215.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Tuesday, Dec. 1812.

My dearest Mother,

We have been very much affected, indeed, by poor Kate's loss; and the only consolation we can either feel or suggest, is its having occurred before the poor child could have taken any more than its natural hold upon her affections. A little time hence it would have been a sad loss indeed, as we can well feel when we look at little Barbara, whose rosy cheeks, however, and dancing eyes forbid us, thank Heaven! to have any such apprehensions.

The Moiras set off for town yesterday; they called here in passing, and Lady Loudon was very kind, indeed, to Bessy. Lord M. told me he had given orders for game, &c. to be brought to me; and Lady L. made me a present of a book, which she recollected me expressing a wish for about five or six months ago, with her own name in it. I was glad of all this for one reason, because I had written Lord Moira a letter since I saw him last, repeating the substance of what I had said in our interview; and, also, begging him to dismiss from *his* mind, as I should from *mine*, his promise with respect to considering of a place for me in India, as it was *too late* in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. The letter, though written respectfully and gratefully, was in a tone which he must have felt a good deal, and which, therefore, I thought might possibly displease him; but, if it did, he concealed it, and was full of kindness.

My chief uneasiness at the misfortune that has hap-

pened at home, dearest mother, is the shock that it has given you, and my fears that it may hurt you; but, for God's sake, let no such circumstance rob us of one moment of your dear health or happiness.

I hope my father got my letter desiring him to draw upon Power in the Strand (Mr. James Power, 34. Strand), for twenty-five or thirty pounds, whichever he chooses, or indeed, for the whole fifty, if necessary; but I rather think I shall be able to send him the remainder in cash about the beginning of January. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 216.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I had a very kind letter from Rogers on Sunday, inclosed in one from Lord Byron. Rogers has seen a good deal of Lord Moira, and gives a lamentable account of his low spirits, and the sort of self-consciousness of failure there hangs about him. I pity him most sincerely. Rogers tells me that he hears nothing but praises of my conduct; which is very pleasant to be told, though I want nothing but my own heart and conscience to tell me I have acted rightly.

Dalby went up to London yesterday to take leave of the Moiras: I believe, only for Bessy's state, I should have paid them the same mark of respect myself. Good by, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

Our little Barbara is growing very amusing. She (what they call) *started* yesterday in walking; that is, got

up off the ground by herself, and walked alone to a great distance, without any one near her. Bessy's heart was almost flying out of her mouth all the while with fright, but I held her away, and would not let her assist the young adventurer.

[No. 217.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, ——1813.

My dear Sir,

I received the proofs, &c. and shall make a parcel of them to-morrow for you, with "Merrily oh!" The alteration I wish in the latter is not of much consequence; indeed, though the other is the real and most characteristic melody, I rather think the way it *is* will be most easy and popular. I shall also send you to-morrow a very pretty Sicilian air, which I met with this last week, and which turned me aside from my Melodies. The words are at the other side, and I hope you will like them.

Bessy is in expectation of a letter to-day announcing the happy result of Mrs. Power's Christmas-box. She thanks you very much for the music.

You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone. To take her would be too expensive; and, indeed, it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition,* which will do more service to the sale of the songs than a whole year's advertising.

I have a plan when I return to London *for good* (that

is, for our grand project) which I hinted once to you, and which cannot fail to make money, both by *itself* and the publication that will result from it, — which is a series of lectures upon poetry and music, with specimens given at the pianoforte by myself; very *select* you know, by subscription among the highest persons of fashion: it would do wonders. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 218.] *To Mr. Power.*

Friday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I dare say you will be surprised at not hearing from me so long, but the truth is I have been *stealing* a week or ten days from you to do a little job*, which I think will get me out of Carpenter's debt, and, if I can make a good bargain with him, put money in my pocket. I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few *new ones* to them for publication. I publish them, of course, anonymously, and you must keep my secret. Carpenter being the Prince's bookseller, is afraid to publish them himself, but gets some one else. I am much mistaken if they do not make a little noise. What a pity it is that such things do not come from *our book-shop* in the *Strand*,

* In the year 1813, Mr. Moore published the "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag." The dedication to "Stephen Woolriche, Esq.," is dated the 4th of March of that year. The work is reprinted in the collection published by Longman of Mr. Moore's Poetical Works. It is full of fun and humour, without ill-nature.

but *these* would not *keep*, and there is no fear but I shall find *more* against that is opened. I consider every little reputation I can make, my dear sir, as going towards the fund I am to throw into our establishment, and though I shall, of course, *deny* the trifles I am now doing, yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.

In the mean time I have not been idle in the musical way, but have an original song nearly ready for you, and after I have dispatched my politics, you shall see what a fertile month I shall make February. I would not have turned aside for my present job, only that I found I had a little time over, and that, indeed (as I have already said), everything that I can get fame by tells towards our future prospects; it is like establishing a credit.

We were of course delighted to hear of Mrs. Power's safe arrival of a boy; we had been indeed sincerely and unaffectedly anxious about her.

I shall send your copy of Walker's answer when I have something to send with it; or do you want it immediately?

What I inclose for Carpenter is the beginning of my squibs. It is to be called "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag."

Will you find out for me how many ponies Lady B. Ashley gave the Princess Charlotte; or, at least, how many the latter drives. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 219.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I am sending a good many letters off to-day, and have only time to say God bless you. I got my darling father's

letter yesterday, and am delighted to find that you are recovering your fatigue and anxiety. My poor uncle Garret! I had a letter from him about six weeks ago, asking me to get his two sons out in Lord Moira's suite.

My cold is quite well, and poor Bessy, though she gets but little sleep at night, is keeping up pretty well. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 220.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I had a long letter yesterday from Rogers, who is returned from his northern tour. He says, with reference to my interview with Lord Moira, "You have acted, my dear Moore, quite nobly and like yourself." He assigns a number of excuses for Lord Moira's conduct, which indeed are all very just; and even what I most complained of (the shyness and distance he kept with me) appears to Rogers, and even now to myself, as the very natural result of his inability. Rogers has told Lord Holland the circumstances, who thinks of it all as we do.

Bessy is doing I think very well now: much better.

[No. 221.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We got my darling father's letter a day or two ago, and Bessy was delighted at its being such a long one. I am almost sorry that you are letting poor Kilmainham Lodge, and I would enter my protest against it, only that I think, by getting into town, your spirits, my dearest mother, will

have a much better chance of being kept alive. As to paying me back any of what you have had, don't think about it; when I want it *very badly*, I will tell you. I forgot, in my two or three last letters, to ask of my father what was the date of the bill he drew upon Carpenter. Let him write to tell me on receipt of this, and not mind paying postage at any time.

You shall have immediate intelligence when poor Bessy is over her confinement. We have had repeated letters from Stevenson's friend, Mrs. Ready, of the most *cordial* description. She is within forty or fifty miles of us, and is very earnest indeed in her invitations to us to go there. Nothing could be more seasonable than her invitation, for I wanted exactly such a quiet place to leave Bessy at when I go to town. There are people enough immediately near us that would be too glad to have her, but there is not one of them without some objections, except the Peach's, at Leicester, and they, I believe, will be away from home. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 222.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

Having *broke* the *neck* of my job for Carpenter, I am returning to my other pursuits, and yesterday wrote a little song, which I hope you will think pretty. I shall give you the words at the other side, and you shall have the air on Friday.

Walter Scott's Rokeby has given me a renewal of courage for my poem, and once I get it brilliantly off my hands, we may do what we please in literature afterwards.

Rogers's criticisms have twice upset all I have done, but I have fairly told him he shall see it no more till it is finished. Did you ever see much worse songs than those in Rokeby? Ever yours, my dear sir, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"The brilliant black eye
May, in triumph, let fly
Its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Tho' it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em,
Dear Jessy.

2.

"The black eye may say,
'Come and worship my ray;
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says from under its lid,
'I love, and am yours if you love me!'
Dear Jessy.

3.

"Oh! tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
No soft trace of its tint I discover?
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said 'No' to a lover?
Dear Jessy."

[No. 223.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

As I shall have a pretty large packet to send to-morrow for Lady Donegal through my old Woodman, I write *now* in answer to yours of yesterday. I should have

sent you the music of "The brilliant black eye" on Friday, but I found I had put it in the wrong time, and have been obliged to copy it over again. You shall have it next Friday, with another I am about.

From the state of my poem, and the industry I mean to carry it on with this year, I think we need not look to a more distant period than next year (1814) for the commencement of our book-concern; as the poem (if it succeeds well enough to encourage you to the undertaking) will be the last thing I shall put out of my own hands. I should like therefore, with your permission, to make the *Dictionary of Music* my object this year, for two reasons, first, because, being prose, it will enable me to give my fancy more undistractedly to my poem; and secondly, because, being a kind of mixed work between literature and music, it would be a good thing to begin with, and would slide us quietly from your present business into the other. All this, however, we shall discuss more fully together in April, and in the mean time I shall continue to make my notes and preparations for the Dictionary.

Bessy still up. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 224.] *To Mr. Power.*

My dear Sir,

I send you the "Rose Tree," which are the prettiest words I've written for some time; also the Finland air.

Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 225.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, ——1813.

My dear Sir,

I have only time to inclose a little duet, and to say that I have been disappointed in not hearing from you for so long a time. I told you a little *fib* about the Examiner, and the reason was (as I had not seen the paper) I had no idea he would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to *you;* that is, "Little Man and little Soul," the *only squib* I have sent Perry since I left town. The other thing about Sir J. Murray is *not mine;* and, bad as the former one is, I am sorry still more he could impute such a dull thing to me as this parody on Sir J. Murray's letter; there is hardly one bit of fun throughout it. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 226.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Tuesday, March 16. 1813.

My dear *Mary,*

About six o'clock this morning my Bessy produced a little girl about the size of a twopenny wax doll.* Nothing could be more favourable than the whole proceeding, and the mamma is now eating buttered toast and drinking tea, as if nothing had happened. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

I have been up all night, and am too fagged to write more.

* Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth, March 16. 1813.

[No. 227.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I have written to Corry to send me a piece of Irish linen, and, by whatever opportunity he sends it, you can let me have my Boileau that Kate left, and some of my other books, particularly the three volumes of Heyne's Virgil: he will let you know, I dare say, when he finds the opportunity.

I inclosed a dispatch for my Bermuda deputy to Croker yesterday, to send out for me. I was glad to see a pretty good list of ships taken the other day, but I find the admiral and squadron have gone there later this year than ever they did before, which was very uncivil of them.

Little Bab is somewhat restless with her eye-teeth, but is otherwise quite well. Poor Bessy is very weak, but is altogether much better than she was with Barbara. Ever your own,

TOM.

Do you get my two letters a-week regularly?

[No. 228.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

As I gave you a long letter last time, I may the better put you off with a short one now, particularly as I have so many to write this morning.

Bessy is getting on amazingly, and already looks better than she has done for a long time; indeed, she says she has not felt so well since her marriage.

I do not know whether I told you that our worthy

friend the rector has offered to be godfather to the little girl: it was his own free offer, and is a very flattering testimony of his opinion of us. Ever your own,

TOM.

I suppose Lord Moira is off. Carlo Doyle has sent me, as a keepsake, four very pretty volumes of French music.

[No. 229.] *To Mr. Power.*

March 23. 1813.

My dear Sir,

I received the proofs yesterday, and shall send them back under cover to Lord Glenbervie to-morrow. You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had (with many hours of thought and *glove tearing*) purposed to insert in the vacant place, displeased me when I wrote them down yesterday, and I am still at work for better. Such is the *easy* pastime of poetry! You shall have four more Melodies ready this week, so that you will not be delayed for me. I agree with Stevenson in not very much liking the air from Crotch, but I cannot at all understand why your brother, when he communicated this piece of intelligence, did not send a better air in its stead from his boasted Connemara stock. Perhaps some will come with the proofs: if so, for God's sake! lose no time in sending them, as I again say I am far from satisfied with the number as it is.

You are very good to think so much about poor Bessy.

It was my intention to ask of you and Mrs. Power to do us the favour of standing sponsors for the little girl, as it would create a *kind* of relationship between us, and draw closer (if they require it) those ties which, I trust,

will long keep us together. But I am obliged to confine the request to *Mrs.* Power, and leave *you* for some future and (I hope) very-far-off little child; for our rector, Doctor Parkinson, very kindly *offered*, of himself, to be godfather, and it is such a very flattering tribute of his good opinion to us, that I could not hesitate in accepting it. I have a long letter to write to you about my schemes for going to town: my heart almost failed me about it; but it appears to me so very *useful* a *measure* for the *concern*, that, after much fidgetting consideration of the subject, I have devised a plan, which I think will enable me to do it without much distressing any of us.

I am afraid the Post Bag will not do. It is impossible to make things *good* in the very little time I took about that, and Carpenter, with his usual greediness, has put a price on it far beyond what it is worth; so that, I suppose, it will go to sleep. I have, however, taken pretty good care, in the preface, to throw it off my shoulders, and the only piece of waggery I shall ever be guilty of again is a Collection of Political Songs to Irish airs, which, you know, I mentioned once to you, and which I should like very much to do. Your brother would be afraid to display them in Dublin, I think; but what say you? More to-morrow. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 230.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sunday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I received the Melodies yesterday evening, and am very well satisfied with the whole *number*, except (and it is a dreadful exception) the air of "Oh! doubt me not,"

which is played the very deuce with by the omission of Stevenson's flat B. As it stands now, it is quite disgraceful to him and all of us, and it is by no means my fault. I asked Mr. Benison indeed *whether* it would do with the omission of the flat, but I left the decision entirely to him, without examining the music myself, and he ought to have known enough to see that the air and harmony agree together like cat and dog, as they are at present. One ought to leave nothing to another's eye, but I am always too diffident of my own opinion in the musical part. Now we are in this scrape, however, you must be industrious in getting out of it, and the flat must be put in with a pen in every copy you send out, and if you could recall those that are gone for the purpose of correction, it would be advisable. The flat must be marked at the words "season" and "reason," and in the accompaniment of the fourth bar, where it occurs with C. This latter correction must be made too in the second voice of the duet. There is an F to be made *sharp* too in the single voice setting, at the words "only shook." It was Stevenson's devilish whim of putting in the flat that originally made all this bungling, and it departs so much from the true setting of the air, that I really think it would be right to have a little slip printed with an explanation of the whole mistake, which you can insert in binding, or let lie between the leaves of those that are bound. Write me word immediately whether you think it worth while, and I will send it off to you by the next morning's post.

We got the parcel too late last night for me to look over the airs till this morning, or I should not have let a post pass without apprising you of this mistake.

God bless you, my dear friend. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 231.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, March, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

* * * *

You know it was this day week she lay in. Well, on Sunday morning last, as I was at breakfast in my study, there came a tap at the room-door and in entered Bessy, with her hair in curl, and smiling as gaily as possible. It quite frightened me, for I never heard of any one coming downstairs so soon, but she was so cheerful about it, that I could hardly scold her, and I do not think she has in the least suffered for it. She said she could not resist the desire she had to come down and see how her crocuses and primroses before the window were getting on.

My father's letter yesterday gave us great pleasure.

I am sending notice of quitting, to my landlord, this month. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 232.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Thursday night, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I write this over night, because I am obliged to go early in the morning to Donington Park, as I want to consult the library for many things before we set off. Only think of my anonymous book: it goes into the *fifth* edition on Saturday or Monday. This puts me quite at ease about the money my father has had, and I *insist* that he will dismiss it entirely from his mind. Little *Statia* went through her christening very well, and we had the rector, curate, and Mary Dalby to dinner afterwards. You have,

of course, long perceived that they are both, Barbara and she, *little Protestants.*

I have great hopes that this will be a prosperous year with me, and that I shall gradually be able to get rid of all my debts. Mrs. Ready (who seems to be a most warm-hearted person), upon my writing to her that we were quitting our house, and meant to look out for a pleasanter one and a cheaper, wrote back that she was most happy to hear it, and that we need not look further than Oakhanger Hall (her place) for a residence, that she was fitting up half of the house to receive us, and that we *must* make it our home as long as we lived in the country. Was not this unexampled kindness? She also offered herself as sponsor to the little child, and begged we would defer the christening till we came to her, when their son-in-law, the new dean of Exeter (who, with his wife, is to meet us there) would perform it; but this was impossible, as we had already godfathers, godmothers, and parson provided.

There never was anything like the rapid sale of my Post Bag. There was great praise of it in a very clever paper of Sunday last, which, if it is not gone astray, I will send you in the morning. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 233.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I send the proofs; and, by the next time of my inclosing, I shall have four Melodies more for you. In order to give you a little idea of the difficulty I have in pleasing myself, I have written down at the top of the proof as

many of the *rejected* couplets as I could remember; they are *not one third* of those I have manufactured for the purpose; so that you see I do not *write* songs quite as easily as our friend the Knight composes them. Tear off these lines before you send them to the printer.

With respect now to my going to town, I must first premise, that it is chiefly from my persuasion of your wishing it very much that I am so anxious to effect it; because, though of course there is nothing I should like myself much better, yet, in the present state of my resources, I should consider it proper (if only my own *gratification* were concerned) to sacrifice my wishes to prudence; and, understand me, my dear sir, I say this, not from any vulgar idea of enhancing, or making a compliment of my going; I hope you think me too sensible to have any such silly notion; but it is for the purpose of impressing on your mind how much I *begin* to set *business*, and the interests of *our concern*, above every other consideration, either of pleasure or convenience. In this respect I hope and feel that you will find me improve every year.

Now you know it has always been my intention to give notice to my landlord this month, and Mrs. Ready (Stevenson's friend) has given us so many and such pressing invitations to pass the summer with her, that I mean to take her at her word; and indeed am quite happy to have such a place to leave Bessy in while I am in town, for she would not like staying at home (besides the saving of house expense while she is out), and there are objections to every one of the places to which she has been invited in this neighbourhood. So that the offer of such a quiet, goody retreat as Ready's is every way convenient. What do you think of this? Having arranged all this, you will observe there will be left scarcely two months of my

remaining six, to occupy this house; and my idea is, before we start, to sell off whatever furniture we do not mean to move, to employ the intervening time in looking out for a house both cheaper and pleasanter elsewhere; and so to have done with this entirely. I have sucked pretty well out of the library, and shall be able, I think, to wean myself of it without injury; indeed, I have got quite sufficient materials out of it for my poem; and as to my musical works, it has nothing to assist me there, so that I now consider myself free to choose where I can live cheapest and most retired during the remainder of my rural exile. We are too much in the midst of my fine acquaintances here, and are obliged to keep up an appearance which might be dispensed with in a more retired situation. Now turn these things over in your mind for me. I am at my wits' ends for *the supplies*, and would give a good deal to have a little conversation with you about the best means of getting through the difficulties which this next month, April, has in store for me. This is what I hinted I should like to run up for a day or two soon to talk with you about, and I think it not unlikely I shall; but, observe me, I do not intend to let you suffer one minute's inconvenience by my *derangement*. The sale of my *immoveables* here will pay all bills, and get me up to town; but your brother's bill, my aunt's, my father's!! do not be alarmed; I am safe from all these but your brother's; but I want (if I can) to take them from the shoulders they are on to my own. There is my rent too, which, I believe, I ought to pay immediately. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 234.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Wednesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We are just returned, and I have missed my regular day of writing; but Sir Charles Hastings (Lord Moira's cousin) came over for us to Donington on Monday, and made us go to Wellesley Park, his place, and dine and sleep there: indeed, he wanted us to stay a month, and it was only by promising we should go again that he let us away at all. Lady Hastings was very kind to Bessy.

We brought Mary Dalby with us to stay a week. I shall write again on Friday. Love to dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 235.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We have had a very kind invitation from Honeybourne (Joe Atkinson's brother-in-law, who lives within twelve or thirteen miles of us) to go and pass some days with him. On Monday we are asked to dine at Rain's, and though we sent an apology, saying we expected some visitors, they wrote back again to request we would bring the visitors; so that I don't know how we are to get off: but, without a carriage, these distant trips to dinner are very bad proceedings.

Mary Dalby has left us, and Barbara says, "*Koopsch gone.*" Our green paling is up — our gravel walks are nearly made, and we begin to look very neat and snug.

Poor Bessy is not very well these two or three days past, but Barbara is quite stout.

Good night, my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 236.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I send you the four more Melodies. You see I have changed my mind about "Oh! had I a bright little Isle;" the fact is, I thought the words too pretty for the air, and have been at the *bother* of writing two convivial verses for it, which now go for nothing, as I hit upon a second verse to the former words, which makes it altogether (I *will* say) so *pretty* a *poem*, that I think it will grace our pages more than the convivial one. Mind, when I praise my own things in this way, it is only by comparison *with* my own; and in this way I have seldom done anything I like better than the words of "Oh! had I," &c.

I am very glad you sent me "You remember Ellen;" as I have been in great perplexity between "One Bumper" and "The Valley lay smiling;" but what you now have are certain, and arranged as I wish.

Did I send you the names of "Ellen" and "The Minstrel Boy?" I must look for them. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 237.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I have been thinking ever since I got your last very kind letter, what plan I could hit upon for something

popular for you; and I think I have it. There is one Mr. Tom Brown, whose name now would bring him (I well know) any sum of money, and you shall skim the cream of his celebrity; these shall be ready for publication, soon after my book (not before for the world). "The First Number of Convivial and Political Songs, to Airs original and selected, by Thos. Brown the Younger, Author of the 'Twopenny Post Bag.'" Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 238.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

With respect to the Spanish airs, I like the title you propose for the Song of War very well, but not the other. I think it would be better, perhaps, to put "Vivir en Cadenas, a celebrated Spanish air," &c. As to the words, I certainly did not intend to put any more verses, but if they are too short as they are, or, if you wish it, of course I shall lose no time in writing more, and, while I wait your answer, I shall be trying what I can do. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Did I tell you that Murray has been offering me, through Lord Byron, some hundreds (number not specified) a year to become editor of a Review like the Edinburgh and Quarterly? Jeffrey has fifteen! I have, of course, not attended to it.

[No. 239.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I send you a second verse to "Vivir en Cadenas," and I am glad that I have written it, for I think it is *not bad.* I have written it under the notes, as I suppose it will be engraved with the music. Here follows the second verse to "Oh! remember the Time:"

"They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor Maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love."

With respect to Murray's proposal, I feel (as I do every instance of your generosity) the kindness and readiness with which you offer to yield up our scheme to what you think my superior interest; but, in the first place, I do not agree with you, that this plan with Murray would be more for my ultimate advantage than that extensive one which I look forward to with you; and, in the next place, I do not think I would accept now *ten thousand* pounds for anything that would interfere with the finishing of my poem, upon which my whole heart and industry are at last fairly set, and for this reason, because, *anticipated* as I have already been in my Eastern subject by Lord Byron in his late poem, the success he has met with will produce a whole swarm of imitators in the same Eastern style, who will completely *fly-blow* all the novelty of my subject. On this account I am more anxious than

I can tell you to get on with it, and it quite goes between me and my sleep.

I have not time now to write more; but good night, and God bless you! Ever yours most sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 240.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I write to you with "Going, going," in my ears, and it has occurred to me, as the product of the sale is very uncertain, and it is a great object for us to be off on Thursday, it is just *possible* that, after paying our bills, we may not have money enough to carry us on, for we have been obliged to get clothes, &c., and even I (from being disappointed by Campbell) have been compelled to employ a Donington tailor. All these things must of course be discharged before we go, and as it is of some moment to us (from what I told you about the income tax) to get away immediately, I should be glad, for certainty's sake, that you could contrive to send me a few pounds by to-morrow's post. I have great hopes we shall not want it, and in that case I will send it back to you.

I am sorry you have altered your own arrangement about the music, as I dare say it is better than mine.

I was going to say I would send "The Valley lay smiling" to-morrow, but I have great fears that Bessy has put it up; therefore, to make sure, inclose a proof to-morrow, and you shall have it back, with the words on Thursday. I expect "Savourna Deilish" back from your brother every day, and then we shall be quite done. The Lord send us safe out of Kegworth. Ever yours,

T. M.

I'll think of you Waking and Sleeping.

"You love me, you say, for the light of my eyes,
And if eyes would for ever shine clearly,
You need not, perhaps, give a reason more wise,
For loving me ever so dearly.
But beauty is fleeting, and eyes, I'm afraid,
Are jewels that spoil in the keeping,
So love me for something less likely to fade,
And I'll think of you waking and sleeping:
Dear youth!
I'll think of you waking and sleeping."

Here is a verse, my dear sir, which I hope Stevenson will be able to make something of; it will require that mixture of lightness and feeling which no one knows better than his knightship. You ought to have had it by yesterday's post, but I got a sudden summons the day before to dine at the Park and celebrate the Prince's birthday, which, you may suppose, I did with all due solemnity and sincerity; the wine was good, and my host was good, so I would have swallowed the toast if it had been the devil! The second verse of the above song ends, "I'll think of you sleeping and waking, dear youth," which I think makes a good burden and title. I expect my *Quarterly* from you; send it by the coach immediately. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 241.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I am going to send this through my old channel, Lord Glenbervie, because there is some music in it which I wish to arrive at its destination as soon as possible. I had a letter yesterday from Bessy; they are all well, except that the parrot has bit one of little Bab's fingers.

I must contrive some way of sending you my Post

Bag: it is now in the seventh edition; but I am sorry to find that Carpenter has not kept the secret of its being mine as faithfully as he ought.

I have been busy ever since I came to town about the Melodies, and have not appeared or visited any one yet.

I hope, my own dear mother, that you are all as well and happy at home as my heart wishes you to be, though this you can hardly be. However, take care of yourself and keep up your spirits, my darling mother: I hope we may yet all live together. I was sorry to find my father saying that his hand begins to shake. God send him long health to bless us all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 242.] *To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, Saturday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

Within these few hours I have succeeded in taking a cottage; just the sort of thing I am likely to like,— secluded, and among the fields, about a mile and a half from the pretty town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.* We are to pay twenty pounds a-year rent, and the taxes about three or four more.

Mrs. Ready has brought us on here in her barouche, and we have had a very pleasant journey of it.

Bessy bids me make a thousand apologies to dear Nell for not writing, but she has been so bustled about she has not had a moment.

You must direct to me now, Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Best love to all from your own,

TOM.

* Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne.

[No. 243.] *To Mr. Power.*

Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire,
Tuesday, July 1. 1813.

My dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in telling you that I have got a cottage very much to my liking, near the pretty town of Ashbourne. I am now, as you wished, within twenty-four hours' drive of town, and I hope, before the summer is over, we shall see you at Mayfield. I have much to do, and many efforts to make, before I can put the cottage in a state to receive us. More in a day or two. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

I have had a most flattering letter from Whitbread, entreating me earnestly to write something for Drury Lane.

[No. 244.] *To Mr. Power.*

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday evening,
July 17. 1813.

My dear Sir,

I thought to have sent you a song by this post, but I cannot finish it without a pianoforte. I am, however, to get one upon *hire* next week, and in the mean time I am touching up the preface. It will not be *quite* as long as Twiss's.

I think it is better for me to pay half-a-guinea a month for a pianoforte, than venture upon a new one. Recollect I am in your debt eight or nine pounds upon the last one.

This is the first day I have been able to establish a

sitting-room for myself, so you may suppose I have not been able to do much.

I hope you liked the second verse of the Finland song. I have one or two old things of mine to send you, when I get the pianoforte. Poor *M. P.*, I see, is on again. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 245.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I have drawn upon you again, as I dare say before this you know. I am also, with your permission, going to take another liberty with your name, and that is (do not be frightened) to draw upon you at *six* months for fifty pounds. It is merely as a *matter of form*, for the upholsterer at Derby, to whom I am to give it, means to let it lie in his desk, and I am to pay it off by instalments; he did not demand this of me, and therefore, if you dislike it, there is no necessity; but I should feel more comfortable, and less under obligation to him, if he had this in his hands till I can gradually get out of his debt. We are resolved to take our furniture with us, whenever we go to London, as this buying and re-buying is a very losing concern. You shall next week have the first symptoms of my returning industry for the shop, and I must do something every week now, to make out my task for the year, which is nearly at an end. Indeed, if I had no one but yourself to deal with, I should not scruple now to ask for three or four months total liberty from you; as I am convinced, with your spirit and our united views, you would see how amply such time lost in one way would be made up to us in another; but I dread your brother, and while

I should not like to ask the favour of him, I feel that he would not have the same prospective interest in granting it, so that my best way is to do as much as I can, and then, after the Book, I am "yours till death." Indeed I am not quite sure that this Book (at least a great part of it) must not be yours also. I am still writing away *songs* in it, and how the property of them is to be managed, God and you only know. But no matter; you cannot have too much for what you *merit* of me; and if you can but get me through my debts to friends gradually, and keep this cottage over my head, you may dispose of me and mine as you please. An operatic drama will be the first thing the moment the Book goes to press, and I will set my shoulders to it, you may be sure. I have had a letter from Lord Meath, who was chairman of the first meeting of Dalton's Amateur Glee Club, expressing the delight which the members all felt at "my composition," and communicating to me my unanimous election as honorary member. I had a letter from Corry, dated the morning of the meeting, saying that great things were expected from the glee, as Stevenson said he had never been so lucky in anything: so I wish you joy of the firstfruits of our co-operation.

Did you see the quotation of "Oh! had I a bright little Isle," in the Chronicle, with the praise of "exquisitely beautiful," before it. Best regards to Mrs. Power. I fear very much, from what you hint about her, that Bessy and she are keeping each other in countenance; but Providence, I hope, will look after us. A good peace with France and a good piece at Drury Lane will do wonders for us. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

I dare say, from the explanation you give me, that the

arrangement of "Oh, doubt me not!" is quite correct; but it is the most *discordant correct* thing I ever heard in my life.

[No. 246.] *To Mr. Power.*

July 14. 1813.

My dear Sir,

I send you the words to the Finland song with the second verse I have just finished; and, before the end of the week, you shall have something else of my promised performances. What you offer about the opera is very tempting indeed; particularly as I have (since I wrote to you last) plucked up courage enough to look into the dreadful little book you gave me at parting, and find, to my infinite horror, that I have no more to draw this year, but that, at the end of it, I shall be ten pounds in your debt! Though I felt that this must be the case, yet the actual proofs of it staring before my face, in black and white, quite staggered me for a day or two. I am now however a little recovered from the shock, and though this state of our accounts makes your proposal doubly tempting, yet I fear I could not possibly undertake both my poem and an opera this year, and do all that justice to both which it is your interest as well as mine that I should; for, believe me, that I consider *your* interest very much in the anxiety I feel about my poem; so much, indeed, do I consider my duty towards you to be paramount to all others in the way of business, that, if I did not consider the success of the poem a very material circumstance in your favour as well as my own, I should not feel justified in giving a moment to it away from any task it is your wish I should undertake; and it is principally from my desire

to get the poem forward, that I have chosen a number of the Melodies as my musical work for this year; because I shall naturally feel less solicitude about such an old established job than I should about anything new we should embark in; and you may depend upon it that, after this year, whether I am lucky enough to finish the poem or not, you shall hear no more about it as standing in the way of anything you wish me to undertake.

With respect to your brother, I fear he will make me suffer for the pains I took to get him connected with us; but I shall be very grateful, indeed, for your keeping off as much of his annoyance from me as possible. If *you* are displeased with my advertisement, or the intention expressed in it, you have but to say so, and it shall be altered; but I dare say I shall have your sanction in not troubling my head about any criticism or objection of his; so that I may leave entirely to yourself the explanation you think proper to make, both with respect to this year's works and the announcement we agreed to put forth in the advertisement. Pray tell me how soon you think the numerous delays he is throwing in your way will enable you to bring out this number.

I have never yet been in any situation so retired and suited to business as our present little cottage, and I think I shall live in it for ever, if something better than ordinary does not turn up for me.

Best remembrances to Mrs. Power from Bessy and from ever yours,

T. Moore.

Your poor dear little girl!

[No. 247.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

Dear Bessy and I are quite busy in preparing our little cottage, which was in a most ruinous state, but which is already beginning to assume looks of comfort. The expense of remaining at the inn, while it is preparing, is the worst part of the business. My darling mother, how you would delight, I know, to see us when we are settled! I have taken such a fancy to the little place, and the rent is so low, that I really think I shall keep it on as a scribbling retreat, even should my prospects in a year or two induce me to live in London. I wish I had a good round sum of money to lay out on it, and I should make it one of the prettiest little things in England. Bessy still begs a thousand pardons of Ellen, but her bustle increases upon her, and she must only atone by long, long letters when she gets into the cottage. Mind, you must direct, "Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire." Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 248.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I got my dear father's letter yesterday, and I assure you we both heartily sympathise in the impatience which you feel for our meeting: but, darling mother, it would be (I am sure you are convinced) the height of imprudence for me to go to such expense, and indulge in so much idleness as a trip to Ireland would now entail on me. Next spring it is almost certain that I shall be able to see

you all embracing one another. To-morrow we shall remove from the inn to the house of the farmer from whom we have the cottage, and in a few days more I expect we shall sleep under our own roof. To-day, while my dear Bessy was presiding over the workmen, little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door, till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow. The farmer is doing a vast deal more for us in the way of repairs, but still it will take a good sum from myself to make the place worthy of its situation; and, luckily, the Post Bag has furnished me with tolerable supplies for the purpose. God bless my own dear ones at home. Ever your

TOM.

[No. 249.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Friday night, Sept. 29. 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We arrived, as I anticipated in my last, between five and six on Monday evening. It was a most lovely evening, and the cottage and garden in their best smiles to receive us. The very sight of them seemed new life to Bessy, and, as her appetite is becoming somewhat better, I hope quiet and care will bring her round again. I paid the *forty-second* pound to the post-boy that left us at home! This is terrible phlebotomising. However, quiet and economy will bring these matters round again also. If any of you had come with us (and I wish to God you had) you would have been amused to see how company and racket meet me everywhere. A neighbour of ours (Ackroyd) came breathless after our chaise, to say that he had a musical party that night, Sir W. Bagshaw, the Fitz-

herberts, &c. &c., and we must positively come in our travelling dresses. Bessy's going was out of the question, and I assured him I feared it was equally so with me. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Cooper was dispatched from the party in Lady Fitzherbert's carriage, between eight and nine o'clock, to bring me by persuasion or force, or anyhow. It would not do, however; I sent him back alone, and got quietly to my bed. The children are doing very well, and I am, as usual, stout and hearty. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 250.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
Thursday evening, 1813.

My dear Mary,

We had the courage to take possession on Tuesday week last, after having served an ejectment on *the ghosts*, who have been the only tenants here for some time past. Isn't it odd that we should have the luck always to get into haunted houses? This lonely, secluded little spot is not at all a bad residence for ghosts; but for our old matter-of-fact barn at Kegworth to pretend to be haunted was too much affectation. Within these few days the place begins to look habitable about us; my poets and sages have raised their heads from the packing-cases, and very *creditable* chairs, tables, &c., are beginning to take their places round the walls.

Bessy is highly delighted with her little cottage, and whenever any new improvement is made, she says, "How Mary Dalby will like this when she comes!" We have not yet found out the Matchetts, but there were two or three stray ladies the other evening reconnoitring the

cottage when we were out, and making a sort of offer at a visit, who, we believe, are friends of the Matchett's: they were of the Cooper family.

Bessy and I had a day at Dovedale together, before we left Ashbourne, and it was a very happy day indeed. She shall write to you very soon, but (whether it is an invention of her laziness or not, I don't know) she says the agreement was that *I* should write the first letter: so now you have it, and now let us hear from *you*. I have near a dozen epistles to scribble this evening. Ever yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 251.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday evening, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We have this day got our curtains up and our carpets down, and begin to look a little civilised. It is a very sweet spot indeed, and I do not recollect whether I told you that I only pay twenty pounds a-year for it; and the taxes will be about three or four more. This is not extravagant, and, though it be a little nutshell of a thing, we have a room to spare for a friend, or for you, darling mother, if you could come and visit us. How proud Bessy would be to have you, and make much of you!

We heard, a day or two ago, of our little Statia, that she is thriving finely. The only drawback on my dear Bessy's happiness is the being removed from her little child so far. She has hardly had time to get acquainted with it yet; but it would have been a great pity to take her away from a nurse that seemed to be doing her so much justice.

Best love to father and Nell from us both. Bessy says she *will not* write till the house is settled. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 252.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Ashbourne, Derbyshire, Saturday night, 1813.

I am settled at last, and I would not write till I could tell you so. I have got a small rural cottage among the fields, near the pretty town of Ashbourne; rent twenty pounds a-year, and taxes about three more. I have not time at this moment to say anything else, but that I have every prospect of quiet and happiness. I have received a very flattering letter from Whitbread, apologising for not cultivating or courting my acquaintance while I was in town, and requesting me to undertake something for Drury Lane.

Your little god-daughter is growing the sweetest and most interesting little thing in the world. Bessy sends best remembrances. More in a day or two. Ever cordially yours,

T. M.

[No. 253.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I sent you the Examiner the other day, with two things in it which, you will see, he imputes to me: he is only right in *one* of them, the only thing I have given to the Morning Chronicle since I left town.

You cannot think how our cottage is admired; and, if

ever I am able to *purchase* it, I shall make a beautiful thing of it. Ever your own,

TOM.

Barbara is at this moment most busily engaged about a pair of new top-boots, which I have on for the first time since I came from London, and which she is handling and viewing with great admiration.

[No. 254.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Thursday evening, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We are to dine out (for the first time) to-morrow: indeed the natives here are beginning to visit us much faster than I wish. Mrs. Rain called upon Bessy yesterday: they have a fine place here called Wooton Hall.

Our cottage is upon a kind of elevated terrace above the field, which has no fence round it, and keeps us in constant alarm about Bab's falling over, so that I shall be obliged to go to the expense of *paling:* it will cost me, I dare say, ten pounds, for the extent in front is near sixty yards.

I find I am a great favourite with this celebrated Madame de Stael, that has lately arrived, and is making such a noise in London: she says she has a *passion* for my poetry. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 255.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We are going to-morrow to return the visit of the Rains: our neighbours, the Coopers, lend us their carriage. You see we fall on our legs wherever we are thrown.

I had a long letter from Lord Byron yesterday: his last thing, the Giaour, is very much praised, and deservedly so; indeed, I think he will dethrone Walter Scott. Ever, my darling mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 256.] *To Mr Power.*

Castle Donington, Friday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I took the opportunity of a lift to come on here for a last *rummage* of the library before the bad weather sets in, and I have got more for my purpose out of it, by making it a *business* in this way, than I should, in an idle, sauntering way, if I were in its neighbourhood for twelve months. I only write now to acknowledge your last letter, which was forwarded to me hither. I shall give up the correction in the letter-press, as it is so inconvenient, but I think I shall avail myself of the new plate and the erratum: more of this, however, next week. I shall also have a consultation with you about a point which I perceive your mind is a good deal set upon, and that is, my living in or near London. I certainly fear that embarrassments would soon gather round me there, and my own wish is to stay here at least till you and I fix upon some plan of co-operation; but in this, as on every other point, I am very much inclined to listen to your counsel; and therefore we shall have some talk about it. At all events, I shall stay here till I finish my poem; but my reason for agitating the question now is, that I had some idea of agreeing with the landlord for a short term of years of this place; so think over the matter now, and let me know your whole

mind and wishes. Next week you shall have another song. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 257.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

It is very late, and I have been obliged to leave you last of half a dozen letters, so that you will come off very badly. We dined out to-day at the Ackroyds, neighbours of ours. You would have laughed to see Bessy and me in going to dinner. We found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near half an hour too early for dinner, so we set to *practising country dances*, in the middle of a retired green lane, till the time was expired. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 258.] *To Mr. Power.*

Oct. 23. 1813.

My dear Sir,

Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby for a week. I was indeed glad to have an opportunity of taking her for change of air, as she was very ill before we went. We were on a visit at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four *for* us and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy came back full of presents, rings, fans, &c. &c. My sing-

ing produced some little sensation at Derby, and every one to whom I told your intention of publishing my songs collectively seemed delighted.

I have had another application about Drury Lane in consequence of a conversation at Holland House, and am beginning already (without, however, stopping the progress of my poem) to turn over a subject in my mind. You must be very indulgent to me for a few months, and I promise to make up abundantly for it afterwards. This poem has hitherto paralysed all my efforts for you, but it shall do so no longer than this year, I promise you. You are right in referring your brother to the advertisement of the fifth number for this year's work, and I'll make it a good one too, depend upon it. I suppose you have seen the Monthly Review of June on the Melodies. I am promised a sight of it.

It gave me much pain to hear of your vexations and your illness. I feel *more* than a *partner* to you, and nothing can affect either your health or welfare without touching me most deeply. As yet I have only added to your incumbrances, but I trust *my* time for lightening the load is not far distant. I only hope that this new engagement with Stevenson may not involve you in too much difficulty or uneasiness; but (however you may smile at the oft-repeated and still-distant speculation) I am quite sure it will be in my power, after the sale of my Book, to withhold long enough from my share of the annuity to let your resources take breath and refreshment, and by writing the words of an oratorio for Stevenson I may perhaps do something towards rendering *him* more valuable, or a set of songs for him to compose. I shall be most happy to write, leaving it to the merit they may possess and your discretion in the use of my name, whether I shall acknowledge

them or not: *indeed, this latter task I should rather like than not, so command me;* only I wish he and I could be together when he is setting them.

I think the title of the Finland air had better be, "A Finland Love Song, arranged for Three Voices, by Thomas Moore, Esq." Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 259.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday night, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I received your letter, and yesterday, in the box from Miss Lawrence, got the books and music, for which I thank you very much: the Melodies are bound very neatly.

What you tell me about the depredations committed on you is most mortifying indeed; I only hope that the loss being spread over so many years will be felt less by you than if it came all at once together. We must be more careful in our book concern.

I have this last week written a charter glee for Stevenson to set for a new musical society that is about to open, with great *éclat,* in Dublin. Dalton is the great promoter of it, and the Duke of Leinster gives his patronage. I send you the words on the other side, and a question has occurred to me which puzzles me not a little. If I have understood you right, your brother is not to have, or at least has not yet, any share in your agreement with Stevenson. Now, what is to be done about the words I write for Stevenson? as your brother certainly has a claim upon all such words, and I do not well see how you are to settle the matter with him. I wish you would, when you write, give me some explana-

tion upon this subject, before I employ myself in any more words for Sir John.

"Who says the Age of Song is o'er,
Or that the mantle, finely wrought,
Which hung around the Bard of yore,
Has fall'n to earth, and fall'n uncaught?
It *is* not so: the harp, the strain,
And souls to feel them, *still* remain.

"Muse of our Isle descend to-night,
With all thy spells of other years,—
The lay of tender, calm delight;
The song of sorrow, steep'd in tears;
The war-hymn of the brave and free,
Whose every note is victory!
And oh! that airy Harp of mirth,
Whose tales of love, and wine, and bliss,
Make us forget the grovelling earth,
And all its care on nights like this!"

I am very anxious Stevenson should set this well, for his own sake as well as the sake of the words; particularly as I am told there is an Opposition Club forming against this, under the auspices of Warren, and professedly to the exclusion of Stevenson. I was very sorry to see by the newspaper (the Morning Chronicle), that you have lost your point against Walker in Chancery. Do you care much about it? I hope not most sincerely, as you have so many other things to plague you.

I have got rather a pretty Irish air, which, with a little of my manufacturing, will do for our next number, and you shall have it, with some other things, soon.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy, and yours most affectionately,

THOMAS MOORE.

I wish you would take the trouble of calling upon Sheddon before eleven some morning with this letter, as I

have inclosed him Croker's letter (principally to show I have such a friend at the Admiralty) and not wishing to leave it in his hands have begged him to return it to you, when he has read it; so just deliver the packet to him, and wait till he has done with it.

I have written to ask Croker's advice about my Bermuda place, and he has, in a long letter, repeated and enforced what he said before, that my going out myself is the only way of seeing myself done justice to there; but the remedy is worse than the disease. Unfortunately, I entered into a negotiation with my deputy (through the Sheddons) to sell him, for an immediate sum, the whole profits of the office during the war, and I very much fear he is keeping back my share, in order to diminish my opinion of the emoluments, and prevent me from setting too high a price on the situation. Even his uncles, the Sheddons, are displeased with him.

[No. 260.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,

I luckily received your last parcel yesterday morning, time enough to inclose you back your letters with the proofs. I hope you did not answer Dalton's letter yesterday, for you have quite mistaken one part of it; that which relates to the arranging of my compositions. He by no means intends to exclude the arranging of them; but taking that task as a matter of course, says that, in addition to those, he will arrange whatever of any kind or of anybody else's you may publish, and adds that this he thinks must be an object to you. If you have written, pray write again immediately to do away your misapprehension, as

whether you decline the proposal or not, I know you would wish to do it on true grounds, and in this I have no doubt you are quite mistaken. I will venture no opinion upon Stevenson's proposal; at least I *ought not*, perhaps, as I have so much myself, to object to his having a good deal too; but I must own, I think, two hundred a-year, *exclusive* of his great works, is a very fair offer, and as much, perhaps, as you ought to give, though I should regret exceedingly the dissolution of my alliance with him. The following is the corrected passage which I wish you to have engraved in the first verse of "Thro' Erin's Isle:"

"Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming."*

* This passage has been altered thus, since the letterpress was printed off, in order to get rid of an awkward double rhyme, which savours a little of doggrel.

I wish the note engraved underneath, if it can be done conveniently.

The preface, song, and duet you shall have in the course of this week. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 261.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Saturday night.

My dearest Mother,

We returned from Derby the evening before yesterday, just in time for me to appear in my dignified office of steward at the Ashbourne Ball. It was a tolerably gay ball, and they said I acquitted myself *very properly*. It was, however, a very disagreeable office, as I was obliged

to consult *rank* more than beauty, and dance off the two first sets with the two ugliest women in the room. Mr. Strutt, while we were with him, made *me* a present of a beautiful box for my letters, and gave Bessy a very fine ring, a nice ivory fan, and a very pretty antique bronze candlestick, so that we lost nothing by our visit.

We shall now shut up for the winter: this place is much too gay to give ourselves up to. Bessy is quite well, and little Barbara in great spirits. We are very uneasy at not hearing of Anastasia.

Barbara calls me *Tom*, and I try in vain to break her of it, because she hears her mother call me so. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 262.] *To his Mother.*

Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the Ball the other night; she was very prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. I never saw so much admiration excited: she was very much frightened, but she got through it very well. She wore a turban that night to please me, and she looks better in it than anything else; for it strikes everybody almost that sees her, how like the form and expression of her face are to Catalani's, and a turban is the thing for that kind of character. She is, however, not very well; and unfortunately she is again in that condition in which her mind always suffers even more than her body. I must try, however, and keep up her spirits.

Little Baboo is quite well, and is, I think, improving in her looks.

The fifth number of the Irish Melodies is out. We were so hard run for airs, that I fear it will not be so popular as the others. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 263.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I am just returned from the great and grand Public Dinner at Ashbourne, where I assure you they did me high honour, drank my health with three times three, and, after the speech I made in acknowledgment, shouted most vociferously. It is really very flattering to meet with such respect in one's neighbourhood: a place was reserved for me next to the president, the chief magistrate of the place.

Barbara has been to all the festivities, and enjoyed them very much. We have slept the two nights past at Mr. Belcher's, the clergyman's, there.

There was a general dinner this evening of all the young girls and lads of Ashbourne, in the principal street: it was a very gay scene; but I am quite tired: so good night, dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL

1 WEEK
LD-URL

AUG 16 1976

SEP 8 1976

JUN 15 1978

REC'D LD-URL

LD
URL JAN 30 1982

JAN 26 1982

Form L9–Series 444

3 1158 00481 4546

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 382 010 7